

THE HUMAN TORCH  
CAPTAIN AMERICA  
THE SUB MARINER

NO.  
9

SUMMER  
ISSUE

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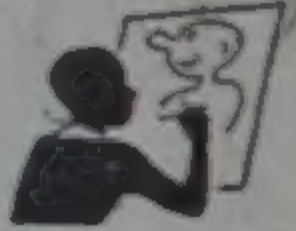
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cats after learn-  
ing these holds  
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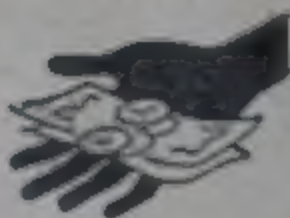
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# HUMAN TORCH

**W**EIRD AND  
FANTASTIC  
ARE THE  
EVENTS  
THAT LEAD  
**TORCH**  
AND  
**TORO**  
TO BASHON..  
AN EVIL,  
GREEDY FIGURE  
BENT ON  
SABOTAGING  
AMERICA'S  
WAR EFFORTS!





THE MELODIOUS HUM OF AMERICA'S GIGANTIC WAR MACHINES AT WORK IS SUDDENLY, TERRIFYINGLY DROWNED OUT BY AN EAR-SPLITTING EXPLOSION. BUT, TORCH AND TORO ARE NEARBY AND --



THIS DOESN'T LOOK LIKE ANY ACCIDENT, TORO! WHAT A TRAGEDY!

GOSH--LISTEN TO THOSE POOR PEOPLE SCREAM-- C'MON!

THEY RACE INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE FLAMING INFERNO...

HURRY TORO-- COLLECT THOSE FLAMES AND SMOTHER THEM!

SAY-- DID YOU HEAR A MOAN? OVER THIS WAY --



GOOD THING YOU HEARD THESE FELLOWS, TORO--OR THEY'D HAVE BEEN DONE FOR! HEY, AMBULANCE!

UMM.. BUT SAY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE FIREMEN?



YES, CHIEF, WHAT IS THE MATTER? WHY DON'T YOU START THOSE HOSES GOING?

WE CAN'T, TORCH-- SOMEONE'S BEEN MONKEYING WITH THE WATER MAINS! THIS IS THE THIRD EXPLOSION IN A WEEK AND THE SAME THING HAPPENS EACH TIME-- WE CAN'T GET WATER!





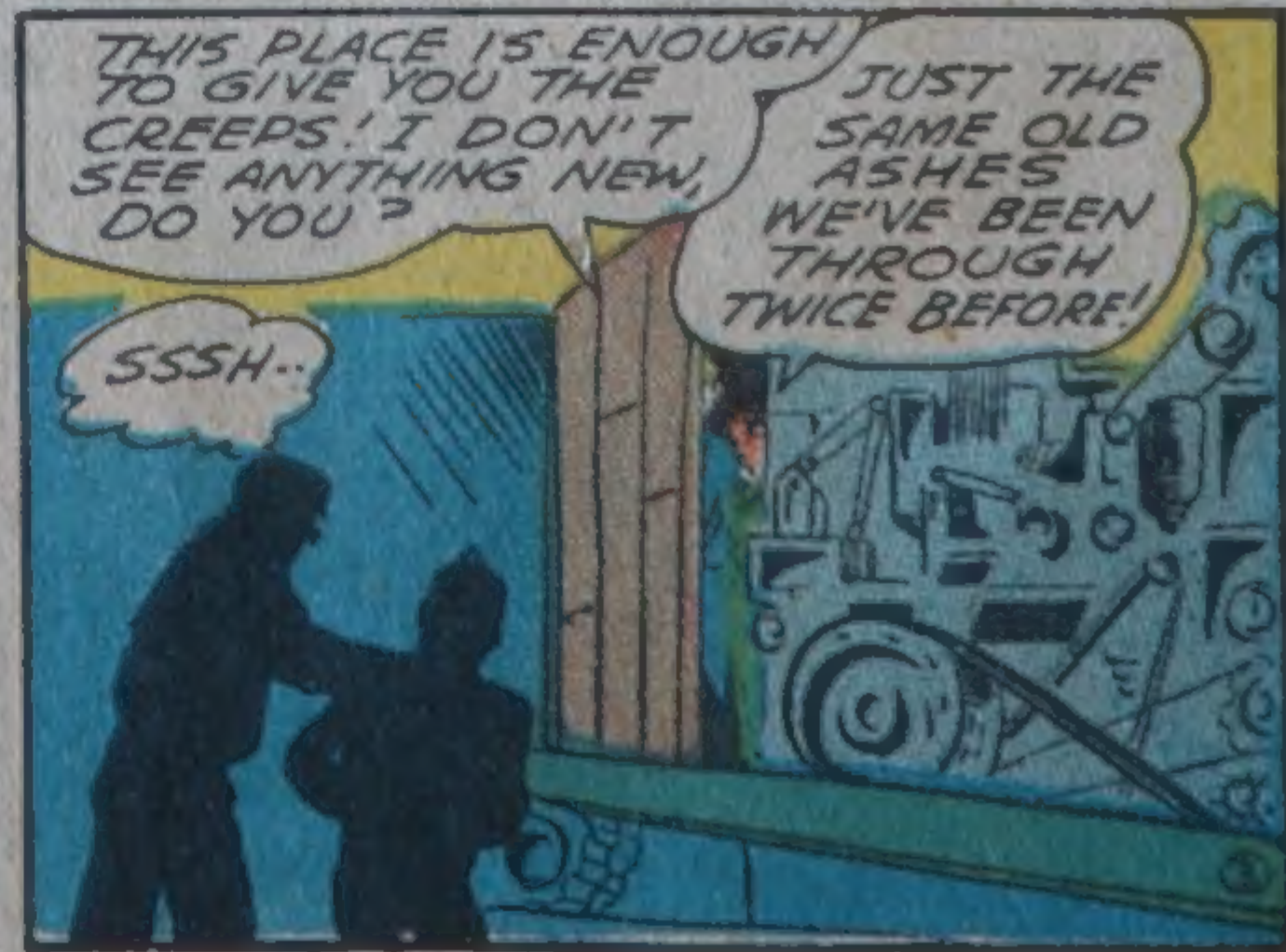
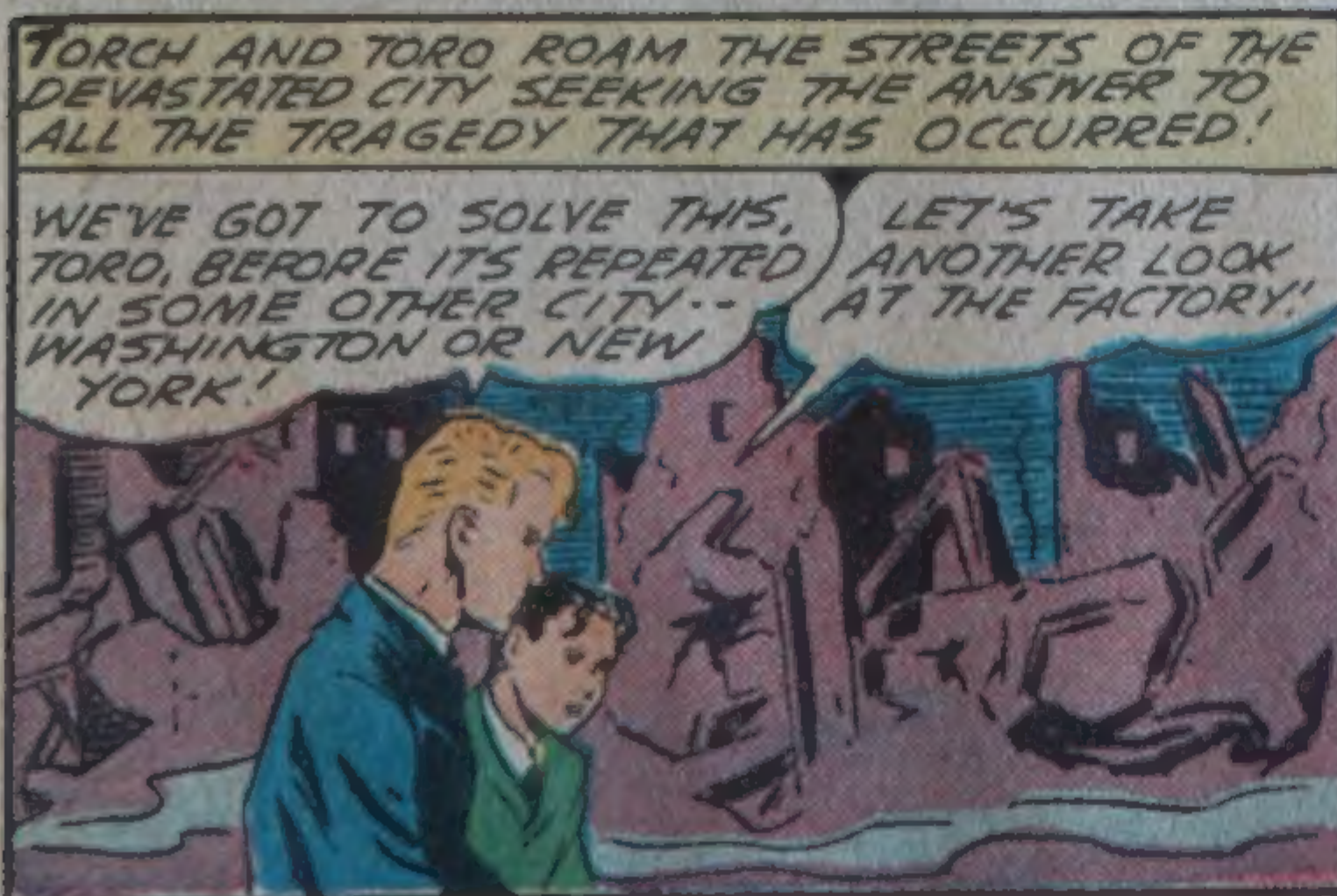


THE MAD AND MISSHAPEN BASHON ROARS HIS THREATS AND BOASTS

TUDELA IS ONLY THE FIRST CITY TO FEEL MY POWER-- SOON THE WHOLE WORLD WILL KNOW! I WILL RULE BECAUSE I, I, CAN DESTROY!



STUPID, WEAK, FOOL --- I, BASHON, WILL MAKE YOU STRONG! I WILL FILL YOUR PUNY BODY WITH STRENGTH! JUST AS I HAVE DONE WITH THE CRUMBLING BONES OF OTHERS! HA! HA! HA!





BUT, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE DEMOLISHED BUILDING, A SECTION UNTOUCHED BY THE FLAMES, STRANGE THINGS ARE GOING ON...





THINK WE'RE FIRE DEVILS, DO THEY? THEY'LL THINK WORSE THAN THAT WHEN WE'RE THROUGH!

YOU BET! SAY, TORCH, WONDER WHO THIS "MASTER" IS?

BASHON ENTERS IN ANSWER TO THE FRIGHTENED CALL OF THE GORILLA MAN AND UNSEEN BY TORCH AND TORO, SIGNALS TO HIS TERRIFIED MONSTERS!

THE GIANT MONSTER MEN MAKE A HURRIED DASH FOR THE EXIT AT BASHON'S SIGNAL.

FLAME OFF, TORO, WE DON'T WANT TO DAMAGE THOSE PLANES!

DO YOU THINK THAT'S VERY SMART, TORCH? THESE GUYS ARE PRETTY BIG--

BUT, AS THEY COME DOWN, BASHON STEPS FORWARD AND KICKS TORO OUT OF HIS WAY...

FLAME FOOLS-- BASHON IS READY FOR YOU! I KNEW YOU'D COME SNOOPING HA! HA!

TORCH LUNGES FOR THE MAN--

KICKING A KID IS A TYPICAL NAZI TRICK!

OOWH! EEE!

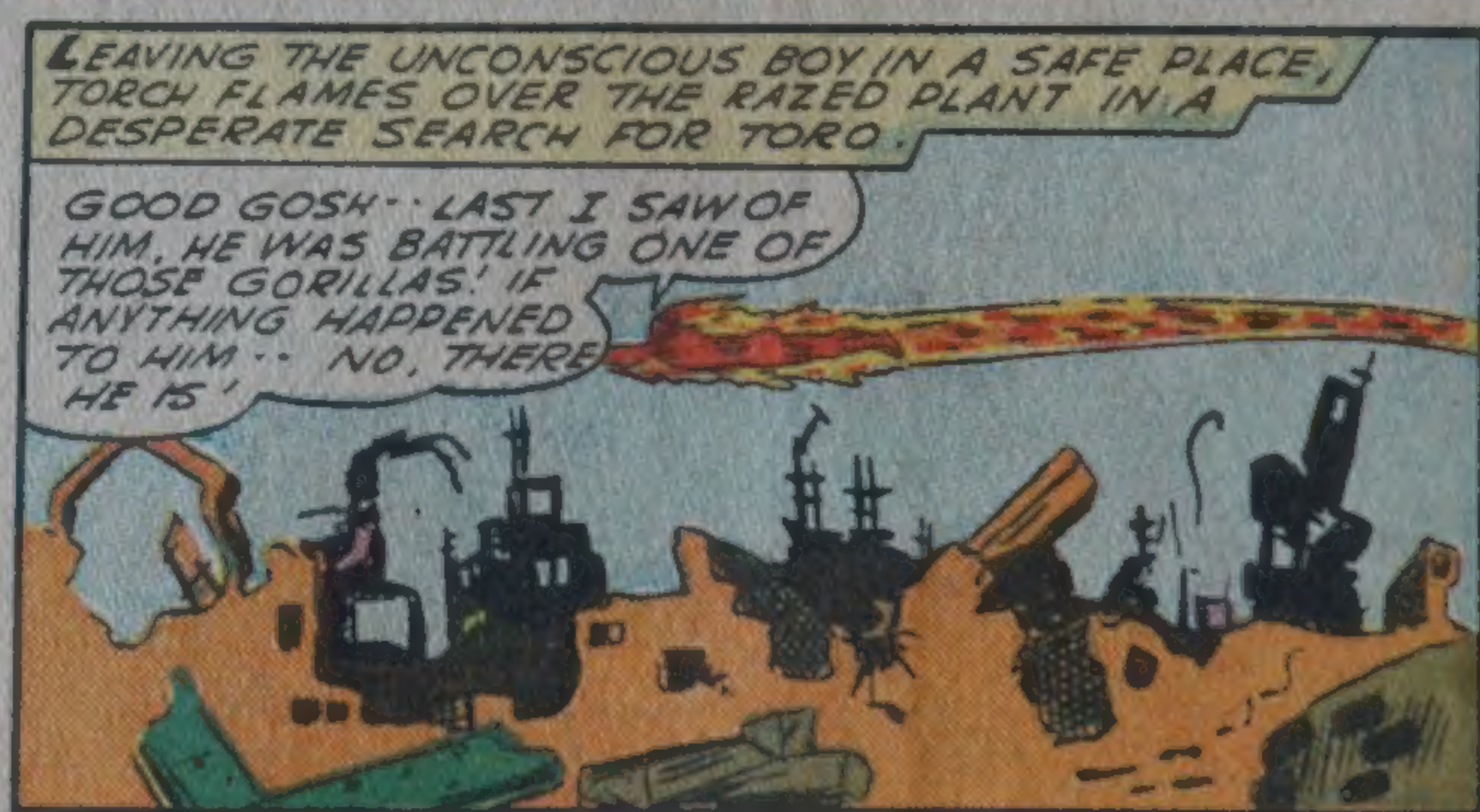
THEN, A SCREAM SPLITS THE AIR!

SOME ONE NEEDS HELP-- UNLESS IT'S A TRAP-- BETTER KEEP MY FLAME ON!

HOWEVER, AS HE HEADS FOR THE DOOR, A GRINNING APP-MAN STANDS STEADFASTLY BARRING THE WAY!

C'MON, MOVE! LET ME OUT!











AFTER HEARING CARL'S WEIRD STORY TORCH AND TORO FLAME INTO THE NIGHT IN SEARCH OF THE MADMAN, BASHON!

DO YOU BELIEVE CARL'S CRAZY STORY ABOUT THOSE RECREATED MONSTERS? WELL, THE KID WILL BE SAFE FROM THAT DEMON FROM NOW ON.

I REMEMBER HEARING ABOUT BASHON'S SCIENTIFIC WORK BEFORE THE WAR... HE CLAIMED THAT HE'D BEEN ON ONE OF THE PLANETS! NO-ONE PAID ANY ATTENTION TO IT, OF COURSE!



SAY, TORO, THERE ISN'T SUPPOSED TO BE ANY MOON OUT TONIGHT, IS THERE?

I WOULDN'T KNOW BUT THAT ONE SEEMS TO BE MOVING PRETTY FAST-- LET'S HAVE A LOOK!



AS TORCH AND TORO START IN PURSUIT OF THE STRANGE BIRD PLANE, A LOAD OF BOMBS ARE DROPPED FROM ITS WINGS--



TORCH CONTINUES TO FOLLOW THE PLANE WHILE TORO FLAMES TO THE TUDELA AIRFIELD TO ADVISE THE ARMY OFFICIALS ABOUT THE STRANGE NIGHT BOMBING!

I'M OFF TO HELP TORCH NOW!

OUR MEN WILL FOLLOW YOU TWO BY YOUR FLAME!





MEANWHILE -- TORCH TRIES THROWING FIREBALLS AT THE STRANGE PLANE!

FIRE BALLS WON'T  
PIERCE IT'S ARMOUR-  
I'LL HAVE TO FLAME  
RIGHT THRU THAT  
BIRD!



TORCH GETS INTO THE ROBOT-CONTROLLED  
PLANE AND DESTROYS ITS BOMBS!

THEN, WITH THE ARMY PLANES  
FOLLOWING CLOSE BEHIND,  
HE TRAILS THE NOW IMPOTENT  
BIRD TO ITS STRANGE MOUNTAIN  
NEST!

WOW! WHAT A  
SET-UP! BASHON  
HAS THIS PLACE  
FORTIFIED WITH  
IRON AND STEEL!

TO YOUR POSTS,  
MEN! FIRE AT THOSE  
PLANES! RELEASE  
THE GAS! HURRY!

IT'LL TAKE A  
LOT OF CLEANING  
TO WIPE THIS  
PLACE OUT!

TORCH  
MANAGES TO  
FLAME INSIDE--  
INTO THE GAS  
CHAMBER!

MASTER SAY  
TURN GAS  
ON-- I DO!

NOW,  
WHAT'S THAT  
MONKEY  
UP TO?

AND,  
AS THE  
GAS IS  
RELEASED--  
TORCH'S FLAME  
CAUSES AN  
EXPLOSION!

GAS CHAMBER



AND THE ARMY PLANES LAND ON THE FLAT SURFACE OF BASHON'S STRANGE HIDEOUT...

C'MON, TORO, LET THEM HAVE IT'

THE APES ARE AFRAID OF FIRE, TORCH, SO SHOOT IT AT THEM!

OW!

WOW!

BETTER GIVE UP, BASHON, BEFORE SOMEONE GETS BADLY HURT'

GIVE UP ? NO - . . . I, BASHON, WILL MAKE YOU PAY FOR THIS'

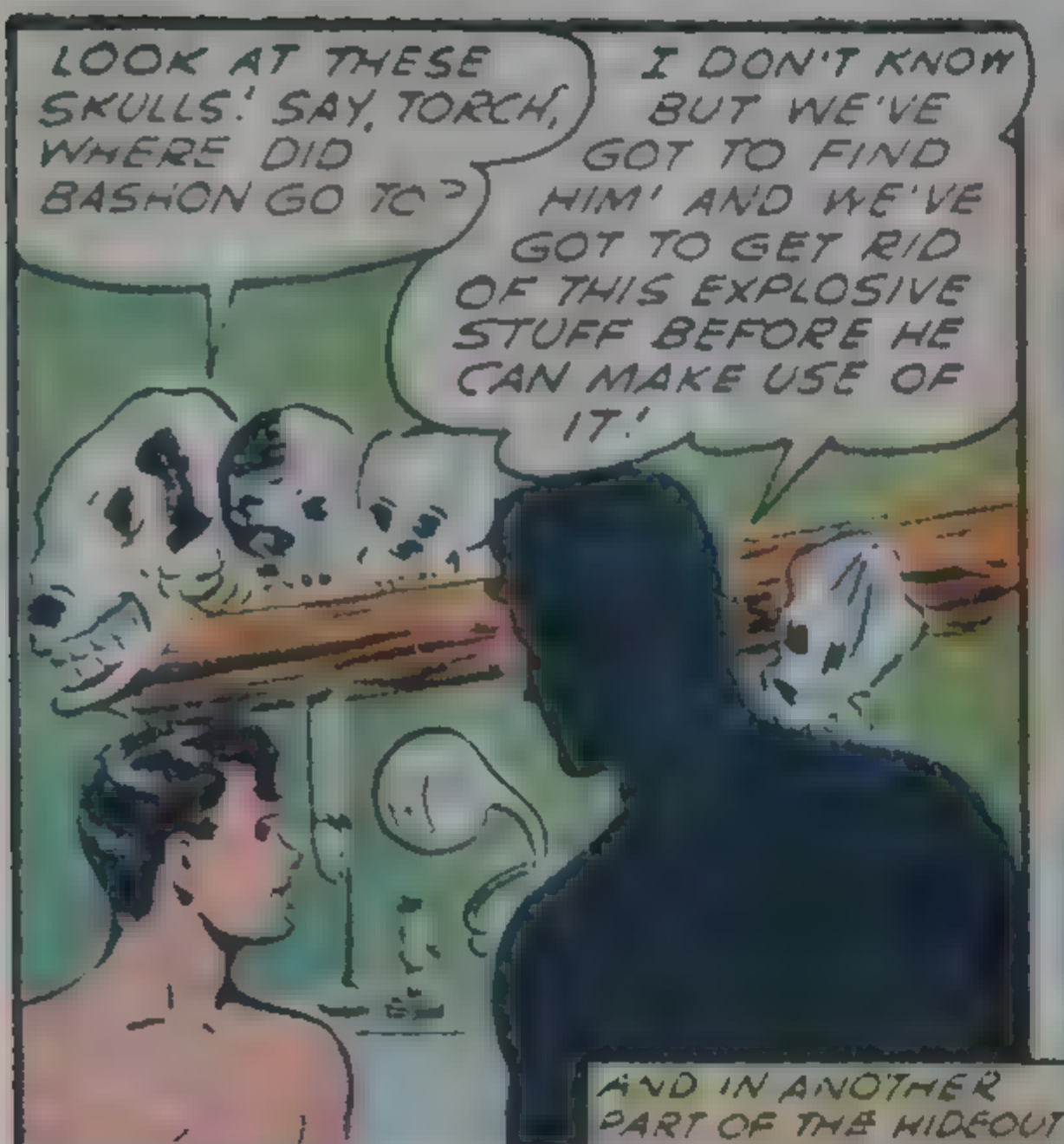
HA' THIS FLOOR IS FIRE-PROOF! FOR YEARS I HAVE WAITED FOR THIS MOMENT' NOW, I WILL HAVE REAL COMPANY IN BASHON PLANET'

BLOCKING BASHON'S PATH - . . . A SOLDIER ..

DROP THAT GUN, YOU FOOL SOLDIER'

NO I - - OHNNN'





LOOK AT THESE  
SKULLS! SAY, TORCH,  
WHERE DID  
BASHON GO TO?

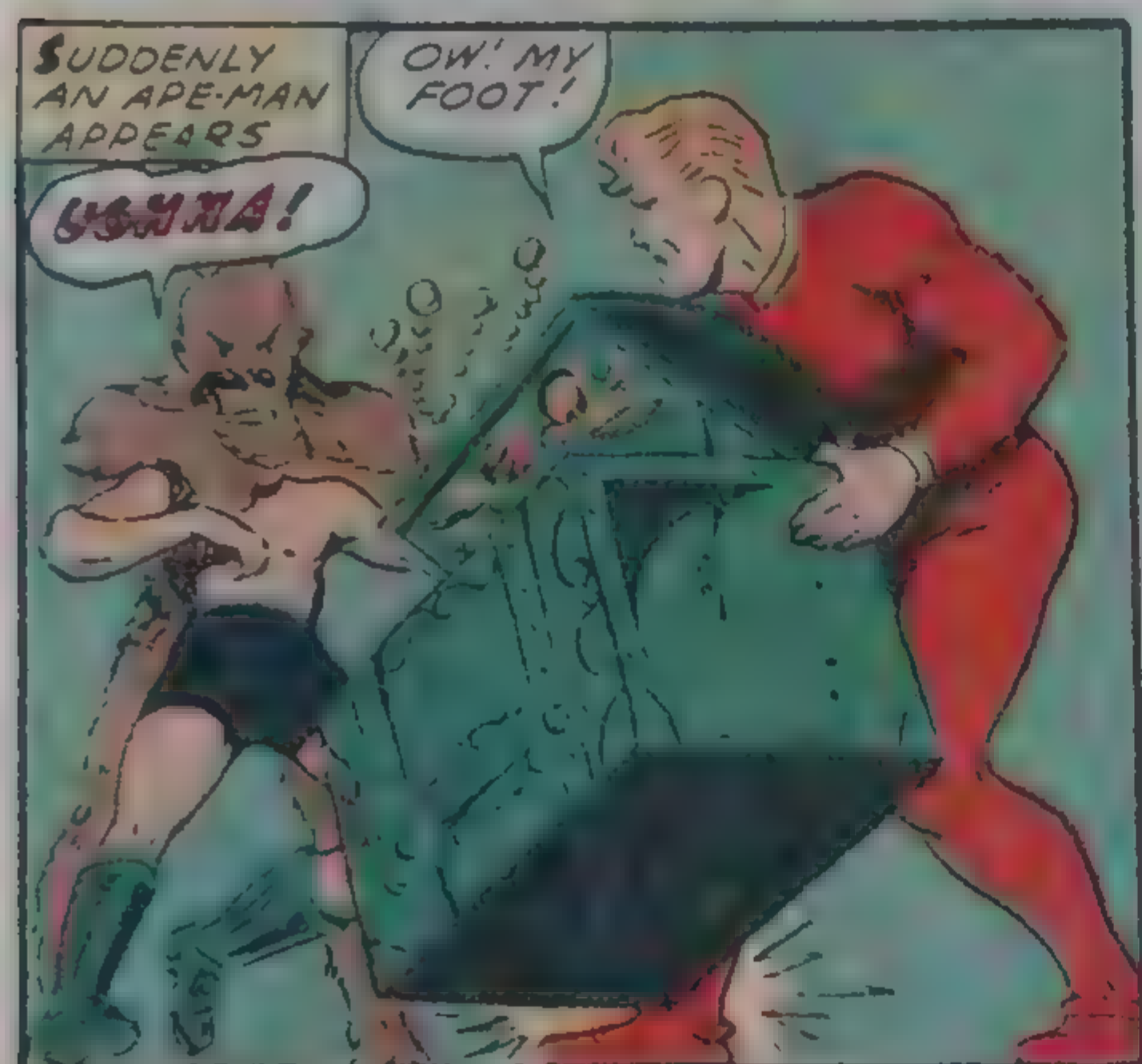
I DON'T KNOW  
BUT WE'VE  
GOT TO FIND  
HIM! AND WE'VE  
GOT TO GET RID  
OF THIS EXPLOSIVE  
STUFF BEFORE HE  
CAN MAKE USE OF  
IT!

AND IN ANOTHER  
PART OF THE HIDEOUT



GEE GOSH, TORCH--  
THERE ARE ENOUGH  
JEWELS THERE TO  
RANSOM THE  
WORLD!

MMM! WE'LL USE IT  
TO REBUILD TUDELA--  
THAT'LL HELP PAY FOR  
SOME OF THE DAMAGE  
BASHON DID! C'MON  
HELP ME CARRY IT  
OUT!



SUDDENLY  
AN APE-MAN  
APPEARS

OW! MY  
FOOT!

UGHHA!



I CAN'T MOVE MY FOOT  
BUT THERE'S NOTHING  
WRONG WITH  
MY AIM!



THE  
APE  
MAN  
FELLED.  
THE  
PAIR  
FLAME  
FOR  
MORE  
ACTION--

THE ARMY  
CAN STAND  
GUARD OVER  
THOSE JEWELS  
-- NOW TO  
GET BASHON!

HE  
KEEPS  
SLIPPING  
OUT OF  
OUR GRASP  
LIKE AN  
EEL!



LOOK! THERE GOES A  
WHOLE FLEET OF THOSE  
BIRD PLANES -- BET  
BASHON'S IN ONE!

AND THEY'RE  
HEADING  
TOWARD  
TUDELA!



BIRDS CAN'T  
FLY WITHOUT  
WINGS, CAN  
THEY, TORCH?

IT DOESN'T  
SEEM SO,  
TORCH--LOOK  
AT THESE  
FALL!



TORCH AND TORO DESTROY THE PLANES AND RETURN TO BASHON'S HIDEOUT!

GEE, I WAS SURE BASHON WAS IN ONE OF THOSE PLANES!

THIS FELLOW COULD DO MORE DAMAGE THAN HITLER, TORO-- WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM! AND STOP HIM!

I SAW SOME PAPERS! HE WAS PLANNING TO SEND THESE WEAPONS TO GERMANY!

WONDER HOW HE GOT ALL OF THIS STUFF?

HE MADE IT! YOU HEARD WHAT YOUNG CARL SAID!

DYNAMITE

THEN, A STRANGE VAPOR SEEPS INTO THE ROOM AND--

HU-HU! TORO! I CAN'T B-BREATH!

THE FLAMING DUO TRY TO STREAK FOR THE DOOR BUT THE GAS SEEMS TO WEIGH THEM DOWN!

WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT! FLAME!

I AM-- BUT... I FEEL SO HEAVY!

BUT TORO THINKS FAST AND TOSSES A FIRE BALL INTO A NEARBY BOX OF DYNAMITE-- BASHON AND HIS STRANGE WORLD GOES UP IN SMOKE AND FLAME!

LATER-- THE REIGN OF TERROR IS ENDED!

TORCH AND TORO, YOU HAVE SAVED THE WHOLE WORLD A GREAT DEAL OF MISERY AND SUFFERING! WE ALL OWE YOU MORE--

WE DON'T WANT ANYTHING-- JUST TO KNOW THAT WE'VE HELPED!

THEN FROM THE SMOKE AND FUMES BASHON APPEARS!

YOU'RE THE FELLOW I WANT!

HA! HA! YOU CANNOT MOVE FAST ENOUGH TO GET ME!

ANYONE CAN HELP TODAY-- BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS! TORCH AND TORO ARE IN EVERY ISSUE OF HUMAN TORCH AND IN MARVEL!



# CAPTAIN AMERICA



in "THE CASE  
OF THE  
SINISTER HUN"

CAN CAPTAIN AMERICA AND  
BUCKY DEFEAT HITLER'S  
SABOTEUR'S PLAN TO HURL  
AERIAL TORPEDGES IN THE  
BOMBARDMENT OF THE VITAL  
PANAMA CANAL LOCKS?



IN A CONCENTRATION CAMP DOWN IN BRAZIL, BARON VON WIDEMOUTH NOTORIOUS NAZI AGENT, IS PLANNING HIS ESCAPE...

TO NIGHT WE MAKE THE BREAK! FRITZ HAS THE PLANE READY!

MY MEN HAF ORGANIZED EVERYTHING AT THE PANAMA CANAL! I VILL TAKE CHARGE TO-MORROW!

A FEW HOURS LATER...

CRACK

CRACK

CARAMBA! THAT DIRTY NAZI BARON GOT AWAY!

WE GOT TWO OF THEM!

MEANWHILE THE BARON IS MAKING HIS GETAWAY AND HEADING FOR THE PANAMA CANAL...

.....YES, I VILL TALK! DER BARON WENT TO DER PANAMA CANAL! HE HAS A PLAN TO BOMB IT!

I MUST CALL THE UNITED STATES WAR DEPARTMENT AT ONCE!



**N**EXT DAY AT THE PANAMA CANAL, STEVE ROGERS EXPLAINS TO BUCKY BARNES, THE PURPOSE OF THE GREAT GATUN LOCKS...

THIS IS OUR NAVY'S SHORT CUT BETWEEN THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC OCEANS! THE LOCKS RAISE AND LOWER THE WATER LEVEL! IF THOSE LOCKS WERE BOMBED, THE CANAL WOULD BE USELESS!



THIS IS NO KIDS TOY, BUCKY... IT HAS ITS OWN MOTOR AND STEERING GADGETS... I WONDER...



I HOPE IT WON'T HIT THE LOCKS!



**T**HAT EVENING AT CAMP...

SAY! LOOK AT THAT LITTLE TOY PLANE!

SOME KID EXPERIMENTING! QUEER TO BE DOING THAT AROUND HERE!



LOOK! THERE GOES ANOTHER ONE HEADING FOR THE LOCKS!

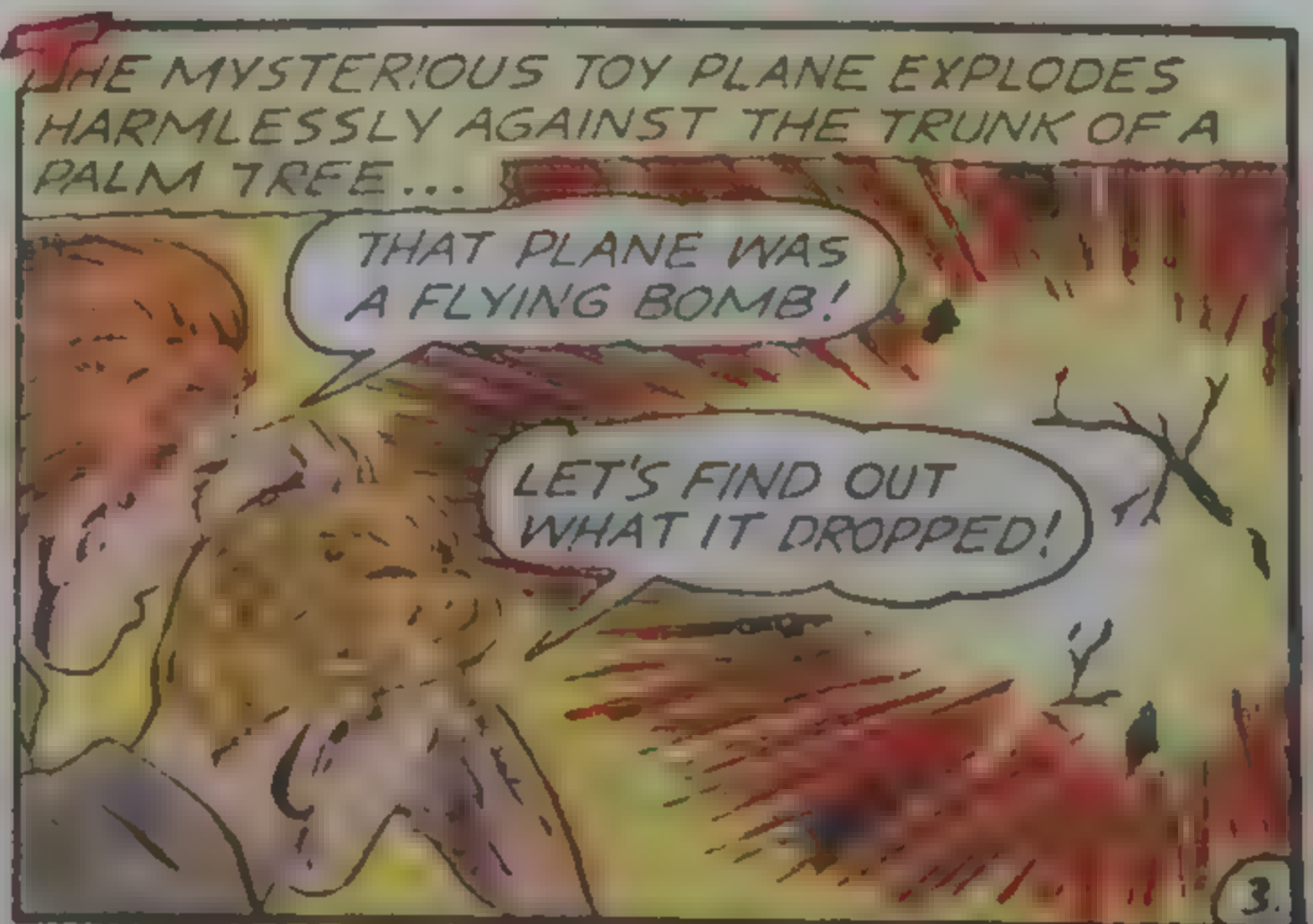
SOMETHING DROPPED FROM IT... LET'S GO!



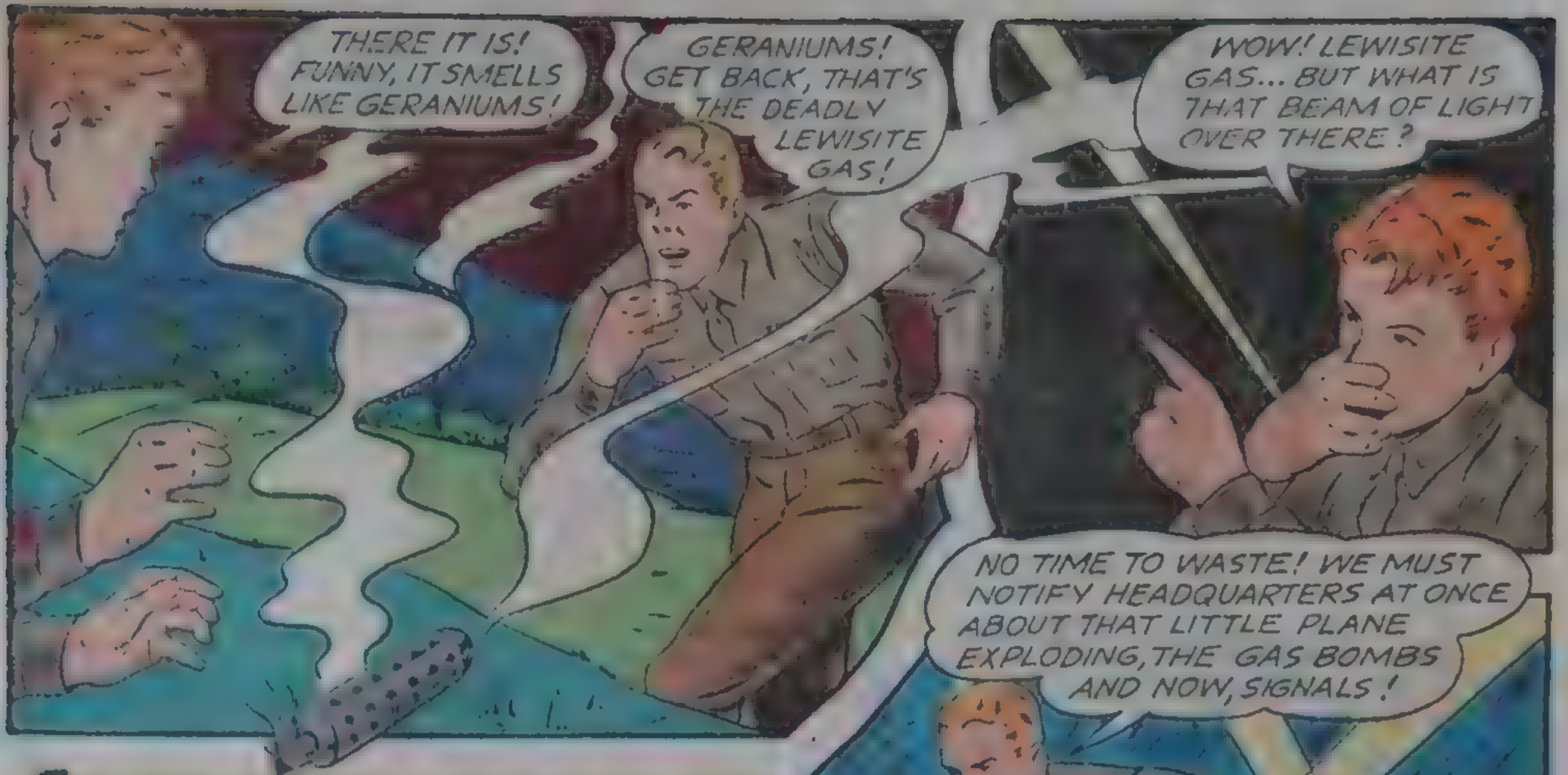
**T**HE MYSTERIOUS TOY PLANE EXPLODES HARMLESSLY AGAINST THE TRUNK OF A PALM TREE...

THAT PLANE WAS A FLYING BOMB!

LET'S FIND OUT WHAT IT DROPPED!







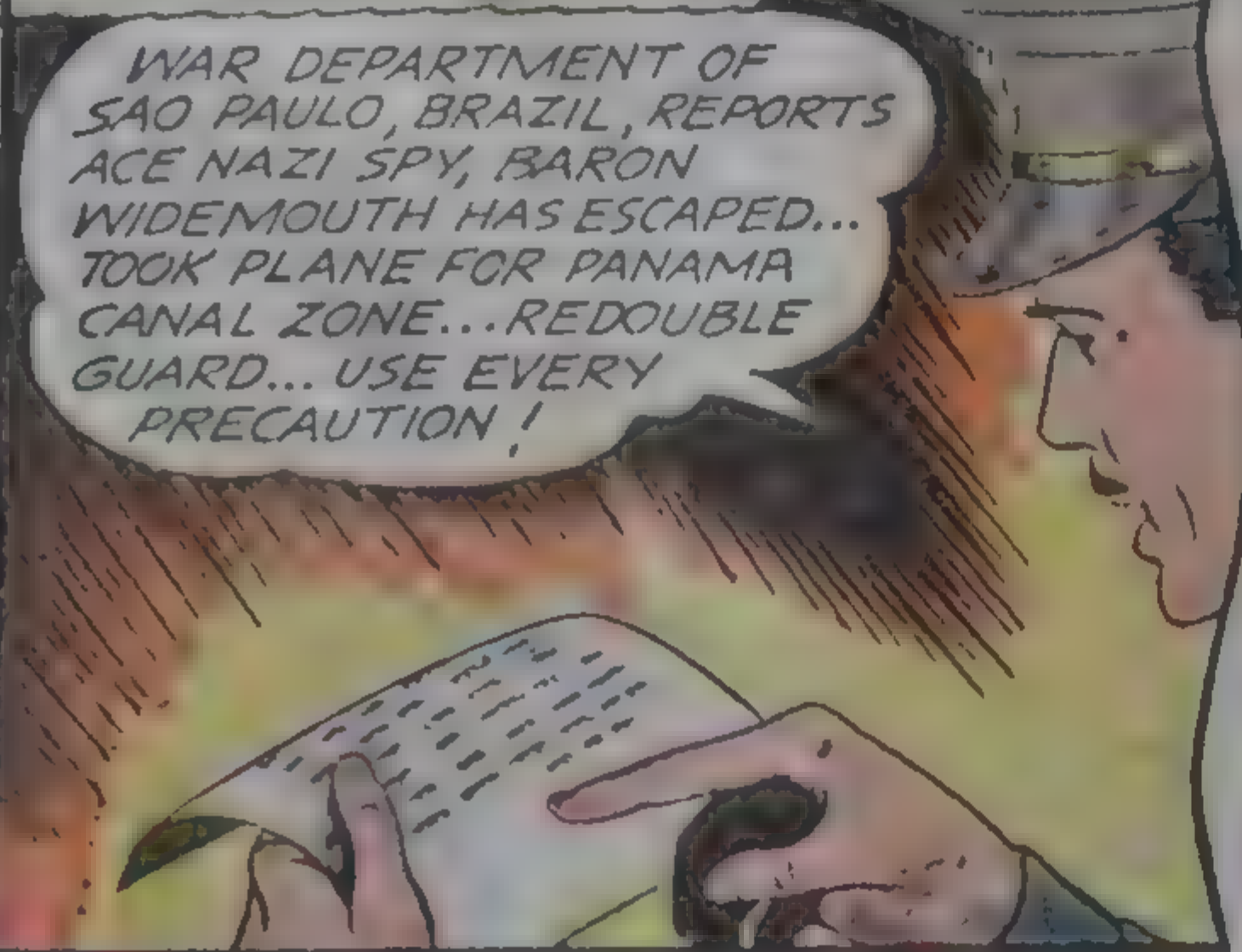
AS STEVE AND BUCKY RUSH TOWARD HEADQUARTERS AN ANSWERING BEAM OF LIGHT FLASHES IN THE SKY...

SOMEONE IS SIGNALING THAT THE BOMB PLANE DIDN'T HIT THE CANAL AND THEY'RE CORRECTING THE RANGE!



AND AT THAT MOMENT IN CANAL ZONE HEADQUARTERS, THE COMMANDER RECEIVES A MESSAGE FROM THE UNITED STATES WAR DEPARTMENT...

WAR DEPARTMENT OF SAO PAULO, BRAZIL, REPORTS ACE NAZI SPY, BARON WIDEMOUTH HAS ESCAPED... TOOK PLANE FOR PANAMA CANAL ZONE... REDOUBLE GUARD... USE EVERY PRECAUTION!



GOOD HEAVENS! THAT MYSTERIOUS EXPLOSION A FEW MINUTES AGO!

PRIVATE'S ROGERS AND BARNES TO SEE YOU, SIR!





WHILE STEVE AND BUCKY REPORT THEIR DISCOVERIES--  
AND SIR, IT'S OBVIOUS  
THAT THESE BOMB  
PLANES ARE DIRECTED  
BY RADIO BEAM FROM  
A HIDDEN STATION!  
WHAT'S THIS? THE PACIFIC  
END OF THE CANAL ALSO  
REPORTS THESE BOMBS--  
THAT'S ALL BOYS! GO  
BACK TO YOUR CAMP  
AND AWAIT ORDERS!

BUCKY, THIS IS A JOB  
FOR CAPTAIN AMERICA!  
O.K.  
STEVE!



WITH THE FATE OF OUR PANAMA CANAL  
AT STAKE, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY  
RACE INTO ACTION!

THERE ARE THOSE LIGHT BEAMS  
AGAIN! THE SABOTEURS ARE AT THE  
CANAL SIGNALING THE RADIO  
CONTROL STATION!



SEE ANYTHING,  
CAP?  
LOOK, BUCKY!  
THE SOURCE OF LIGHT  
NEAR THE LAKE!

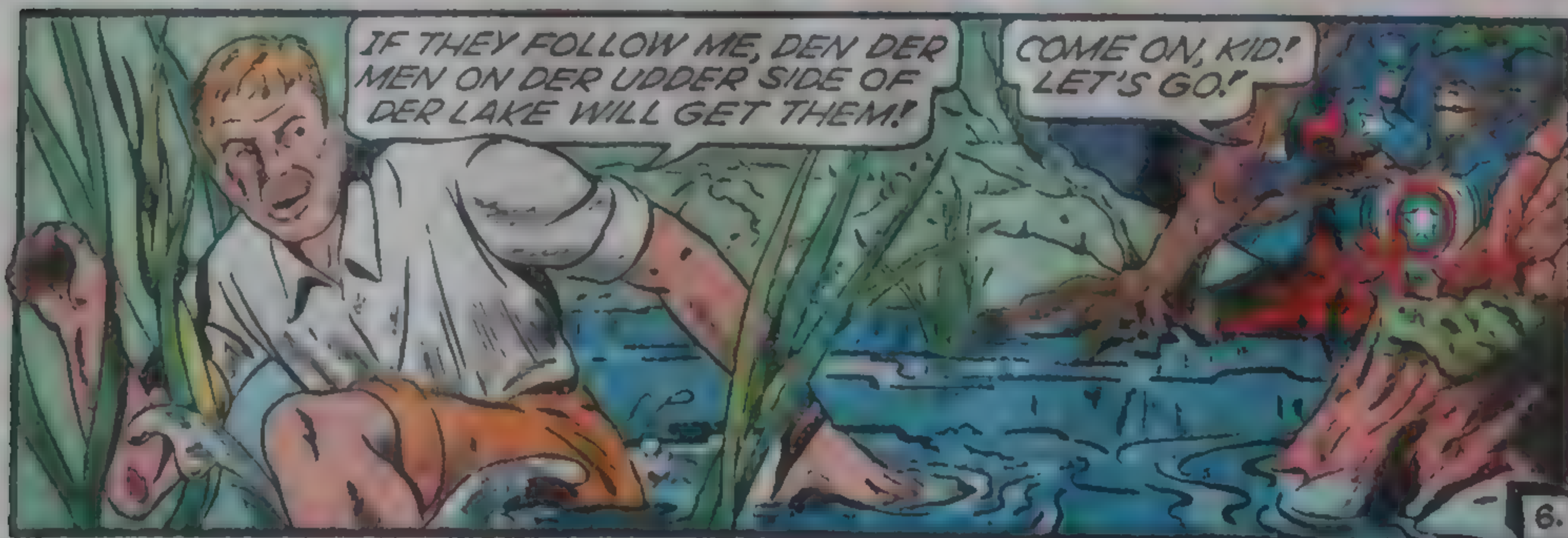
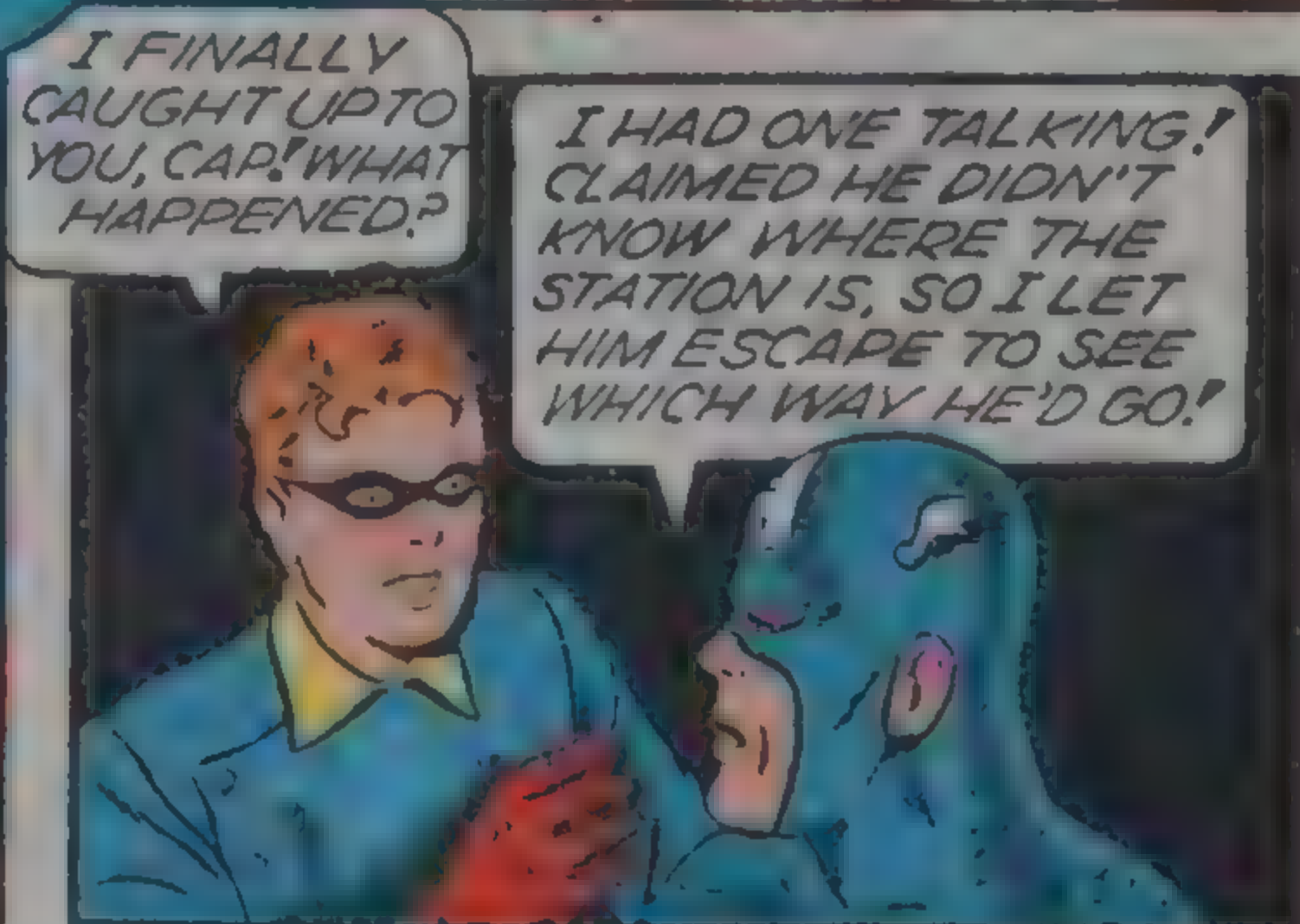
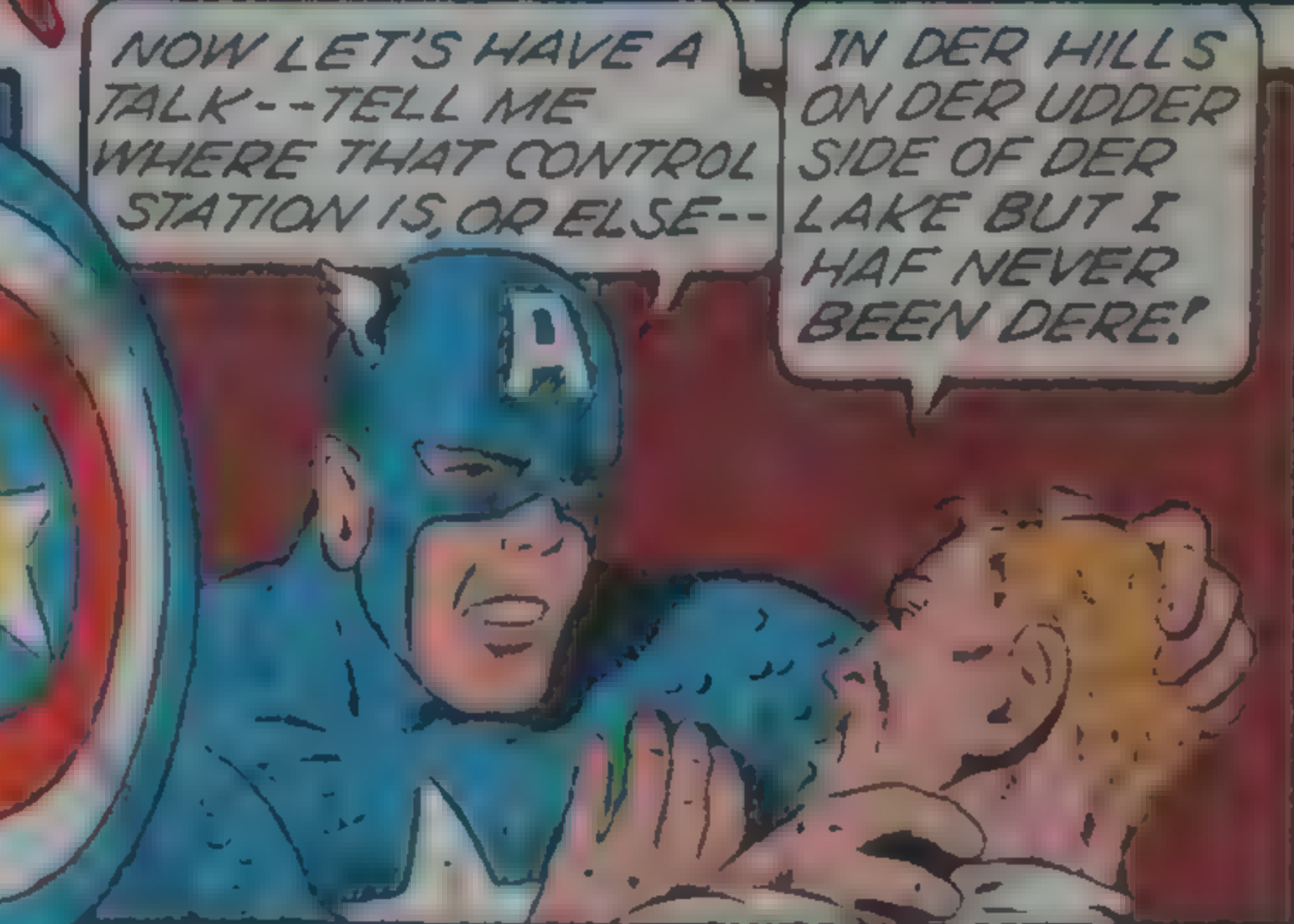
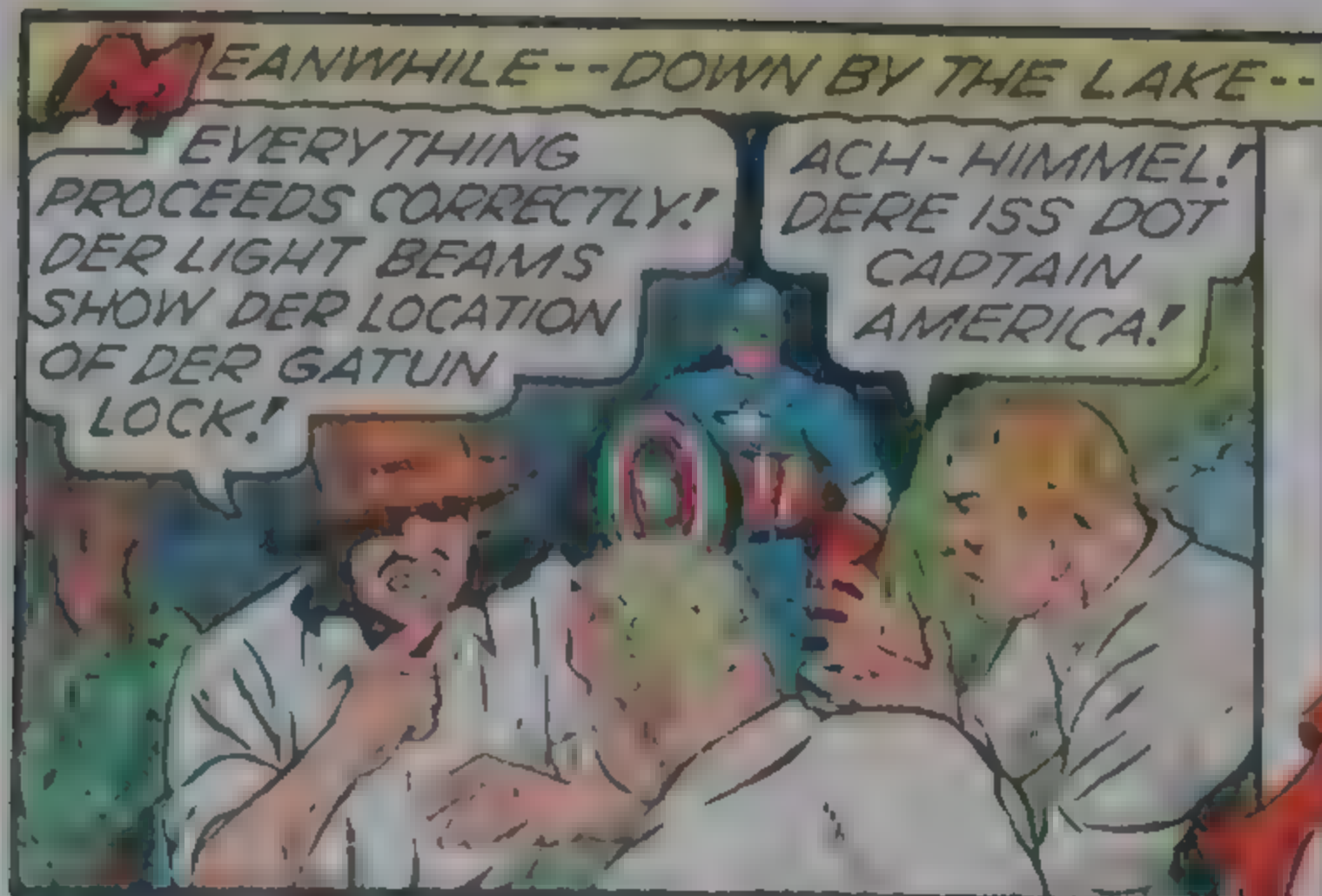


YOU WAIT HERE!  
I'M GOING DOWN  
AND GET THAT  
FELLOW!

BE CAREFUL, CAP---  
THERE'S PROBABLY  
A GANG OF 'EM!

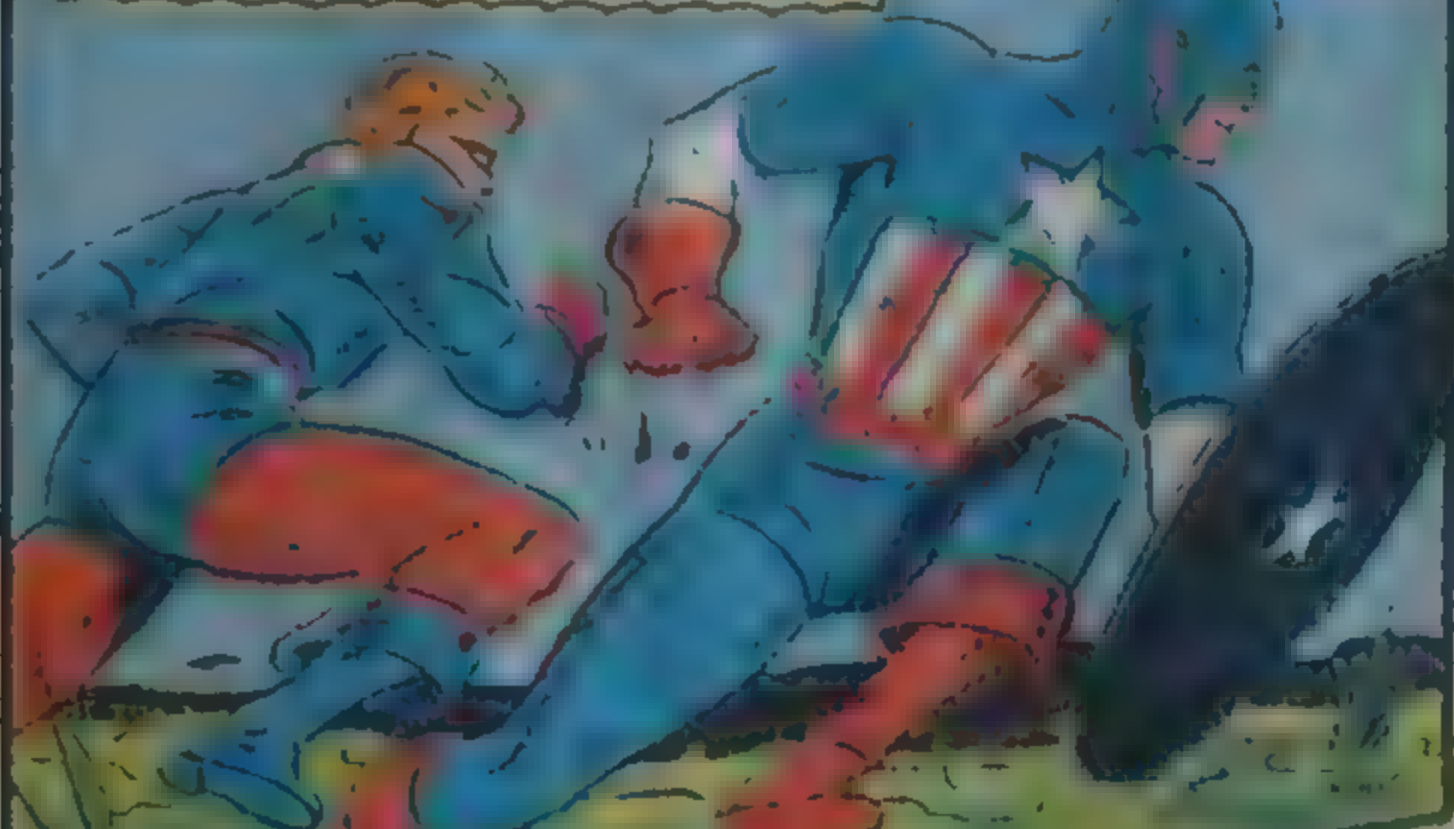








**A**ROUND THE SWAMPY LAKE SHORE, CAP AND BUCKY PLUNGE AFTER THE FLEEING NAZI!



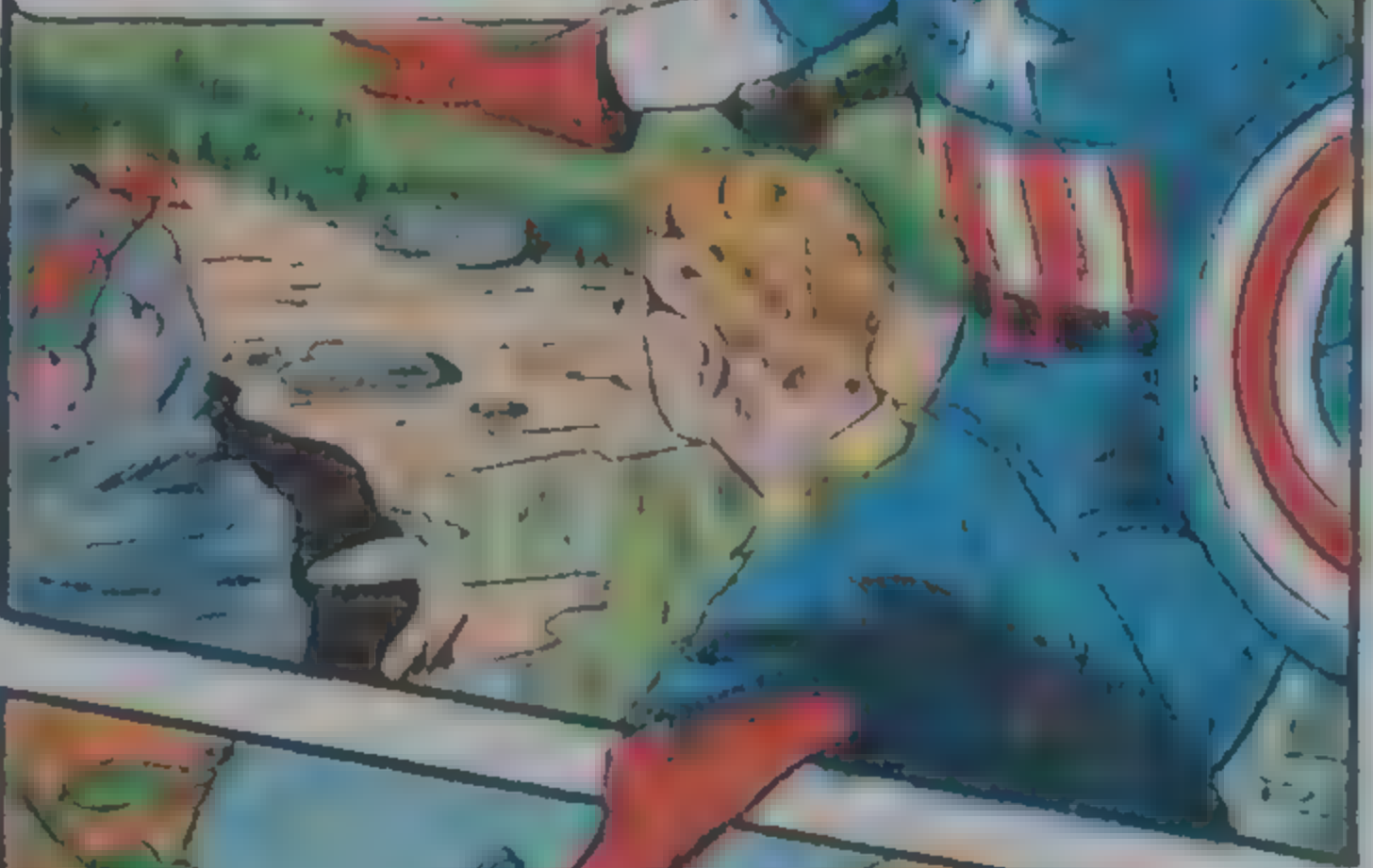
**W**HILE ON THE OPPOSITE SHORE--  
DER YANKEES HAF AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERY ON THIS SIDE OF DER LAKE NEAR GATUN LOCKS!  
WE HAF MEN WHO WILL ATTENT TO THAT!



**QUICK!** DOT CAPTAIN AMERICA UND HIS LITTLE FRIEND FOLLOW ME ACROSS THE LAKE!

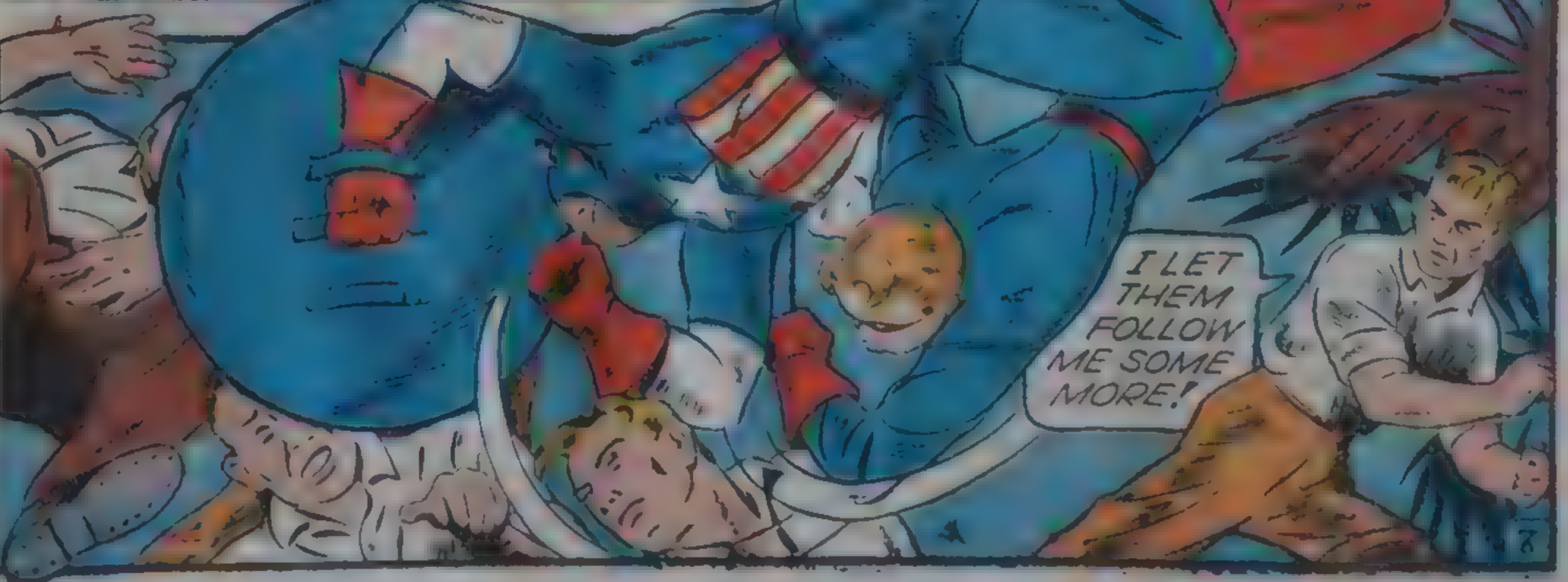


IN CASE THAT NAZI AND HIS GANG ARE PLANNING TO AMBUSH US THIS ROUTE WILL BRING US IN BEHIND THEM!



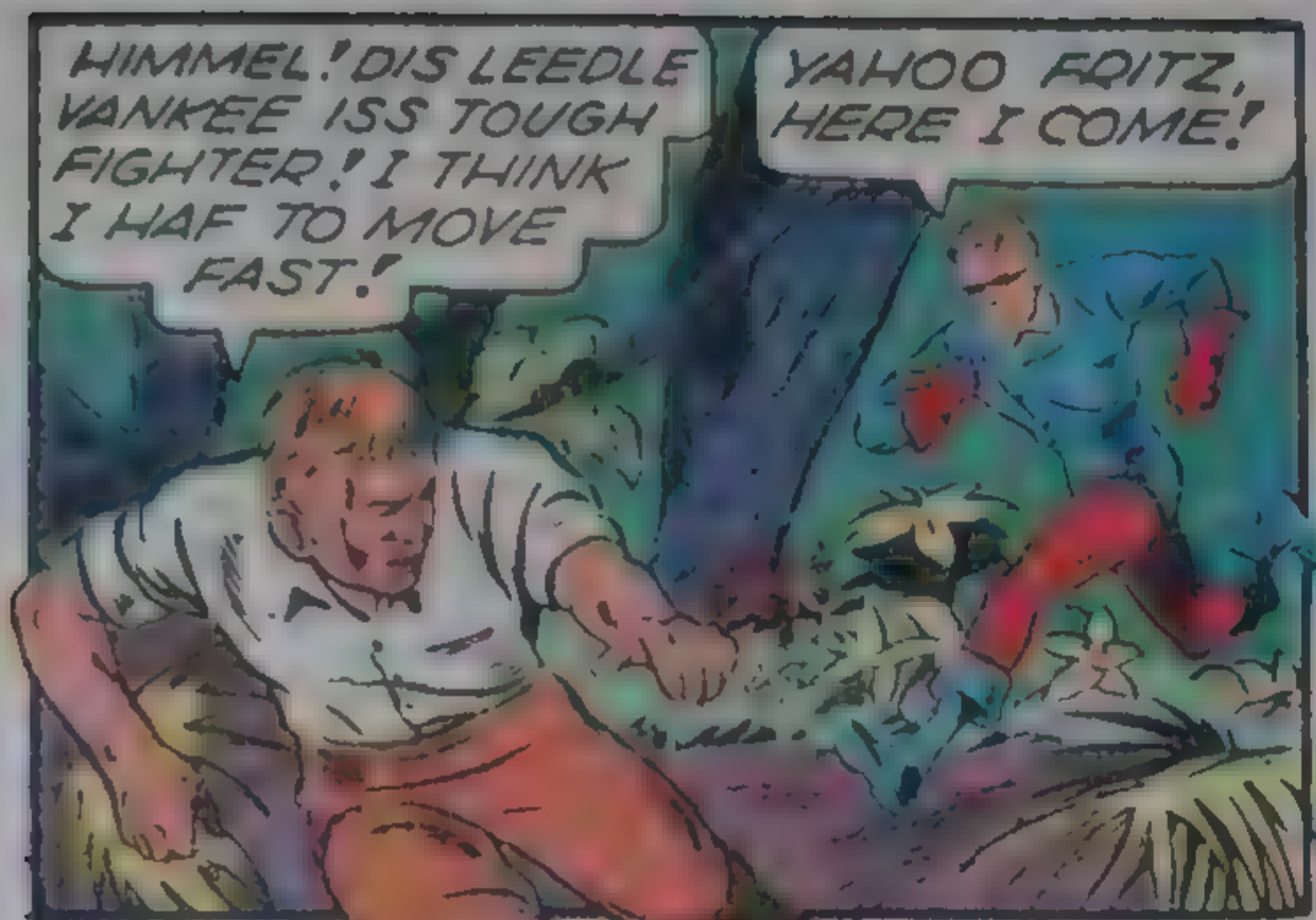
WE HIDE IN DER BUSHES--WHEN THEY COME FROM DER LAKE, WE GRAB THEM!

THERE THEY ARE! WE'LL SURPRISE THEM!



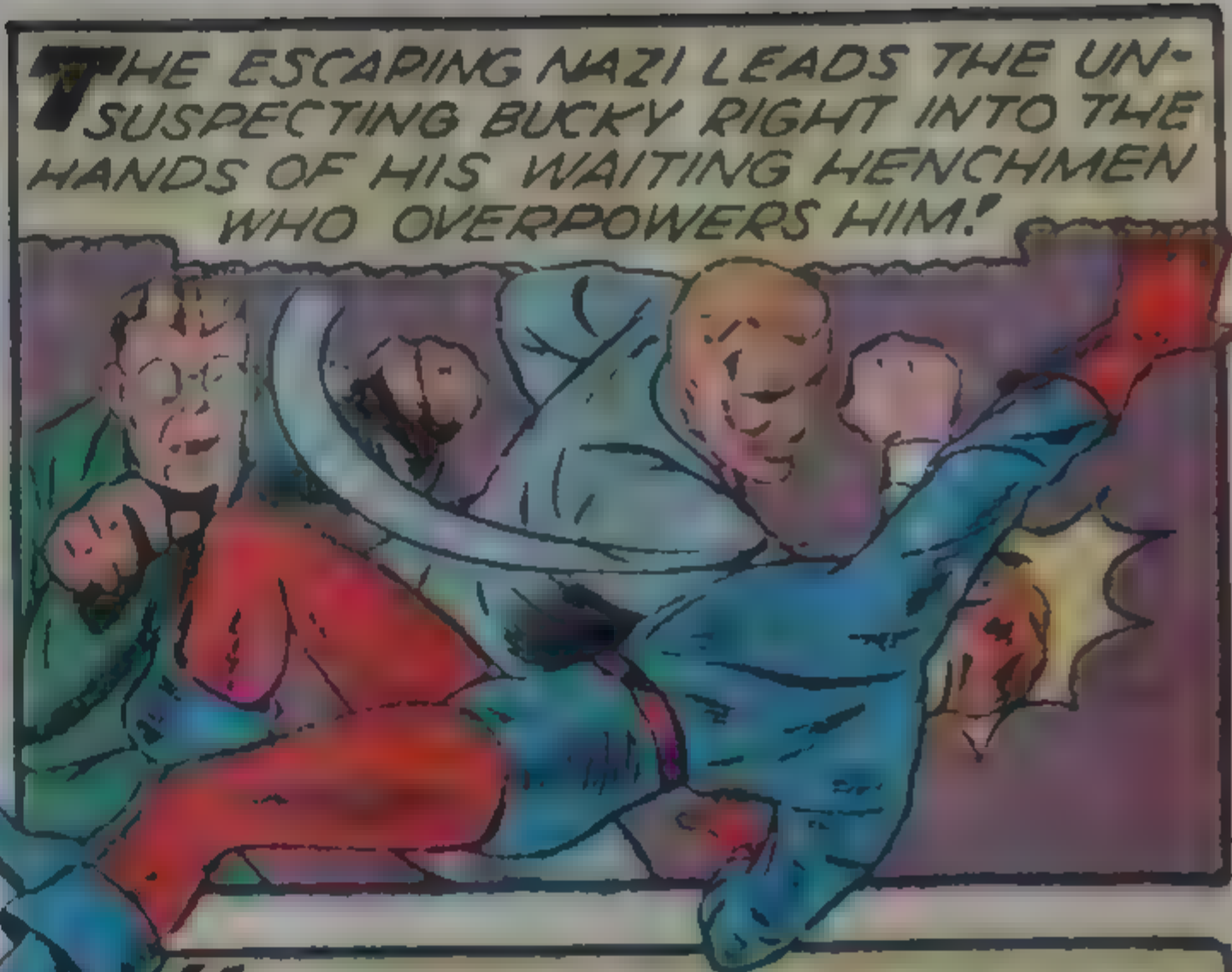
I LET THEM FOLLOW ME SOME MORE!



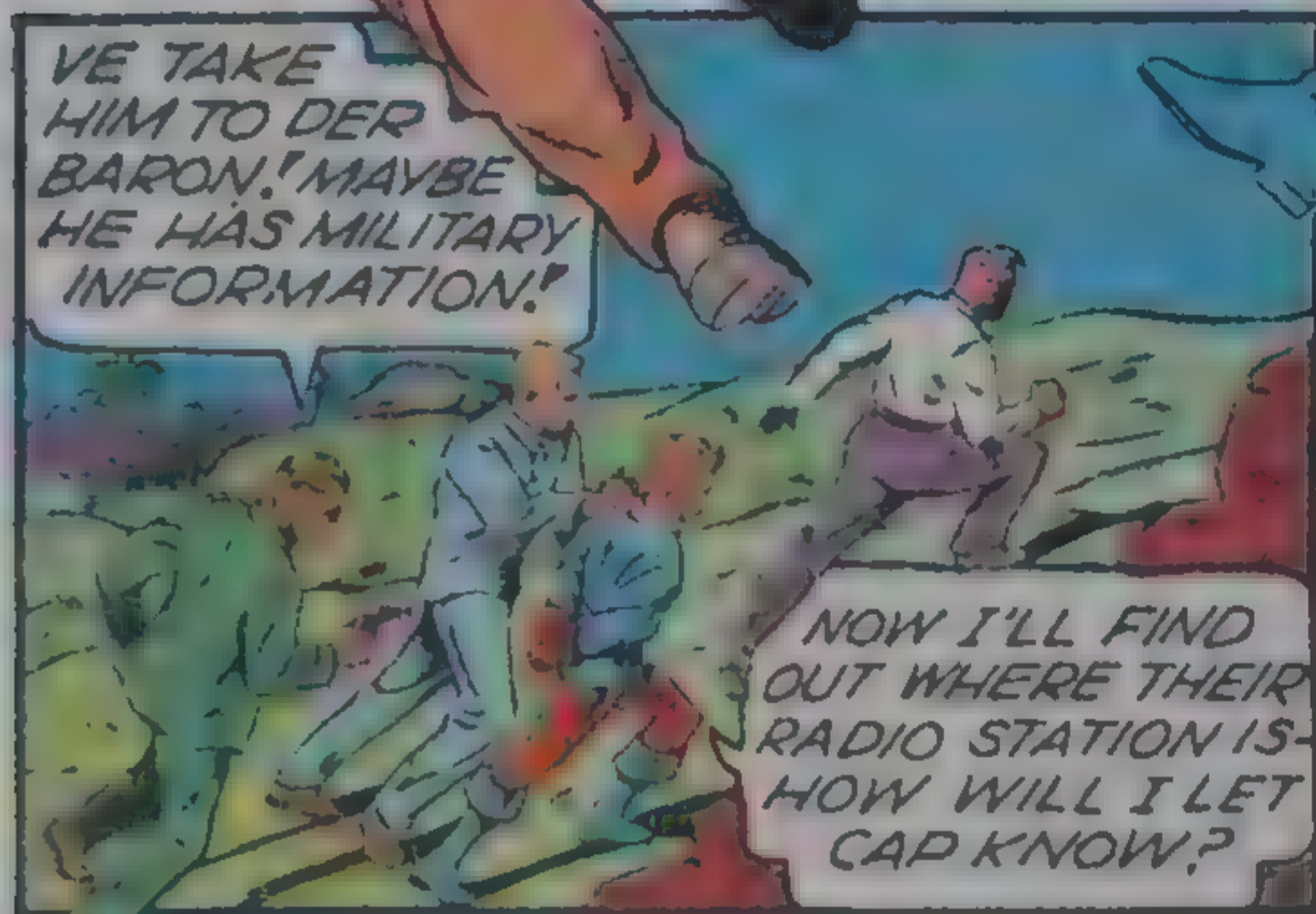


HIMMEL! DIS LEEDLE VANKEE ISS TOUGH FIGHTER! I THINK I HAF TO MOVE FAST!

YAHOO FRITZ, HERE I COME!



THE ESCAPING NAZI LEADS THE UNSUSPECTING BUCKY RIGHT INTO THE HANDS OF HIS WAITING HENCHMEN WHO OVERPOWERS HIM!



WE TAKE HIM TO DER BARON! MAYBE HE HAS MILITARY INFORMATION!

NOW I'LL FIND OUT WHERE THEIR RADIO STATION IS--HOW WILL I LET CAP KNOW?

UP THROUGH THE HILLS, THE NAZIS LEAD THEIR PRISONER TO BARON VON WIDEMOUTH AT THE MYSTERIOUS RADIO-CONTROL STATION!

BARON VON WIDEMOUTH--HERE IS DER LEEDLE FRIEND OF CAPTAIN AMERICA!

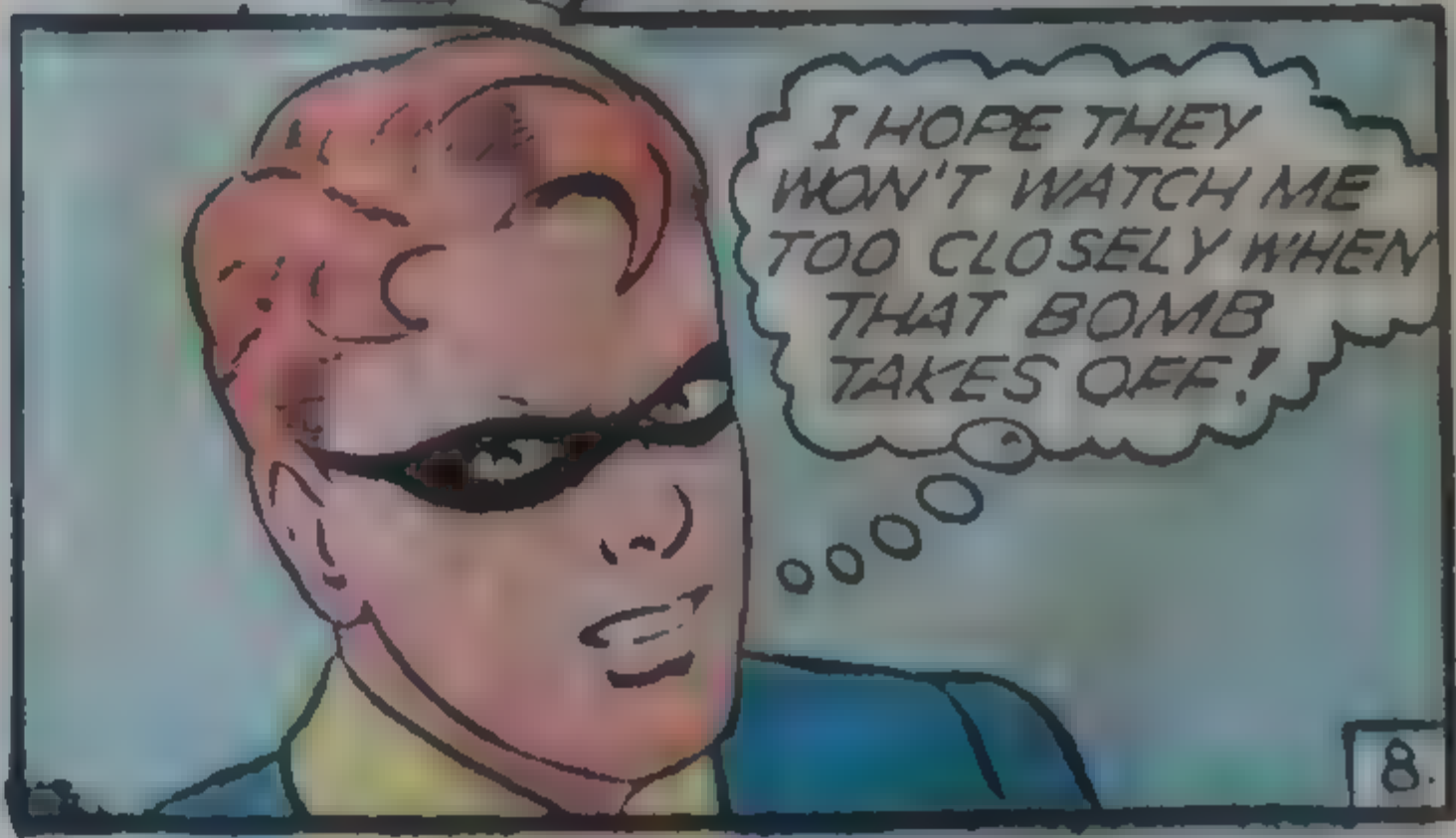
SO YOU'RE THE ONE DIRECTING THIS SABOTAGE!

DOT ISS CORRECT--TONIGHT VE BOMB DER CANAL UND YOU SHALL HAF DER PLEASURE OF WATCHING!



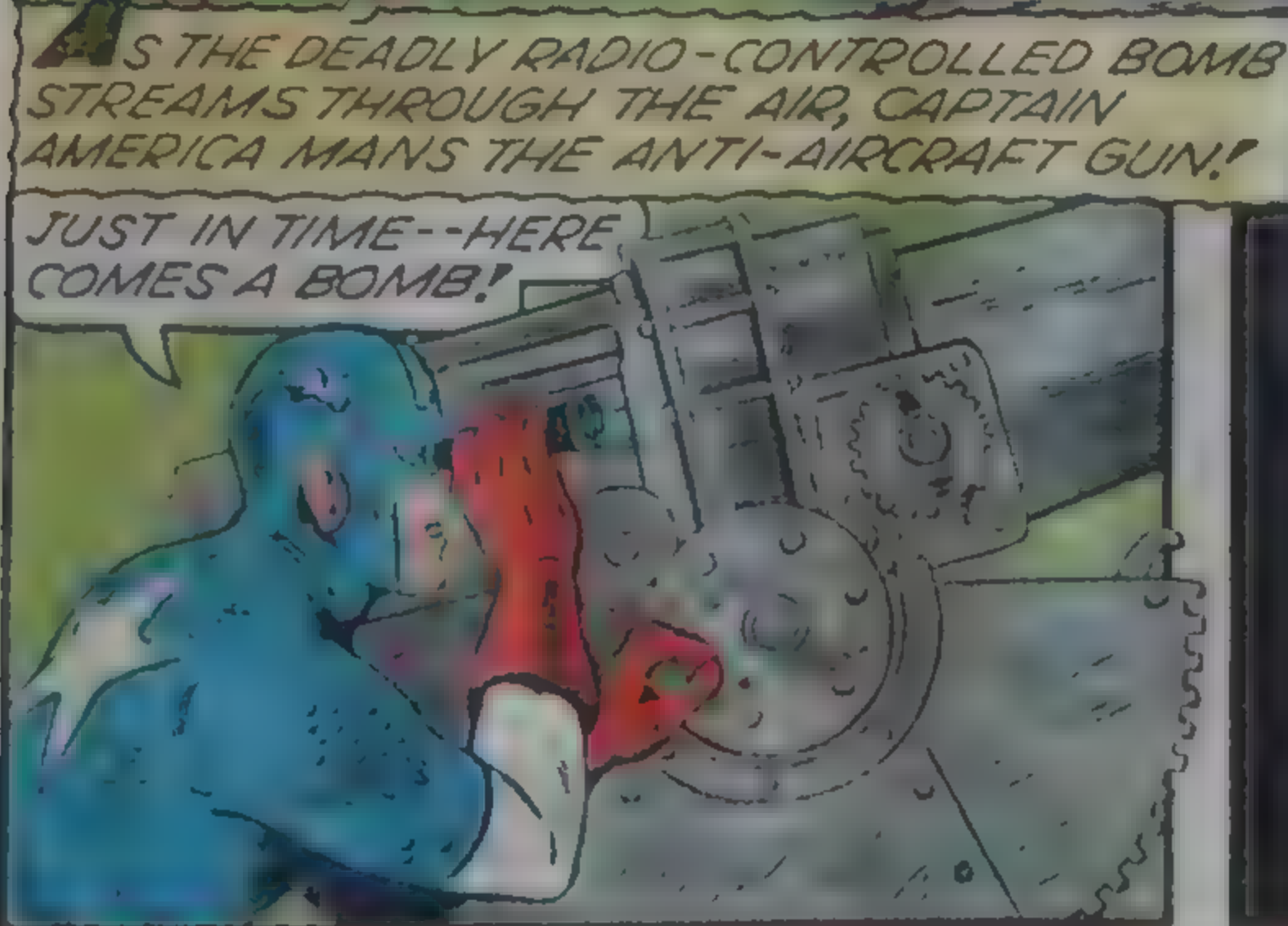
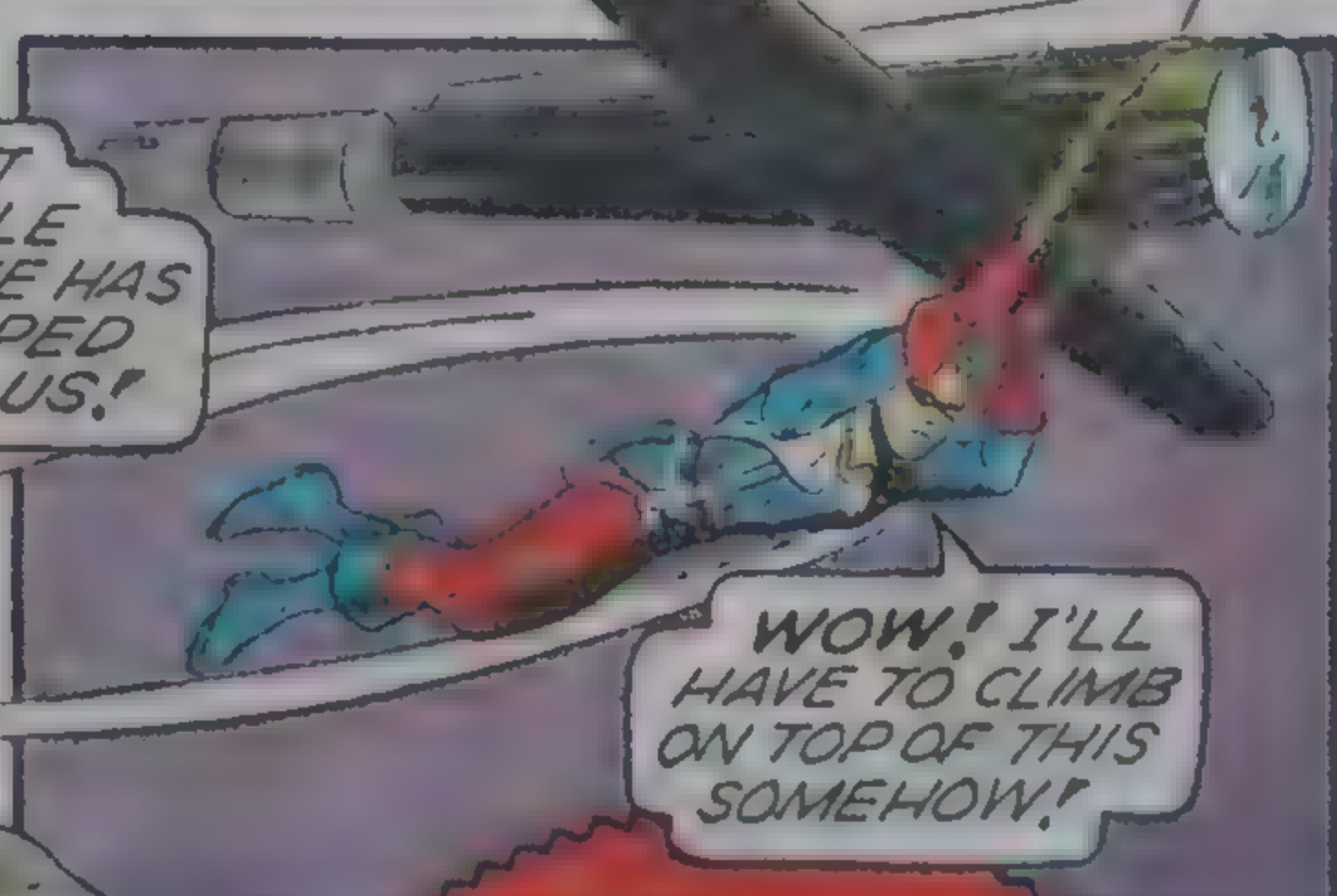
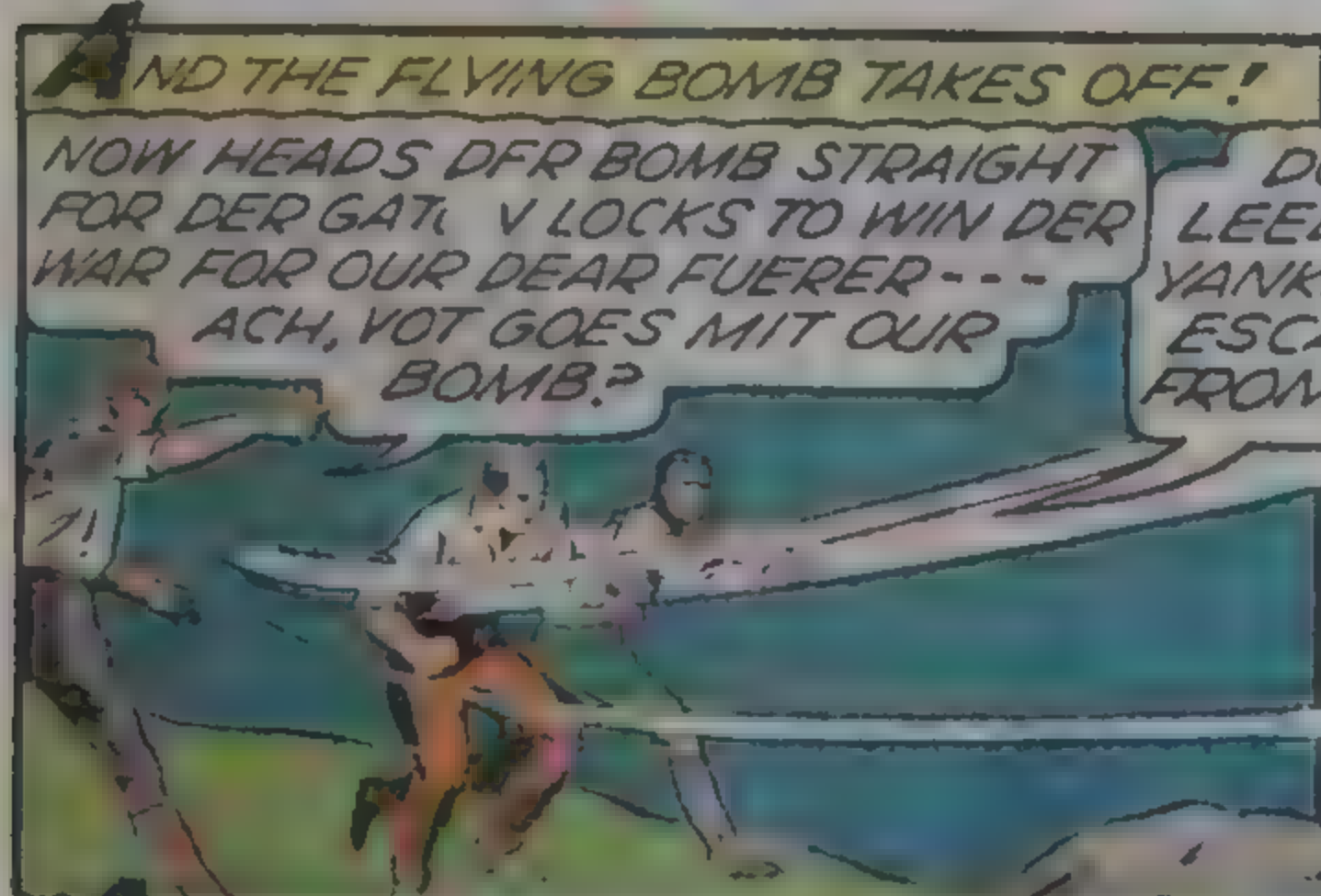
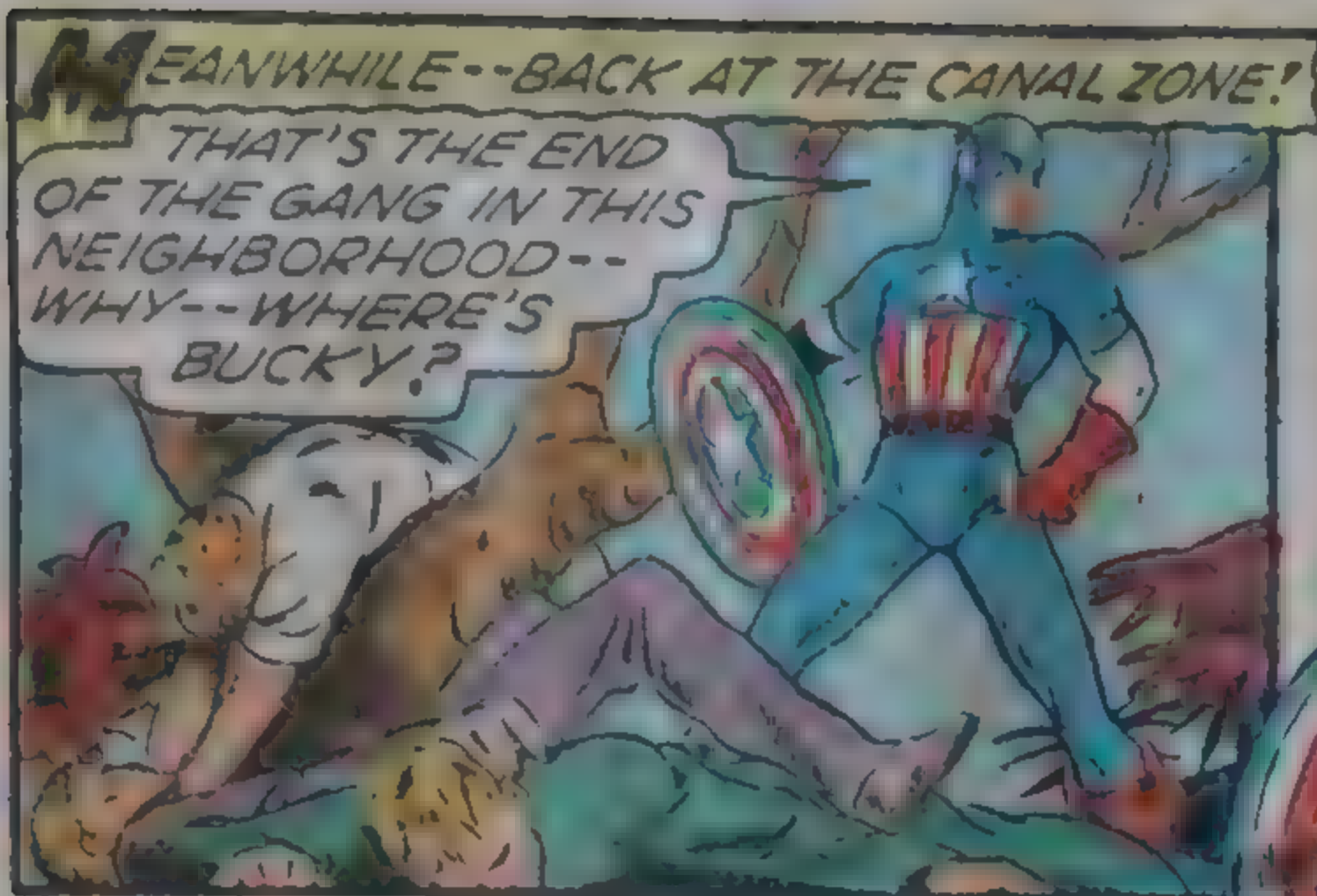
AT DER SIGNAL, I DIRECT DER BIG FLYING BOMB STRAIGHT FOR DER GATUN LOCKS! WHEN IT HITS, DER CANAL IS FINISHED!

A PARACHUTE LYING THERE--AND ROPE. THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!

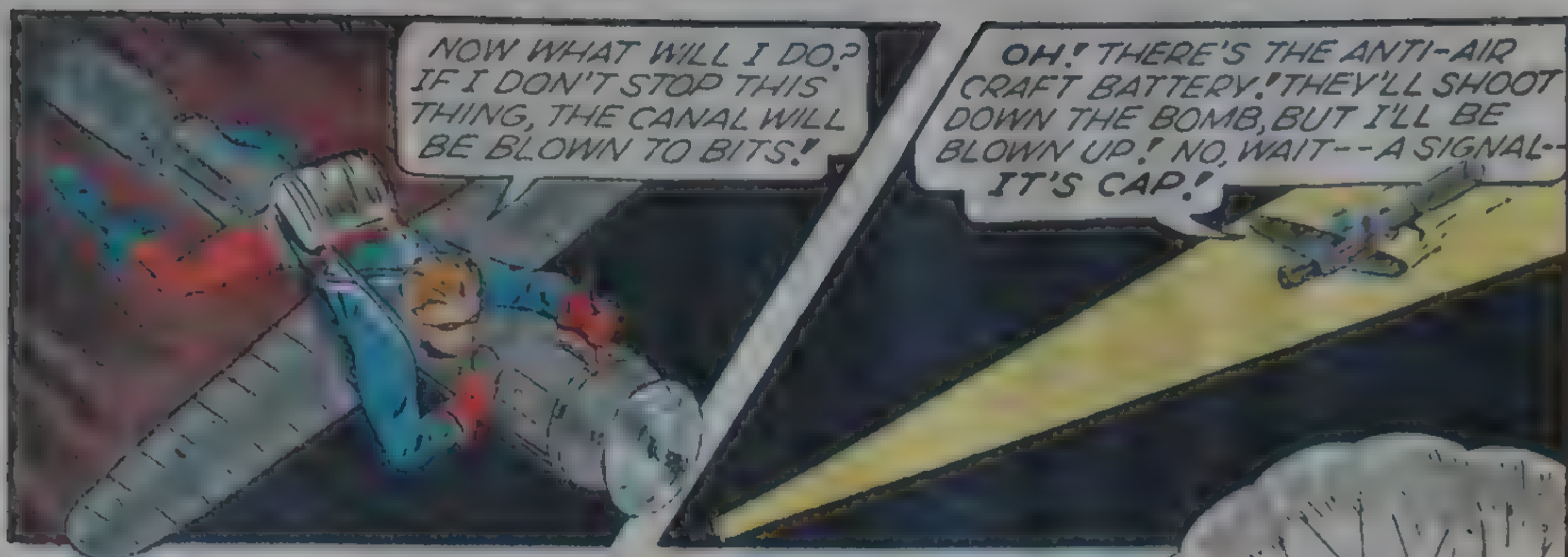


I HOPE THEY WON'T WATCH ME TOO CLOSELY WHEN THAT BOMB TAKES OFF!

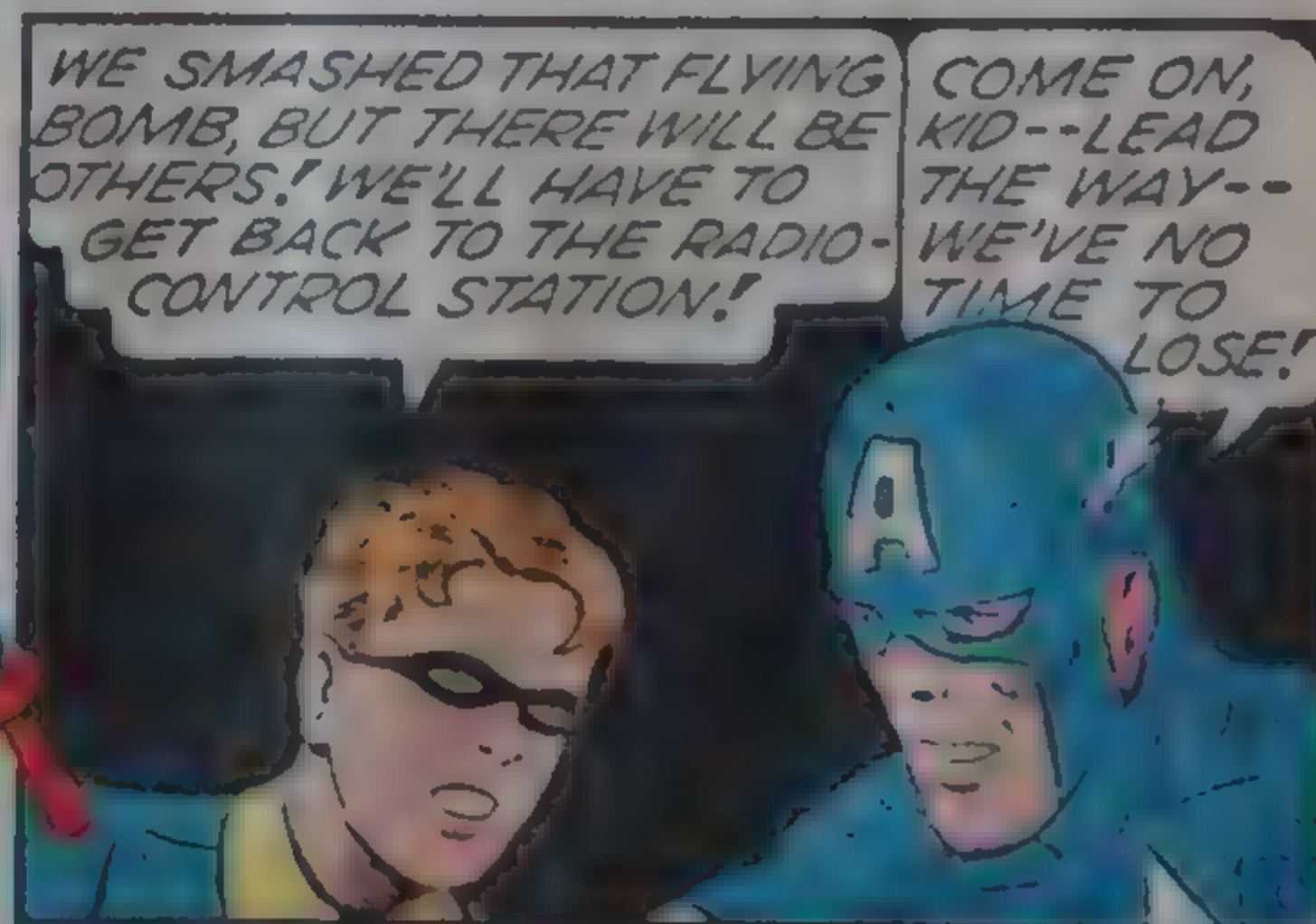
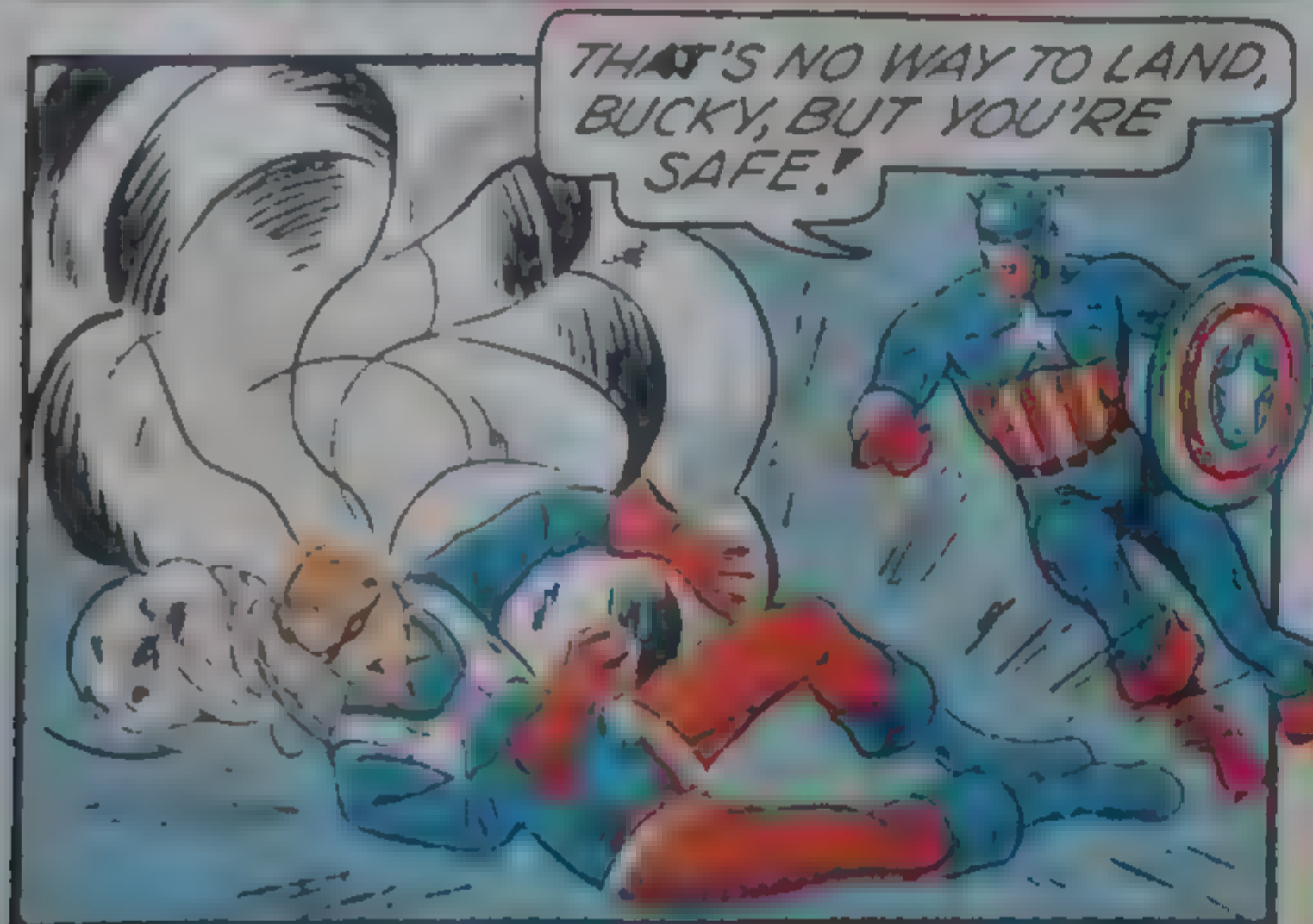
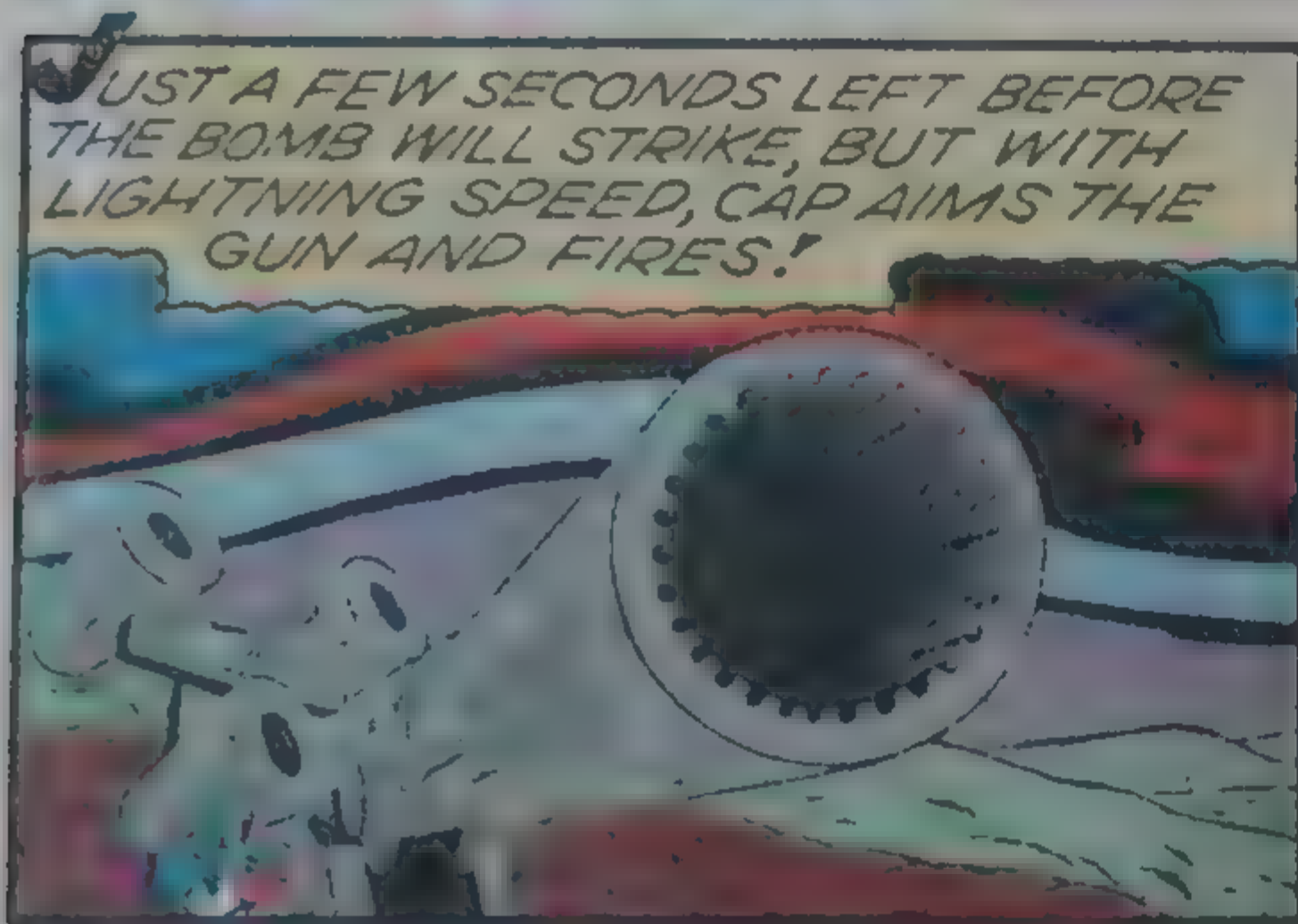
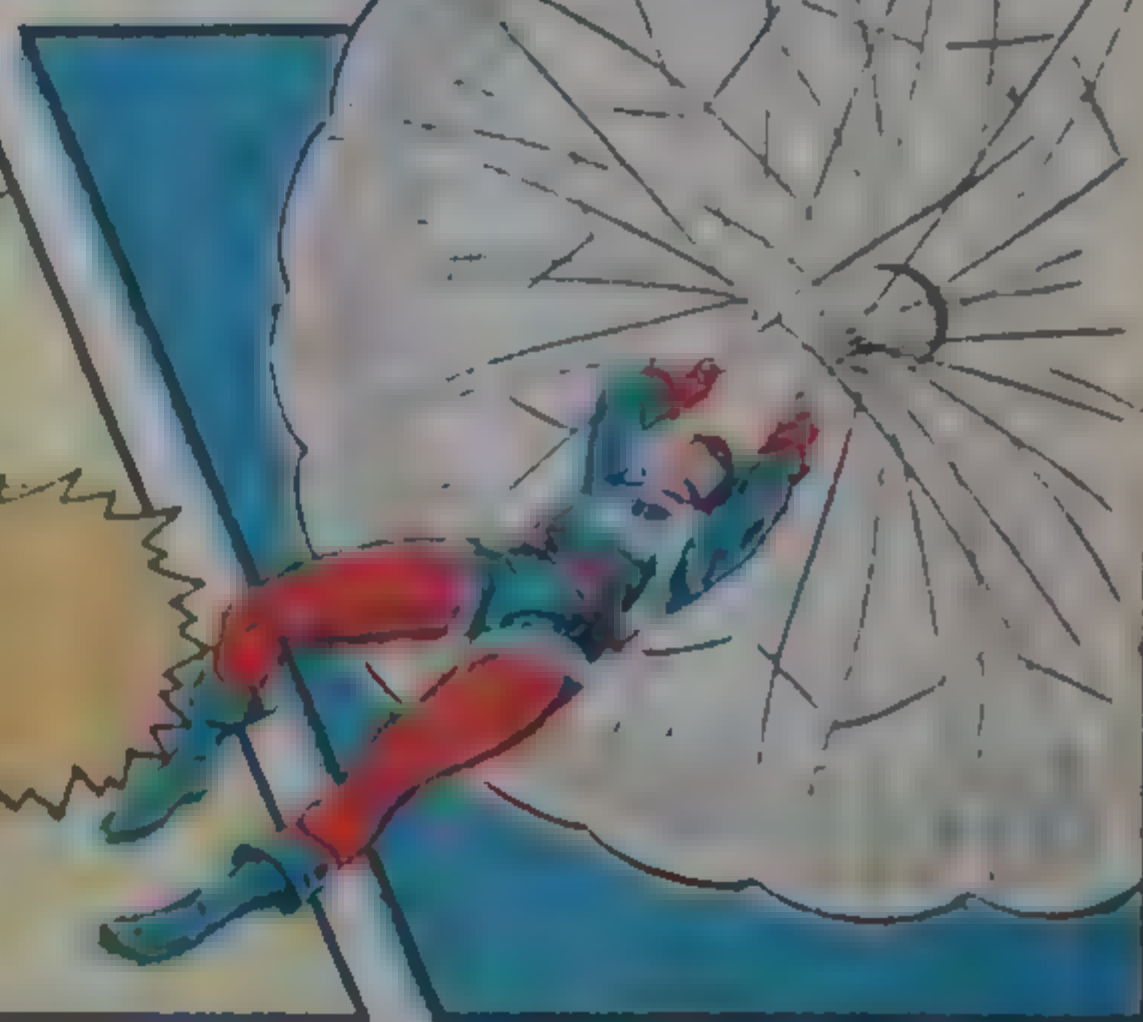






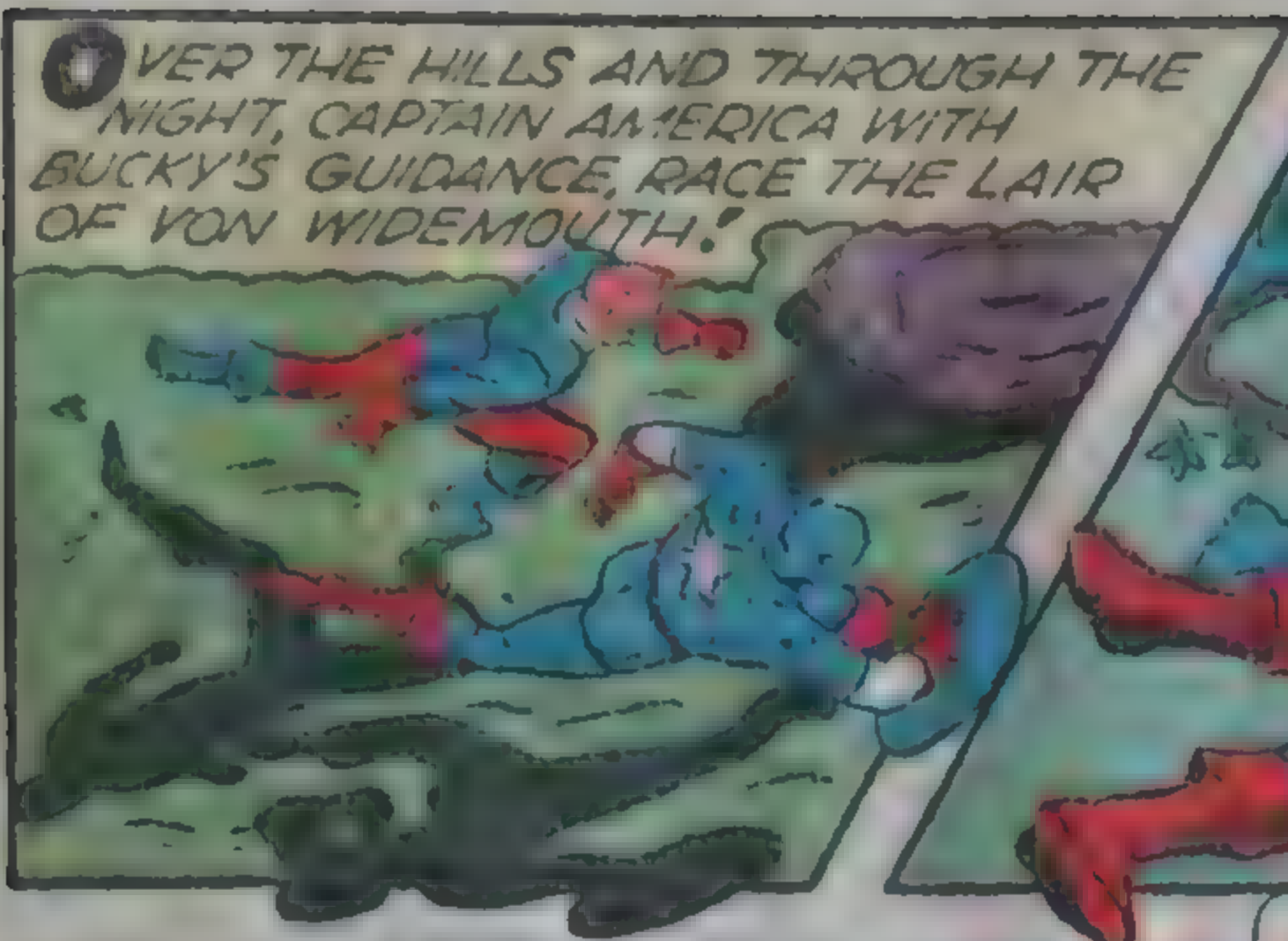


WITH THE POWERFUL BEAM FROM THE BATTERY LIGHT, CAPTAIN AMERICA SIGNALS OUT IN MORSE CODE--  
**B-U-C-K-Y--**  
**J-U-M-P--**  
**Q-U-I-C-K--**  
AND BUCKY FLOATS TO SAFETY!



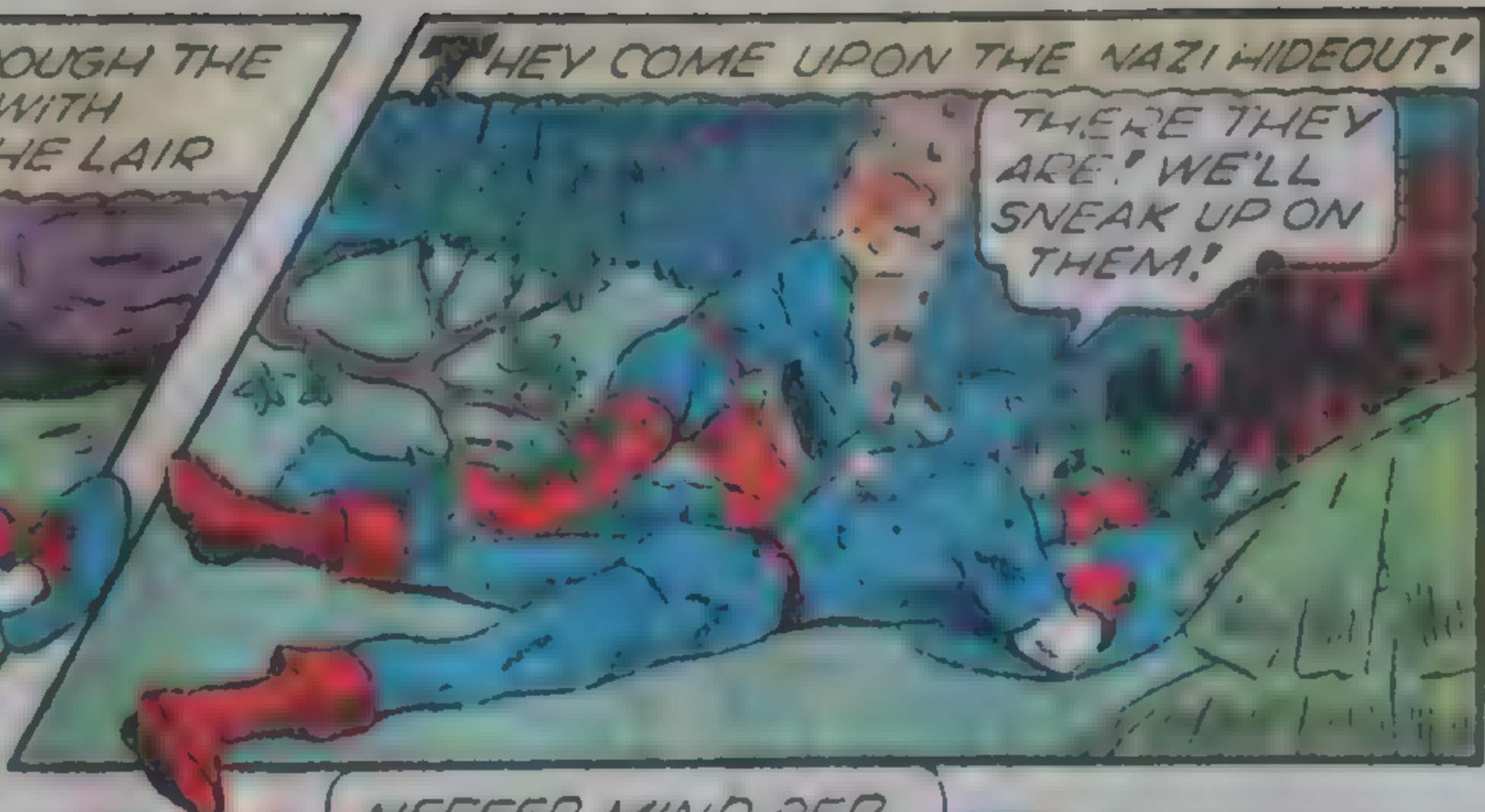


OVER THE HILLS AND THROUGH THE NIGHT, CAPTAIN AMERICA WITH BUCKY'S GUIDANCE, RACE THE LAIR OF VON WIDEMOUTH!



THEY COME UPON THE NAZI HIDEOUT!

THERE THEY ARE! WE'LL SNEAK UP ON THEM!



SOMETHING WENT WRONG WITH THAT FLYING BOMB! DER SUCCESS SIGNALS HAF NOT COME!

NEFFER MIND DER SIGNALS! PREPARE TO DISPATCH TEN OF THESE BIG BOMBS! WE FINISH DER CANAL AT ONE BLOW!

BARON, QUICK! DOT CAPTAIN AMERICA HAS FOUND US!



I FOUND YOU ALRIGHT. NOW WHERE'S THAT BARON?

I KILL DOT CAPTAIN AMERICA, UND THEN I PROCEED MIT DER BOMBINGS!





HEH HEH! NOW I HAF YOU,  
CAPTAIN AMERICA!

OH HELLO, BARON!  
I'VE BEEN LOOKING  
FOR YOU!

LOOK OUT, CAP!  
HE'S TRYING TO  
PUSH YOU OVER  
INTO THAT  
AMMUNITION  
DUMP!

CHOOST MY IDEA!

THAT'S A GOOD  
ENDING FOR BAD  
RUBBISH, CAP!

I THINK THIS WILL  
BE THE END OF YOU,  
YOU NAZI FIEND!

....AND SO WITH THEIR MIS-  
SION ACCOMPLISHED, THE  
PANAMA CANAL NO LONGER  
IN IMMEDIATE DANGER,  
CAPTAIN AMERICA AND  
BUCKY HEAD BACK TO  
CAMP....

**BOOM!**

THE END



# INTRODUCTION

LADY LUCK was on the ground for good. Hardy stood at the door of the make-shift hanger, looking in at where Lady Luck stood, with a fancy coating of dust desecrating her slim wings, her windows scummed over. She wasn't old and she had been a real source of revenue to Hardy. There wasn't much else he knew how to do. For three years now he'd been crop dusting, hauling freight, taking occasional parties up into the mountains for hunting trips, doing odd jobs. But now.

A voice growled. "What's eating you, kid?"

Hardy turned, brushing sandy hair out of his eyes, squinting up at the tall, thin figure before him. Spike was straight up and down, had a queer way of shifting his eyes.

"Nothin'," Hardy muttered. "What's it t'you?"

Spike shrugged thin shoulders, shuffled forward to peer speculatively into the hanger.

"Lady Luck's outta luck, huh?" Spike's lips quirked into a brief grin. "Tough. What're you doing about a job, Kid? Can't live on thin air."

"You're telling me?" Hardy leaned back, hands stuffed into his pockets. He knew Spike; everyone knew him, knew Spike had a little "business" all his own that was paying dividends. Good dividends. In spite of lack of gas, restrictions, so on, Spike kept his planes going all the time. People wondered. "Got to get me a job, I reckon." Hardy found it hard to admit. "Can't do anything else. Reck-

on the army'll be callin' me up pretty soon—"

"That's a laugh," Spike interrupted. "Why, they've put you outta business, kid. You're grounded because they need gas. For what? Look at them planes from the reservation out there in the hills. Always flying around as if they didn't have anywhere to go. They don't waste gas, not much!"

HARDY TURNED unwillingly to stare away into the hills to where the big Army Reservation had recently gone into being. What Spike said was just about the truth, too.

Hardy admitted, "Danged if I'm going to run to them! They'll have to come and get me! Put me in as a private, I suppose! Scrubbing floors, peeling spuds, traipsing around with a gun over my shoulder—"

"The grub's rotten, I hear!" Spike commented, turning for another look at Lady Luck. "You give her the wrong monicker, kid. Should have been Bum Luck." His loose body sagged against the side of the door as if he were hooked there. "Kid, I been thinking. Maybe I could use you!"

Hardy waited, heart hammering. What was Spike leading up to? Was he going to tell Hardy what his business was?

"I need another pilot," Spike said as if sensing Hardy's thoughts. "If you're interested, come down an' see me!"

After Spike was gone Hardy stood in the doorway thinking. He wasn't so sure he liked the idea of flying for Spike. No-

body'd ever been able to find out what Spike did, just as they couldn't find out where he got the gas he used to run his planes. He was right down close to the border and it was possible. . . .

It was in the village toward evening that Hardy encountered Sheriff Cole. The sheriff shouldered Hardy off to one side. "Spike was over to see you. What'd he have to say?"

Hardy admitted, "Talked about working for him—"

The sheriff's dark eyes narrowed and the seams of his face seemed to sink deeper, harder. "Any man who keeps goin' the way Spike does, without letting folks know his business, is doing something crooked! Sooner or later Spike's gonna get himself caught and when that happens . . . I'd hate to see a young feller like you caught with him!"

BUT, A GUY had to eat, had to live. Hardy thought it over carefully another day before coming to a decision.

It was the eating problem that sent Hardy down "below" to see Spike Conlan finally.

"Ready to start work?" Spike wanted to know briefly.

"I am," Hardy said. "Otherwise I wouldn't have come."

Sunlight spilled through the window onto the bare floor of the old farm house. Spike said, "Okay. Now look an' listen. You're gonna haul freight. What it is, is no business of yours. You'll get paid and paid plenty, get me?"

Hardy nodded. Words wouldn't come.

"Okay," Spike said once more. "You'll start across the border. I'll take you there and tell you where to go. An' remember! Mind your business. You deliver the stuff and that's all. Don't get nosy because nosy people, kid, often end up six feet under!"

Hardy made two trips. He



minded his own business, as per instructions. He got his pay and it was good as promised. In a couple of weeks he made more than he used to get for a couple of months' work with Lady Luck. . . .

Maybe it was curiosity. Maybe it was fear. Anyhow, it was his fourth trip for Spike and this time Hardy pulled off course and set down near the edge of the desert. He slid out of the seat. Crawling back to investigate, he was a little surprised and bewildered. His "freight" looked like nothing more nor less than . . . coffins! Pine boxes just about the size of a man's body. . .

Hardy was about to crawl back when he heard the sound. It came from one of the "coffins" and was, unmistakably, the sound of a man coughing! Someone was in them. . . .

Shaking suddenly, Hardy backed out. He knew what Spike's money-making business was. Men were in those coffins . . . live men . . . spies. . . .

Someone snarled, "Get this crate going! Bud, you've made the last mistake you'll ever make. You're . . . finished!"

HARDY'S HANDS steadied as he slid back into the seat and gunned the motor gently. He took a chance, peered over to find a cold hard face staring back, one of Spike's guys probably planted in a coffin just to check. No doubt he was armed. . . .

It was, Hardy told himself gloomily, a bad mess. Inadvertently he'd stumbled upon the secret of Spike's business. Smuggling. And at the same time he'd put both feet into trouble.

Hardy's captor backed away and when Hardy took another look, he was sitting with his back against the coffins. He was smoking but his eyes were hard, didn't miss anything.

Off to the west was the Army

Reservation. For the first time, Hardy thought of it as more than just the instrument by which he'd been deprived of a way of living. He thought of it now as a possible way to live, if it could be handled! Something had to be done before they landed at the "base" up in the mountains. Once there, it would be curtains for Hardy and he knew it. But as long as he remained at the controls. . .

The man came to life suddenly with a snarl of protest, as Hardy shoved the big freighter hard toward the Reservation.

"That ain't where we're going!" the man snarled. "Look, you—"

Hardy knew the fellow had pulled a gun. Out to their left a slim fighter slid through the sky like a blade of grey steel, swinging and banking and Hardy knew they'd been spotted.

"Take it easy," Hardy warned. "You plug me and this thing's going straight down. You'll be in it when it lands!"

"You double crossing—"

Hardy saw the gun then, at the same time that the fighter burst into view, circling them again. At the same instant, below to the left, Hardy's eye spotted the reservation. Down there were anti-aircraft guns. . .

The man jerked the gun up. Simultaneously Hardy slammed the stick over and as the heavy freighter lurched sidewise and shot down, the gunman was hurled back. The revolver roared in the narrow confines of the cabin. The bullet ripped through the fleshy part of Hardy's shoulder. The gunman crumpled up in a corner, his heavy body twisted oddly.

With an effort Hardy righted the big ship. They were almost on the ground when he straightened her out. The field was before him, there was nothing to do but land. He was feeling funny. . . .

HARDY CAME OUT of his fog to find himself on the ground, while someone who didn't look like a doctor at all in his smart uniform, worked deftly over the ragged gash the bullet had torn.

Later, Hardy was in an office and the man behind the desk was telling him to sit down. A little name plate said Captain W. S. Bright.

"You've got a lot of explaining to do," Captain Bright told Hardy quietly.

Hardy hesitated. There was, he knew, no way out. Slowly he recounted what had happened . . . or almost everything.

"Why did you work for Spike Conlan?"

"My ship's grounded. I can't get gas. I had to live—"

"What's the matter with the Air Corps?"

Hardy said sharply, "Bunk! A guy has to scrub floors and peel spuds—"

Captain Bright laughed. "I've peeled spuds. And scrubbed floors. We all do that when we start. You've got a good record—"

"Record?" Hardy echoed. "How do you know?"

"Sheriff Cole," Captain Bright answered. "Before he started out with a posse to get Spike and the others, he assured me that you were okay."

"We want you in the Army, young man. You will make a fine living and we'll see to it that you get all the flying you want. Just say the word and I'll take care of the rest!"

Outside Hardy heard the sharp purr of a high-powered motor in the sky. Automatically a grin formed about his lips. He hated to leave Lady Luck behind but maybe it wouldn't be for long. . . .

"Okay," he said. "I'll take you up on that. I'll even peel spuds to earn my . . . wings!"

*The End.*



# SUB-MARINER



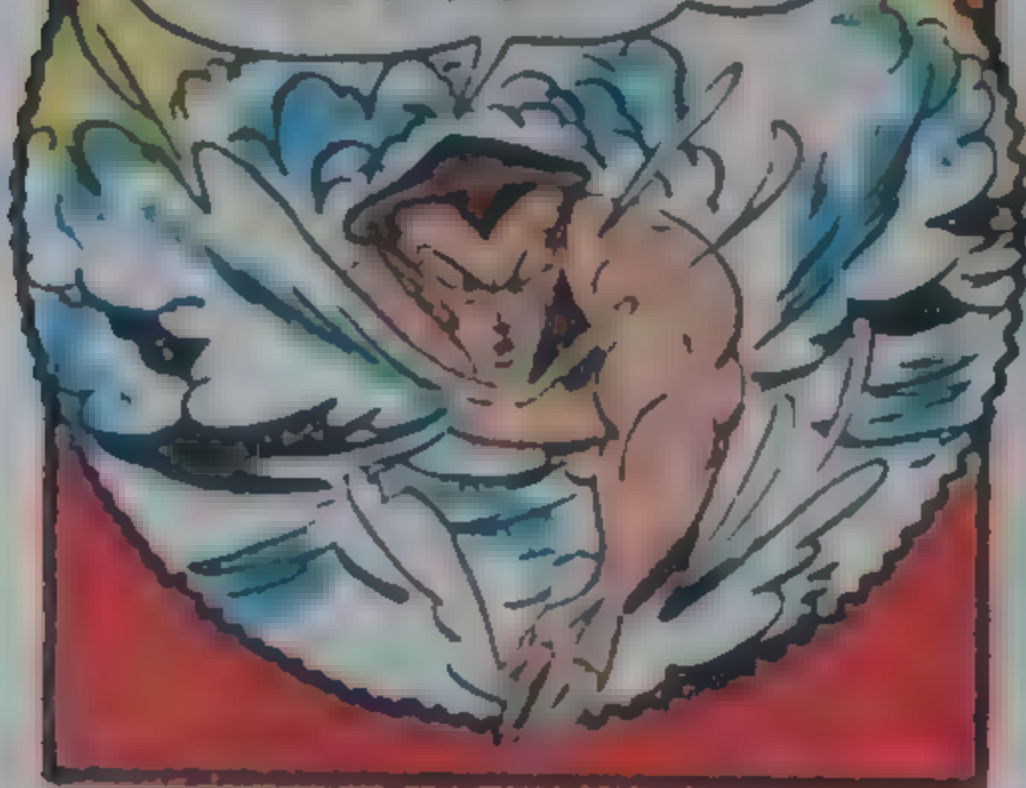
**T**HE  
NAZIS HAD A  
PERFECT PLAN  
FOR DEATH AND  
DESTRUCTION IN THE  
DARDENELLES,  
BUT--

**“NAMOR  
CRACKS THE  
WHIP”**



HEADING FOR THE NAZI HELD ISLAND OF CRETE THE SUBMARINER SWIMS THE MEDITERRANEAN

I THINK EVERYONE'S FORGOTTEN ABOUT THOSE BRITISH GUERILLAS LEFT ON CRETE — 'BOUT TIME SOMEONE PAID THEM A VISIT



JUST THEN — HO!

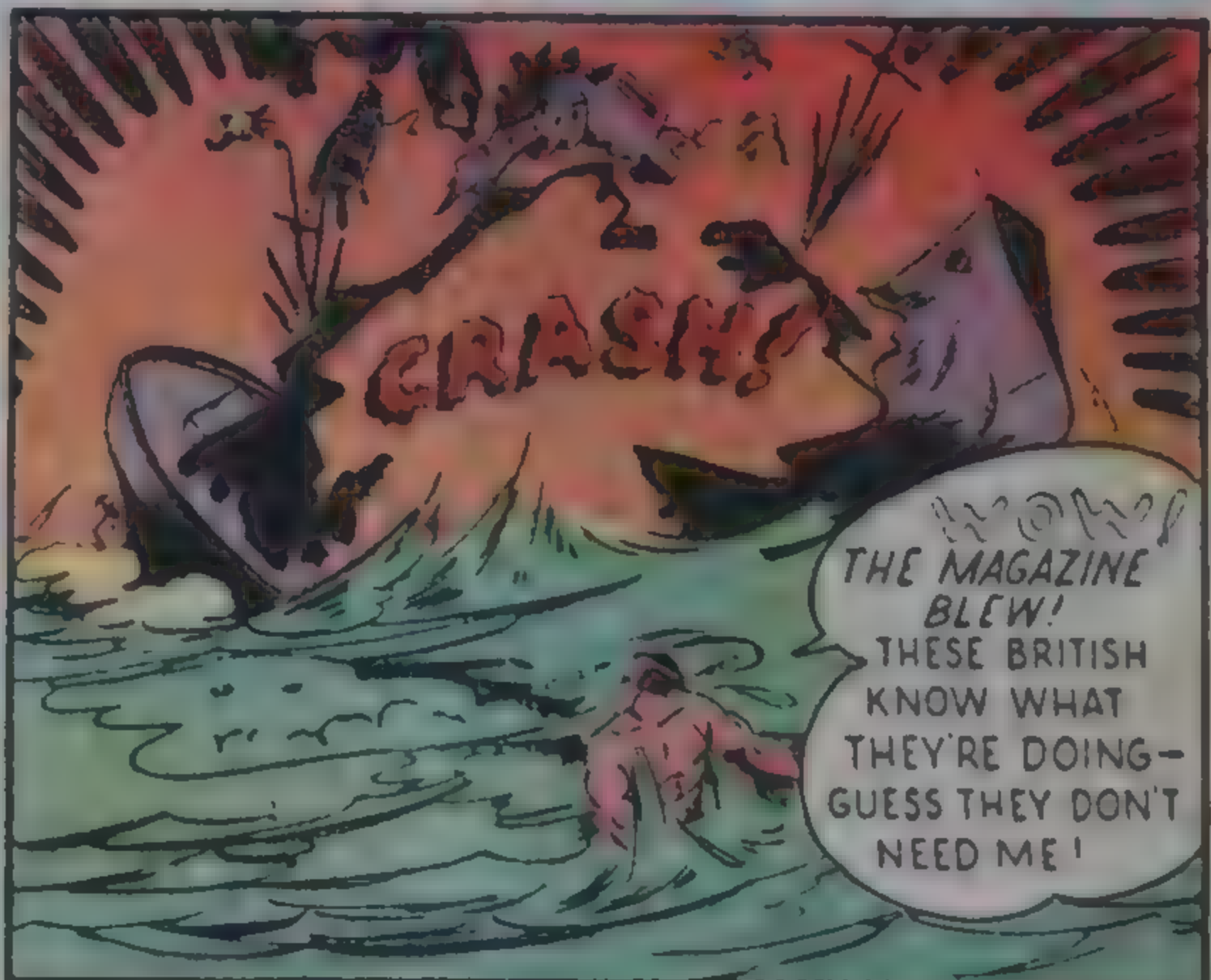
BY NEPTUNE'S BEARD! AN UNMARKED MERCHANTMAN AND A STALKING SUB —



A BRITISH SUB! THAT MEANS THE MERCHANTMAN BELONGS TO THE AXIS... PROBABLY A SUPPLY SHIP FROM SICILY



MAYBE I CAN LEND THE TARS A HAND



THE MAGAZINE BLEW! THESE BRITISH KNOW WHAT THEY'RE DOING — GUESS THEY DON'T NEED ME!

DUSK FINDS PRINCE NAMOR OFF THE CRETAN COAST

SUBMARINER GAINS THE SHORE —

THERE IT IS — CRETE WHERE THE NAZIS ARE MAKING THEMSELVES AT HOME — SUCKERS!

LET'S SEE — IF I HEAD NORTH-EAST I SHOULD CONTACT THE BRITISH GUERILLAS!





SUBMARINER MOVES INLAND

**WHEW!**  
PITCH-BLACK AND  
NOT A SIGN OF LIFE  
H-M-M — NOT  
SO BLACK

THERE ARE LIGHTS AHEAD —  
WONDER IF THAT COULD BE A  
GUERRILLA CAMP?

PUSHING ON TOWARD THE  
SOURCE OF THE LIGHT, NAMOR  
STEPS INTO A CLEARING

WHAT GOES ON  
HERE?

NAZI MECHANICS  
TUNING UP  
BRITISH BOMBERS!

SOMETHING SINISTER  
BEHIND THIS —  
**OH!**

SENSING THE APPROACH OF SOMEONE,  
NAMOR WHIRLS

**QUIET,**  
OR HI SHOOT!

**BLIMEY!**

YOU 'EARD 'IM'  
UP WITH YOUR  
'ANDS!







SUBMARINER DRAGS THE UNCONSCIOUS FLIER BACK TO THE WAITING ENGLISH WARRIORS

LOOK!

IF IT AIN'T THE SUBMARINER BACK AGAIN

AND LOOK WOT 'E'S BROUGHT WITH 'IM!

A BLOOMIN' NAZI!

HERE'S OUR 'SOURCE' OF INFORMATION!

NAMOR SHAKES THE NAZI BACK TO CONSCIOUSNESS

NOW—WHAT ARE THOSE BOMBERS FOR?

NEIN! NEIN! I VON'T TALK!

MAYBE I CAN SOAK THE ANSWER OUT OF YOU!

HAW 'HAW!' 'E'S A BIT WET, 'E IS!

DER PLANES WERE CAPTURED WHEN WE INVADED CRETE— WE GO TO BOMB THE DARDANELLES TONIGHT—

BUT— OH! WHEN THE TURKS SPOT THE RAF BOMBERS THEY'LL THINK THE BRITISH WERE RESPONSIBLE!

BLIMEY! THAT WOULD FORCE A STATE OF WAR BETWEEN TURKEY AND GREAT BRITAIN!

HOMIGOSH! WE 'AS TO STOP IT!

GLUB! BLUB! STOP! I'LL TELL!

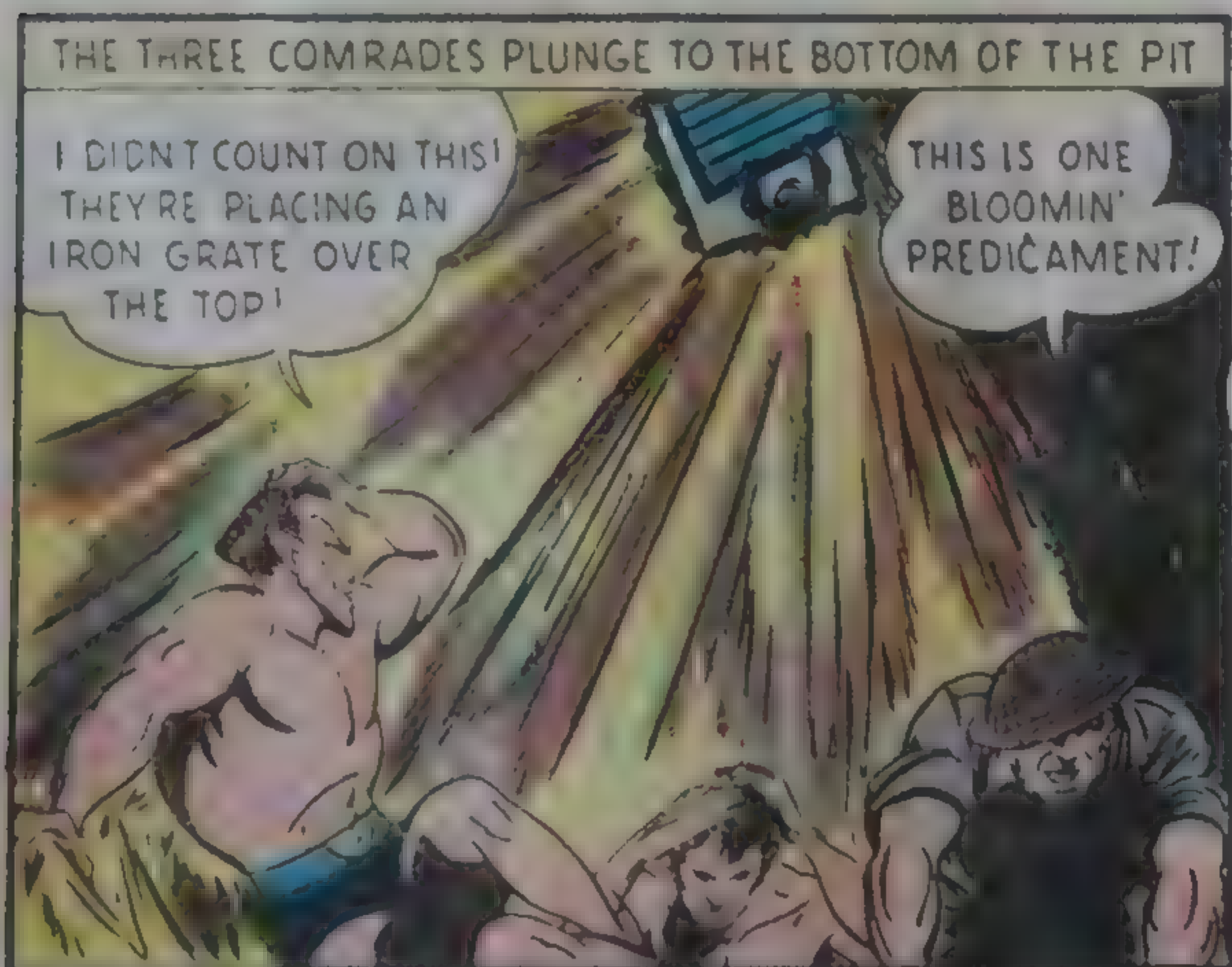
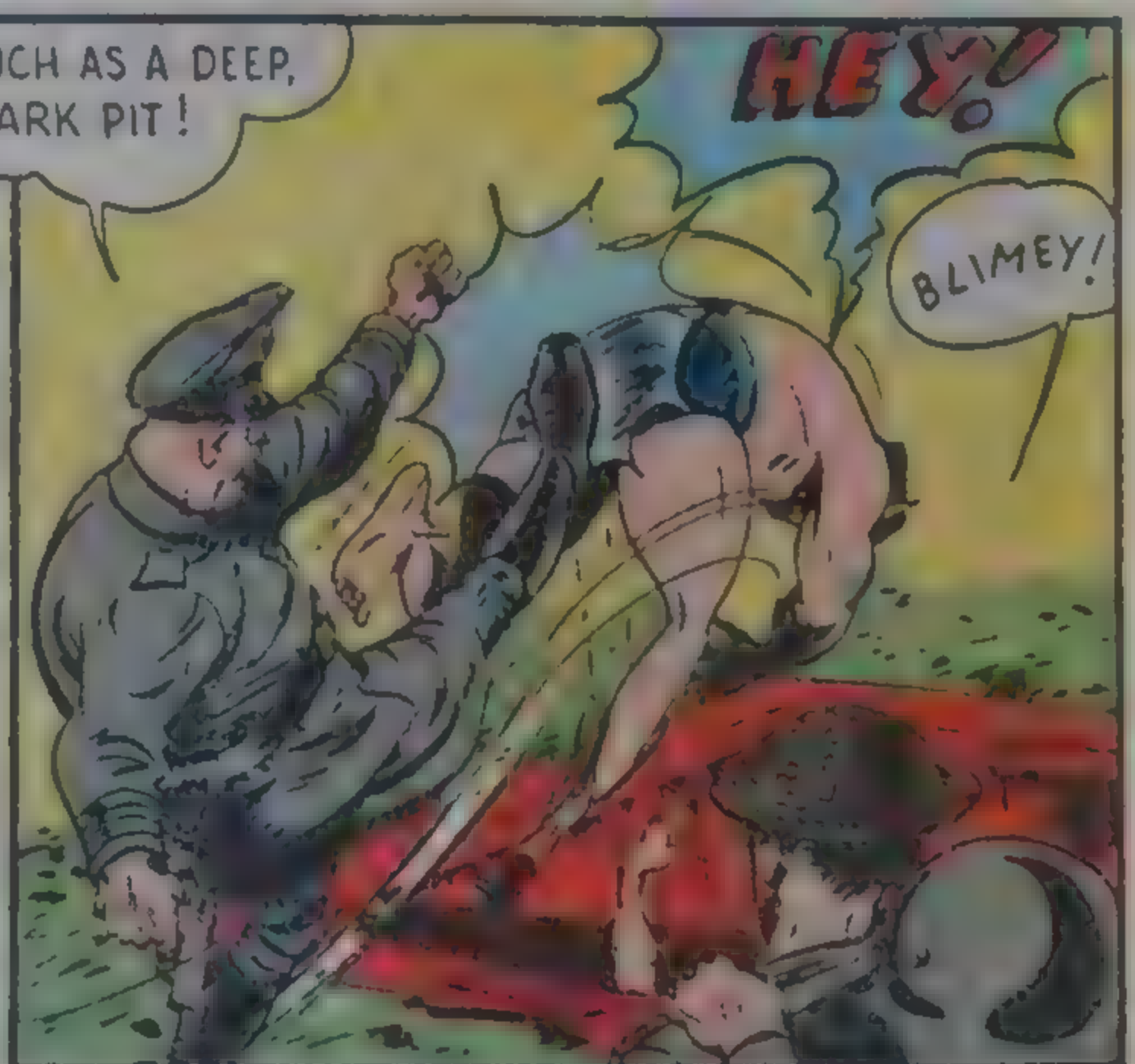
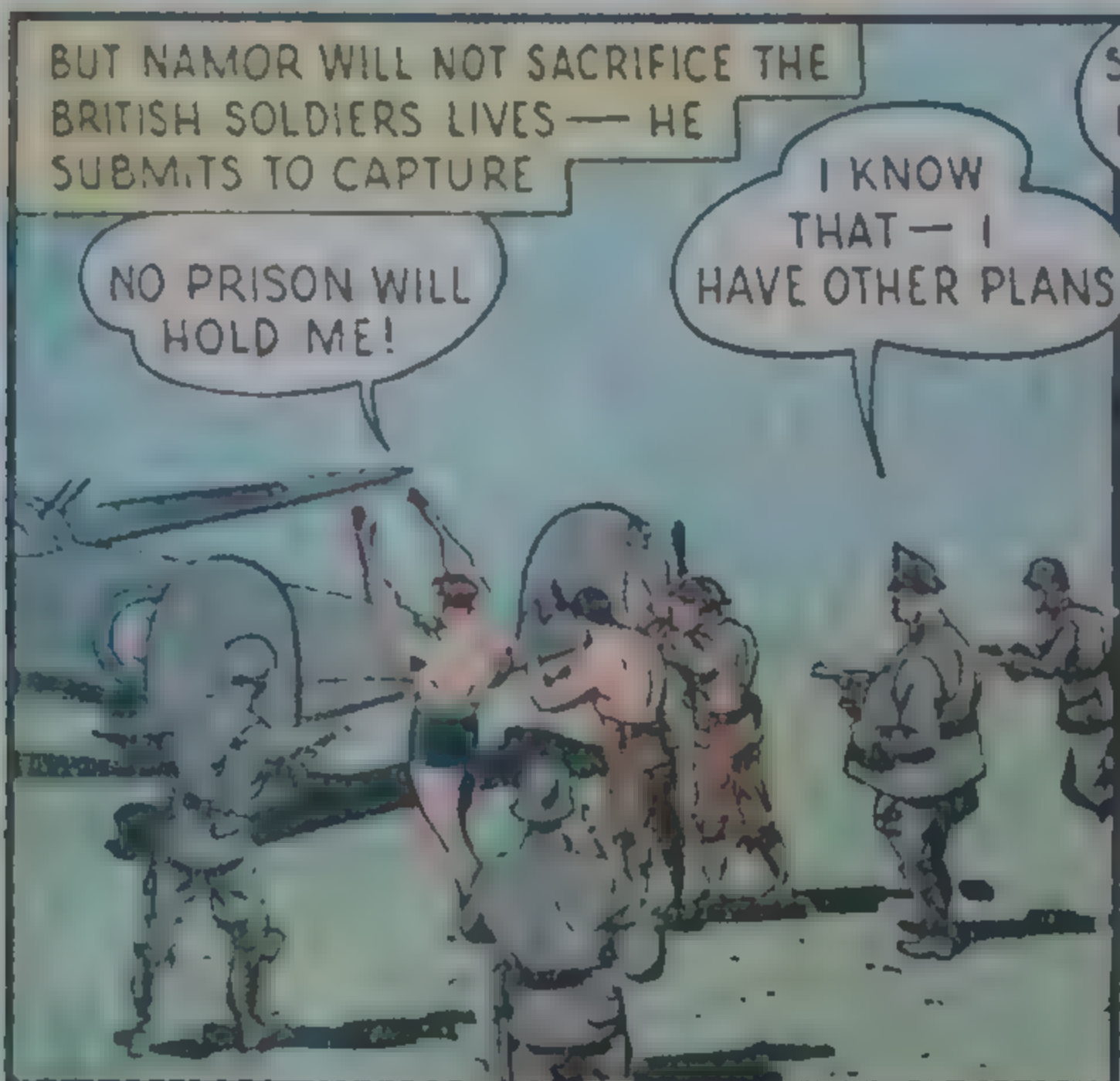
HIMMEL! COLONEL BRUSCH!

OHO! ANOTHER ONE!

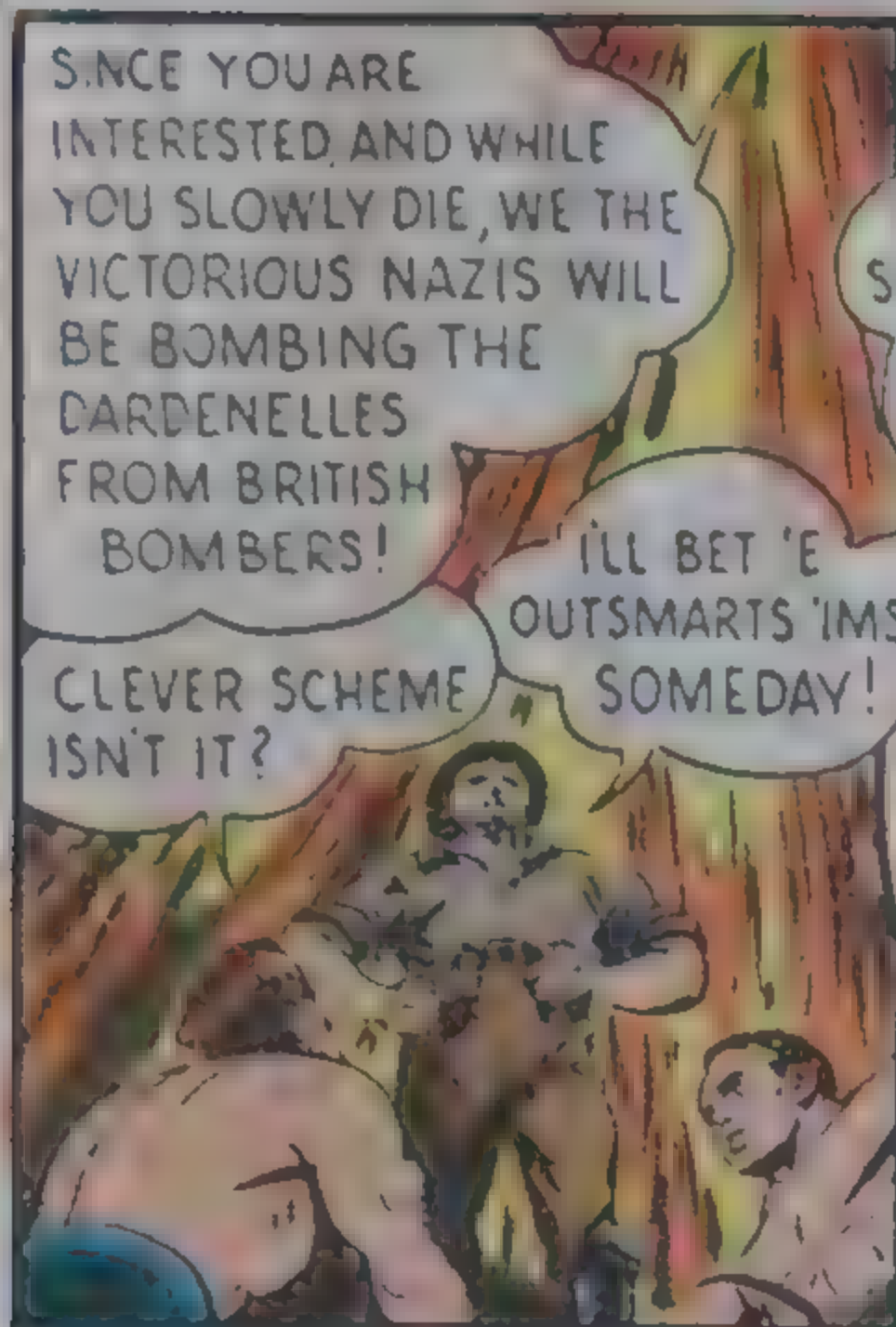
THEN—

YOU'LL NOT GET THE CHANCE I'M AFRAID!





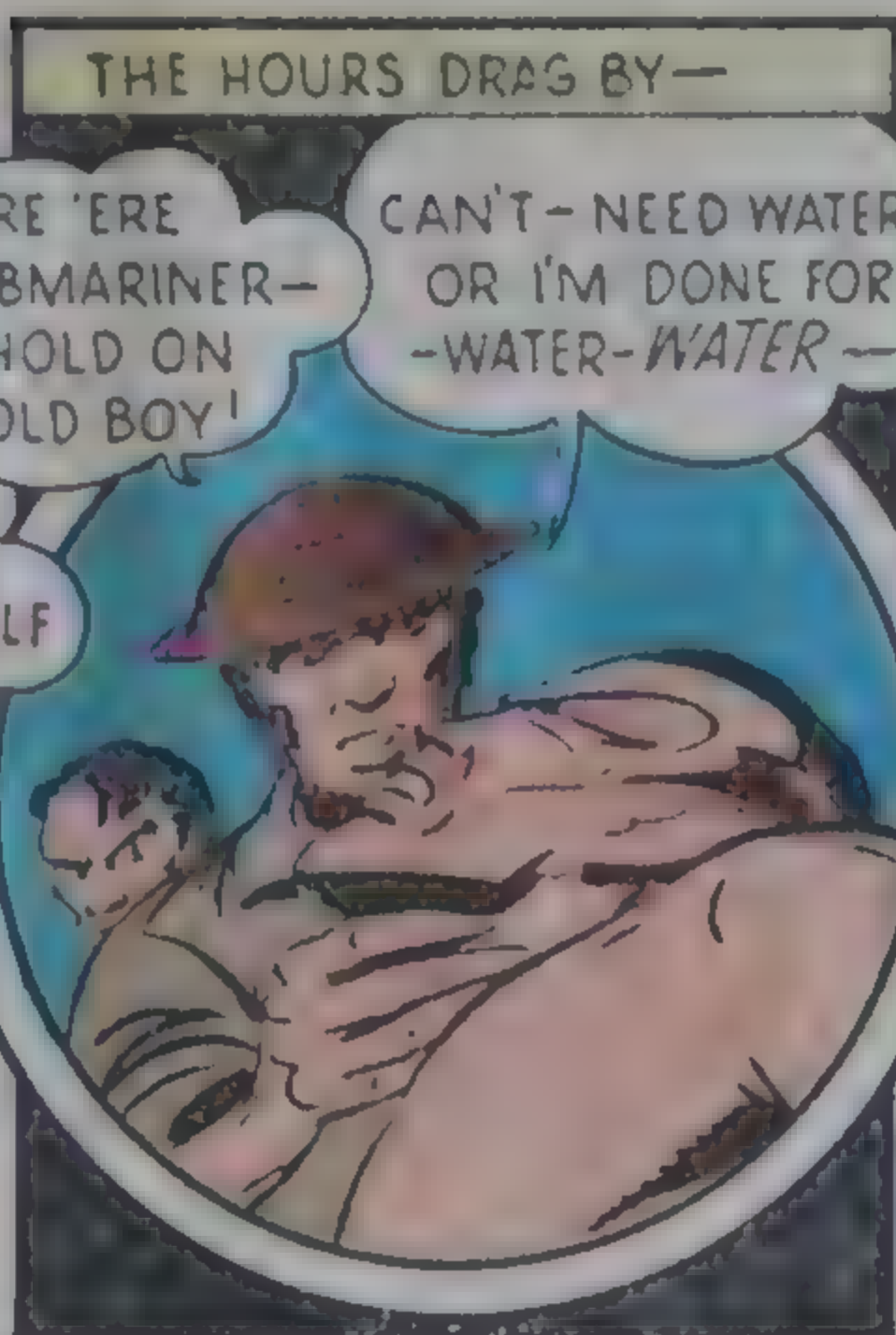




SINCE YOU ARE INTERESTED, AND WHILE YOU SLOWLY DIE, WE THE VICTORIOUS NAZIS WILL BE BOMBING THE DARDENELLES FROM BRITISH BOMBERS!

CLEVER SCHEME ISN'T IT?

I'LL BET 'E OUTSMARTS 'IMSELF SOMEDAY!



THE HOURS DRAG BY—

ERE 'ERE SUBMARINER— HOLD ON OLD BOY!

CAN'T— NEED WATER OR I'M DONE FOR —WATER—WATER—



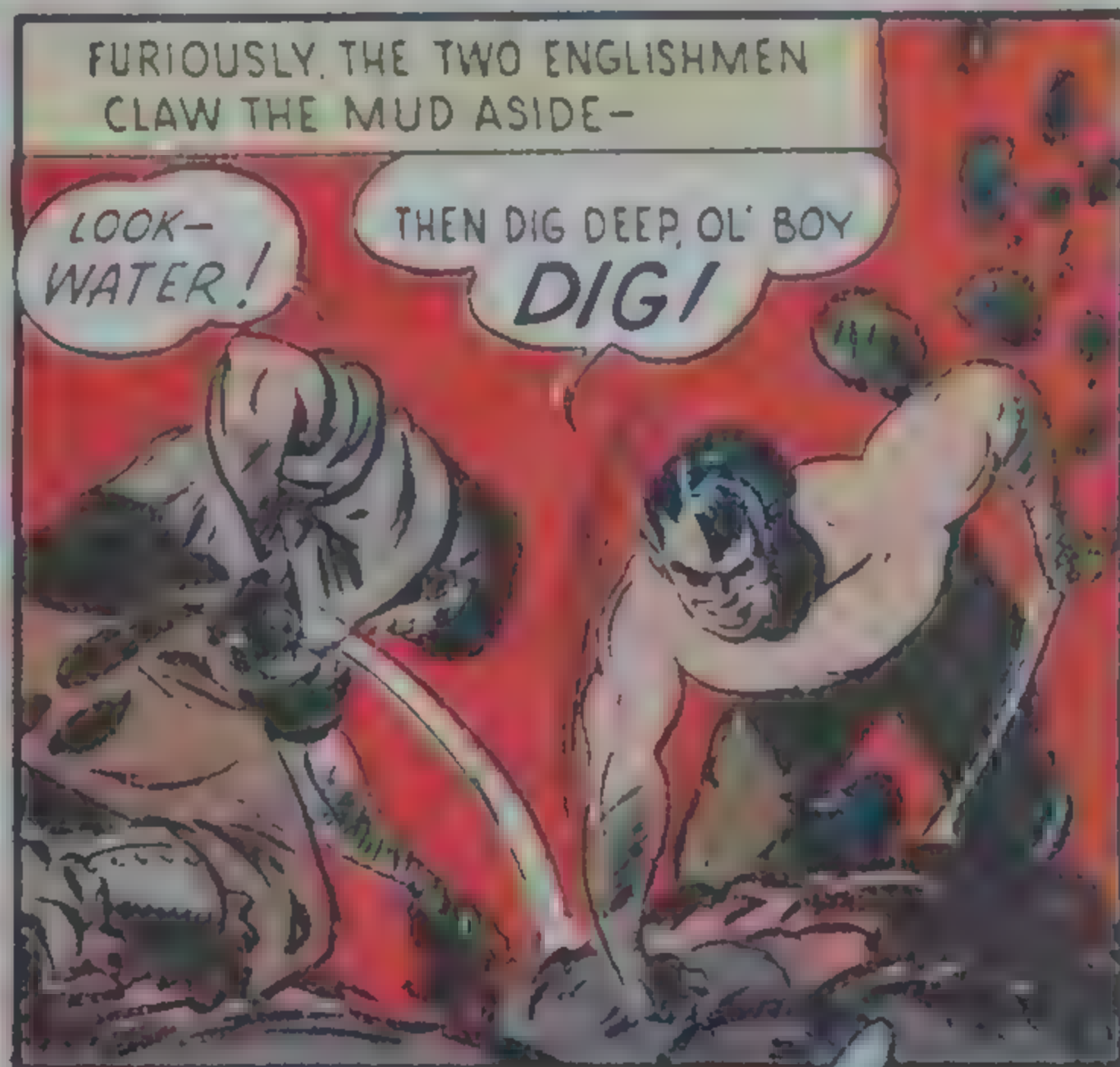
THEN

SAY, LOOK— MUD!



I SAY! AN' WHERE THERE'S MUD—

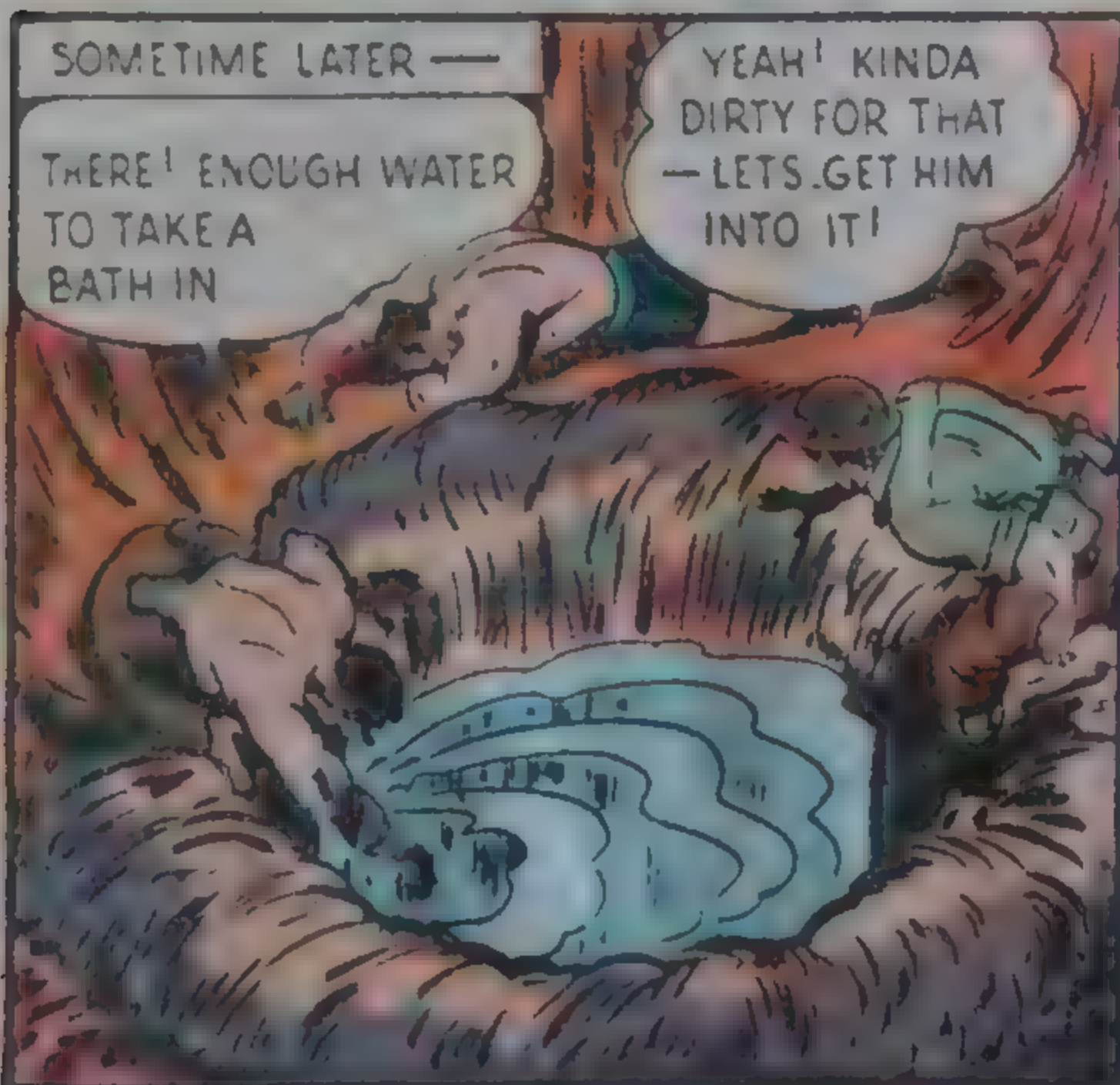
—THERE'S **WATER** HI WOULD SAY!



FURIOUSLY, THE TWO ENGLISHMEN CLAW THE MUD ASIDE—

LOOK— WATER!

THEN DIG DEEP, OL' BOY **DIG!**



SOMETIME LATER —

THERE! ENOUGH WATER TO TAKE A BATH IN

YEAH! KINDA DIRTY FOR THAT — LETS GET HIM INTO IT!



'EAVE HO— IN YOU GO!

**SPLASH**

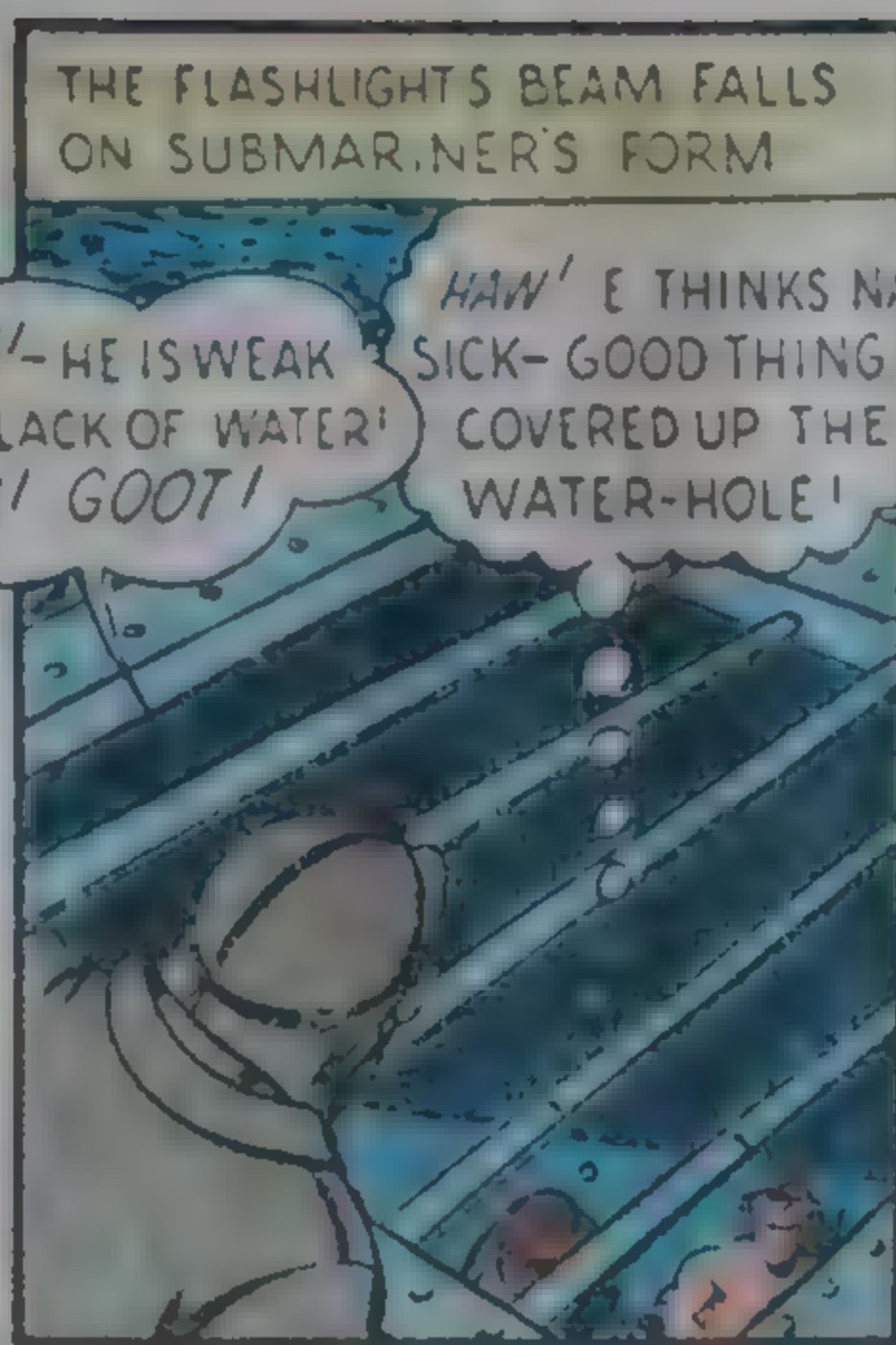




STILL LATER

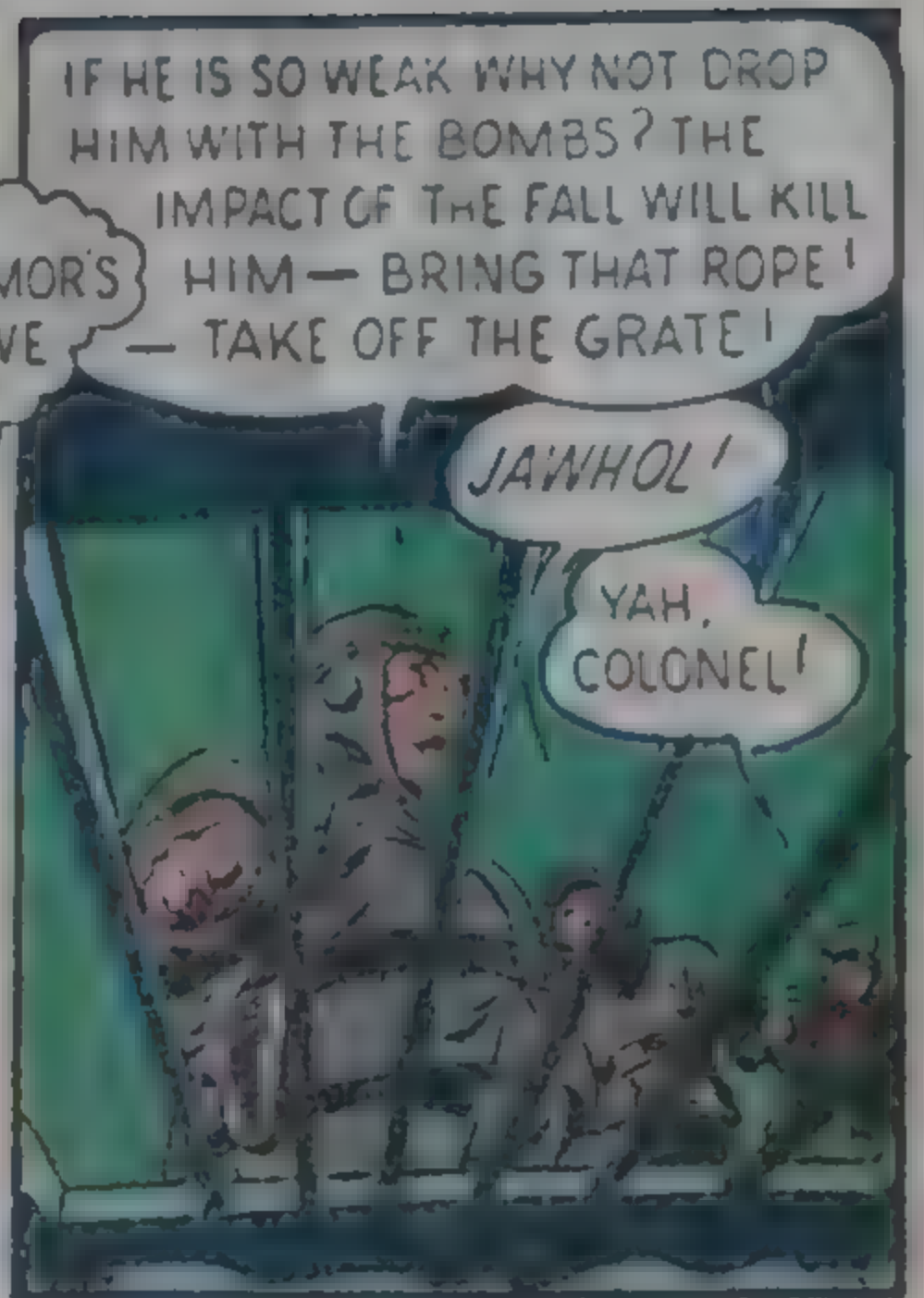
BEFORE I LEAVE I WANT TO SEE THAT SUBMARINER IS UP TO NO TRICKS!

AH!-HE IS WEAK FROM LACK OF WATER! GOOT! GOOT!



THE FLASHLIGHT'S BEAM FALLS ON SUBMARINER'S FORM

HAW! E THINKS NAMOR'S SICK- GOOD THING WE COVERED UP THE WATER-HOLE!



IF HE IS SO WEAK WHY NOT DROP HIM WITH THE BOMBS? THE IMPACT OF THE FALL WILL KILL HIM- BRING THAT ROPE! - TAKE OFF THE GRATE!

JAWHOL!

YAH, COLONEL!



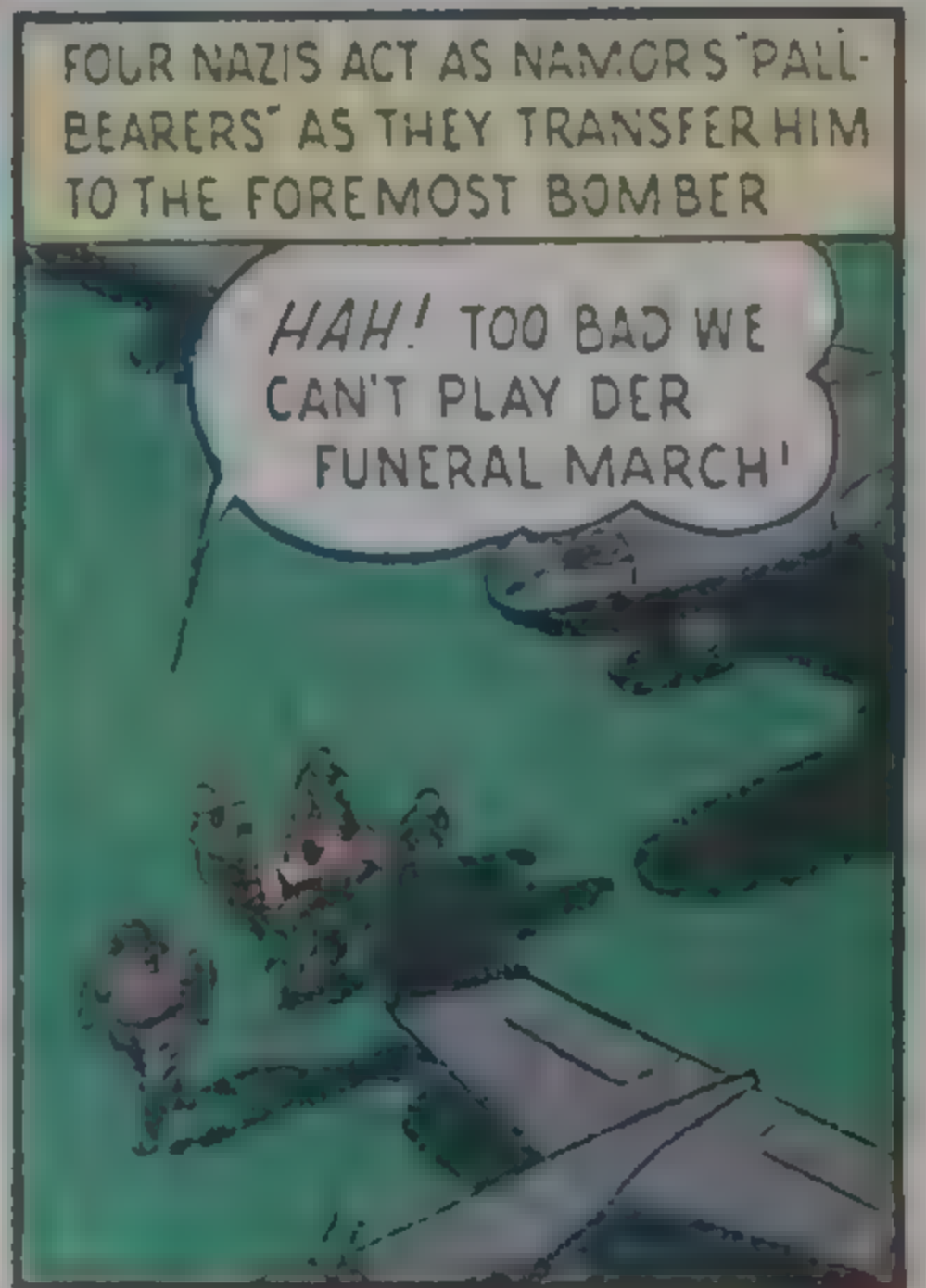
TIE THE ROPE AROUND SUBMARINER ENGLISH DOG- DO AS I SAY!

WITH PLEASURE, SKUNK!



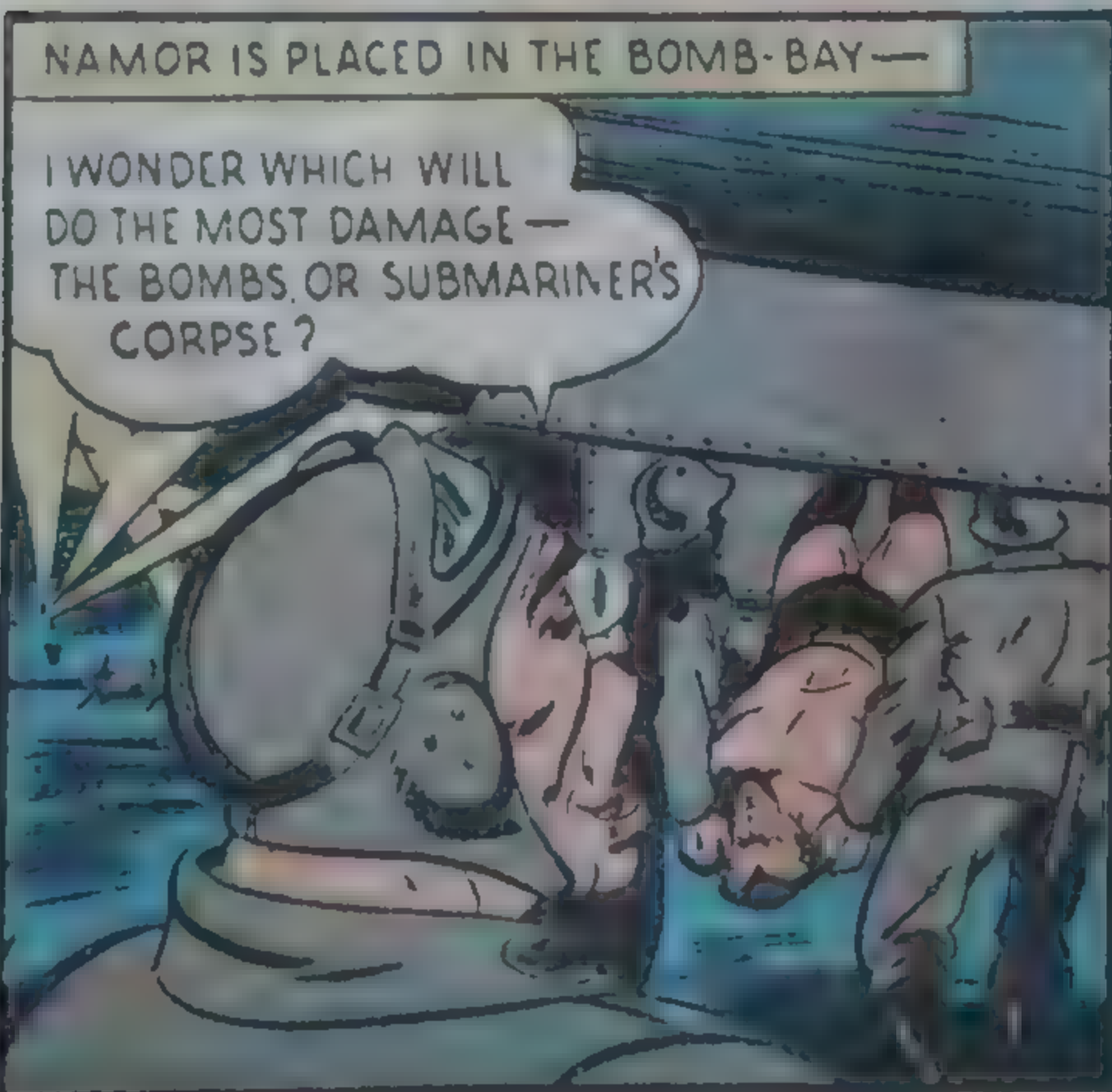
AH!- THIS IS THE GREATEST NIGHT OF MY LIFE!

UGH! HE IS HEAVY!



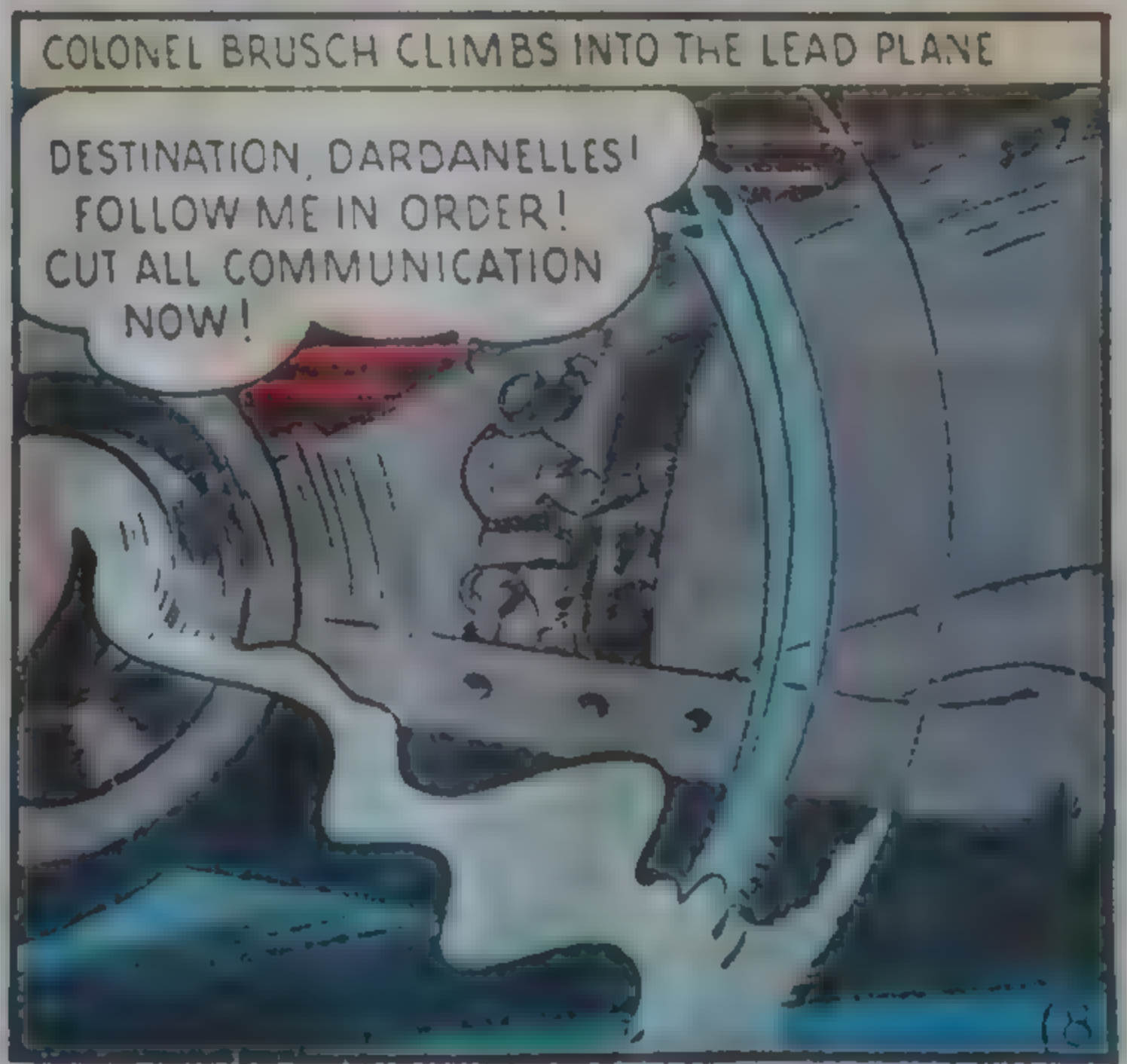
FOUR NAZIS ACT AS NAMOR'S 'PALL-BEARERS' AS THEY TRANSFER HIM TO THE FOREMOST BOMBER

HAH! TOO BAD WE CAN'T PLAY DER FUNERAL MARCH!



NAMOR IS PLACED IN THE BOMB-BAY-

I WONDER WHICH WILL DO THE MOST DAMAGE- THE BOMBS OR SUBMARINER'S CORPSE?



COLONEL BRUSCH CLIMBS INTO THE LEAD PLANE

DESTINATION, DARDANELLES! FOLLOW ME IN ORDER! CUT ALL COMMUNICATION NOW!



AS COLONEL BRUSCH EASES INTO HIS SEAT—

GUESS IT'S TIME FOR PRINCE  
NAMOR TO COME TO LIFE AGAIN—  
THAT WATER BATH CERTAINLY  
STRENGTHENED ME!



ZERO HOUR—  
TAKE OFF!

YOU WON'T  
TAKE OFF—  
BECAUSE I  
'TAKE OVER'!

JAWHOL!



NAMOR TAPS THE COLONEL GENTLY

YAH, HERMANN—  
WHAT IS IT?

I SAID  
NOTHING,  
HERR COLONEL



THAT'S RIGHT —  
HE DIDN'T!

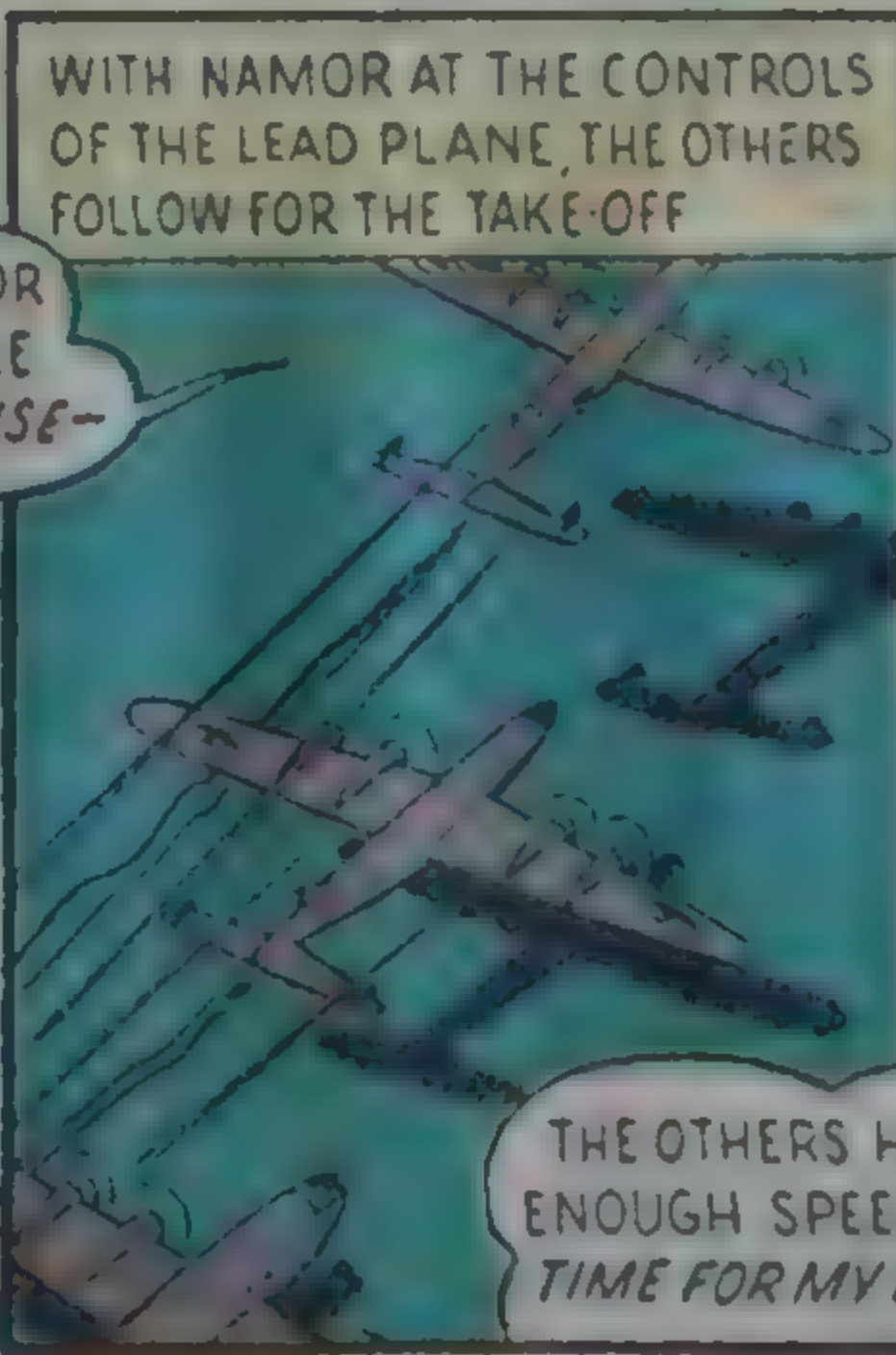


ONE SIDE, UNCONSCIOUS  
— I'LL BE THE PILOT  
NOW

NOW FOR  
A LITTLE  
SURPRISE—



WITH NAMOR AT THE CONTROLS  
OF THE LEAD PLANE, THE OTHERS  
FOLLOW FOR THE TAKE-OFF



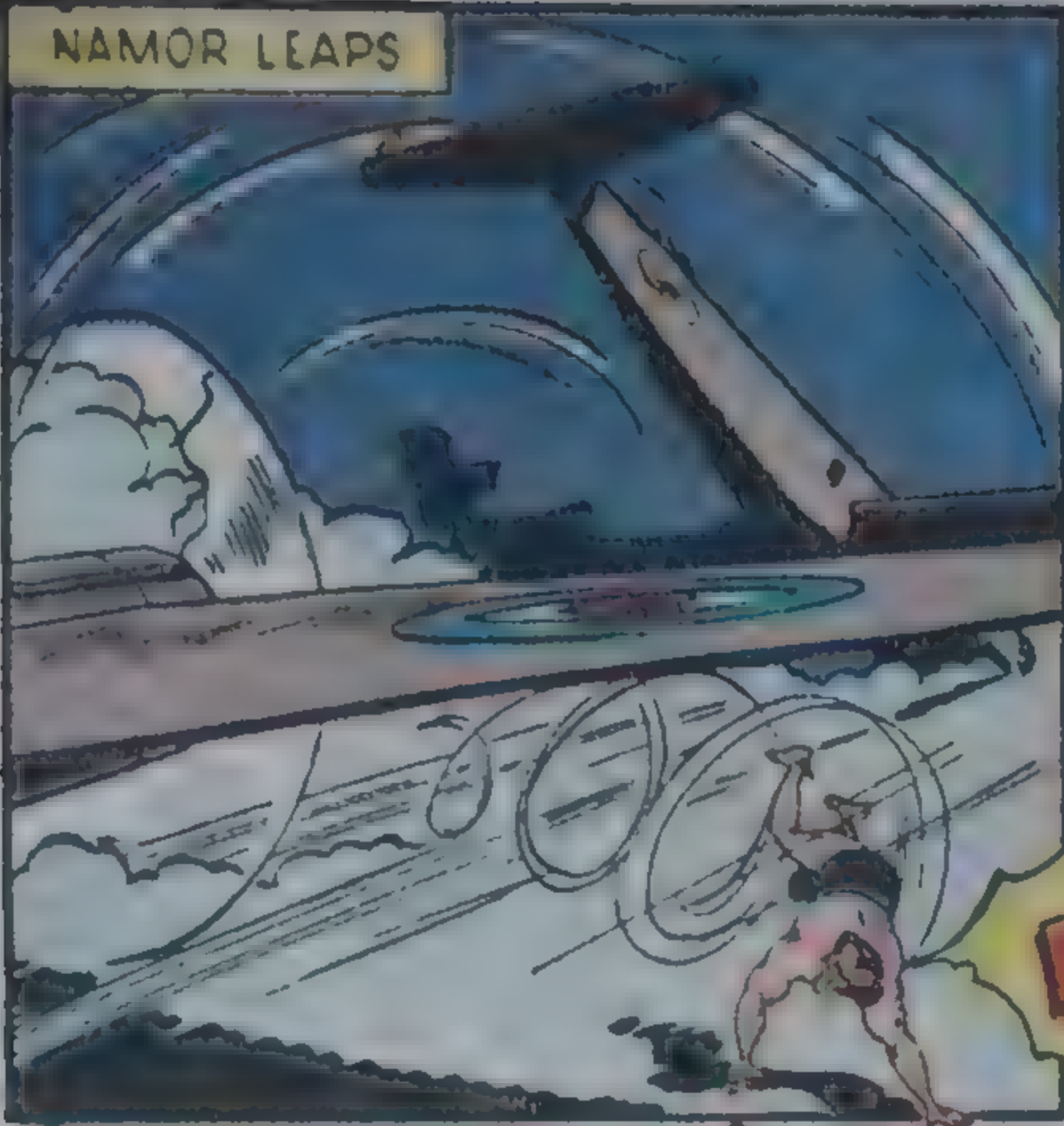
NAMOR PUTS ON THE WING  
FLAPS AND WHEEL BRAKES  
— THE PLANE SKIDS



THE OTHERS HAVE  
ENOUGH SPEED NOW—  
TIME FOR MY EXIT!



NAMOR LEAPS



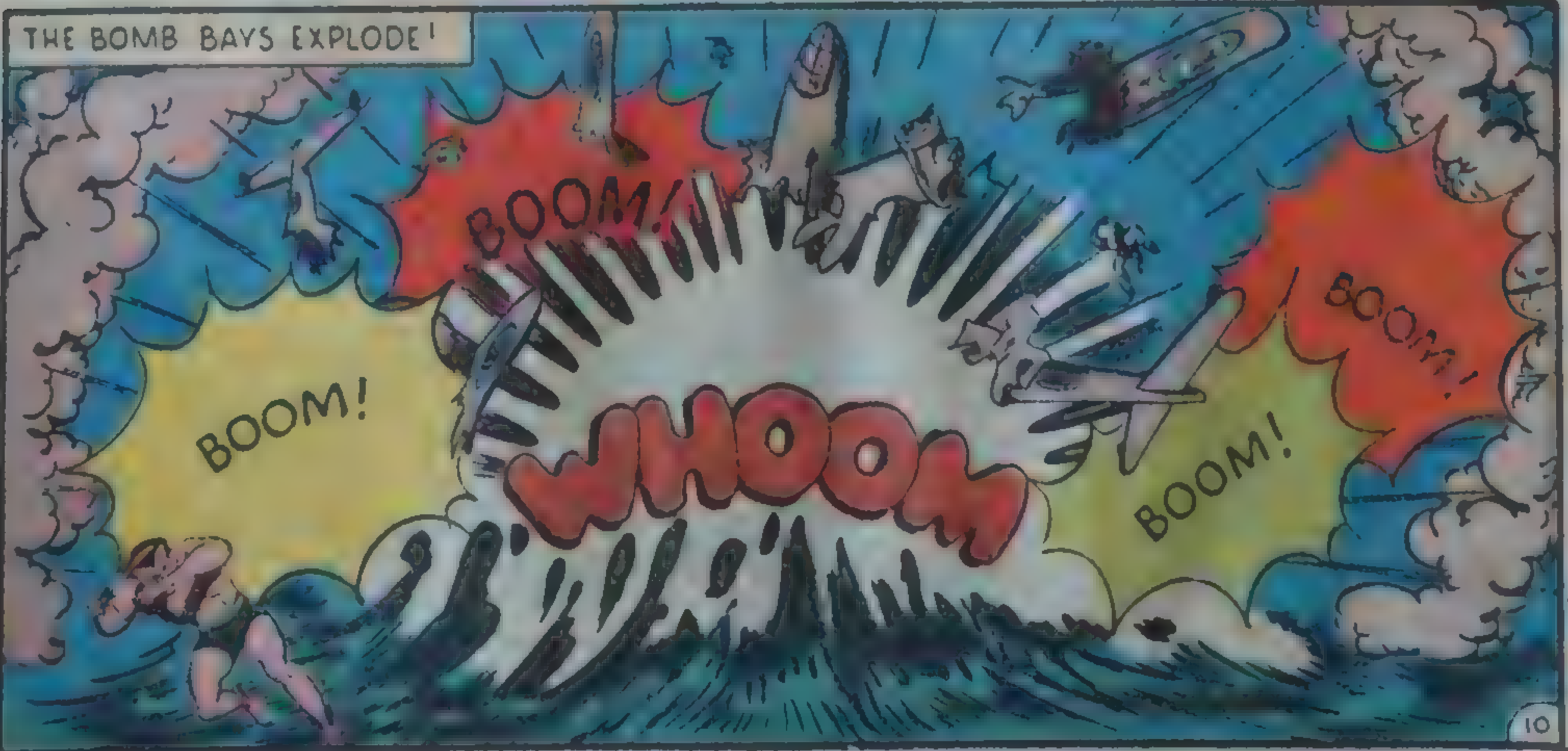
THE FAST MOVING SHIPS TEAR INTO THE FIRST PLANE  
— THERE IS THE SOUND OF RIPPING METAL — THEN —



WOW!



THE BOMB BAYS EXPLODE!

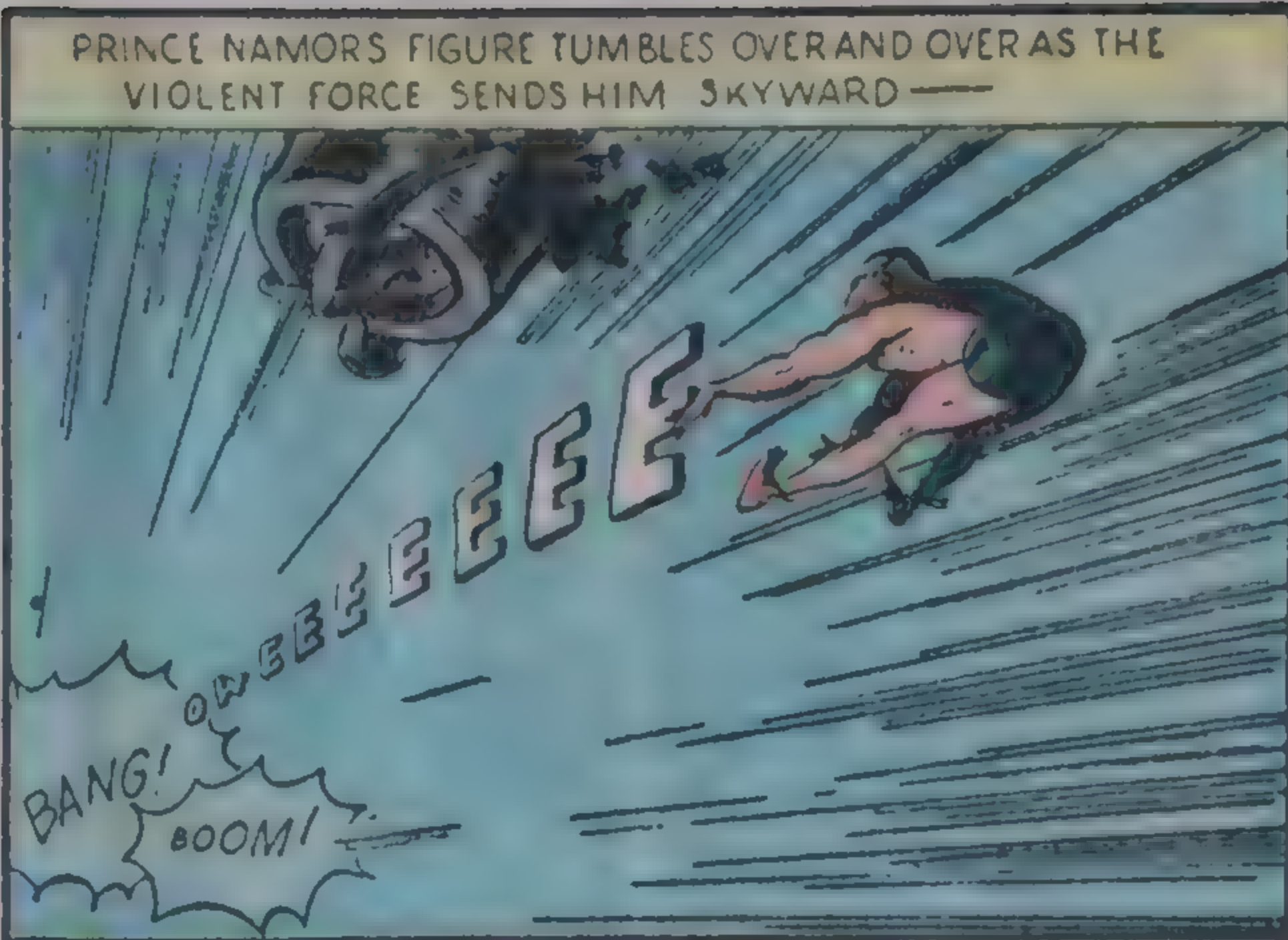




THE CONCUSSIONS  
GOT ME!



PRINCE NAMORS FIGURE TUMBLES OVER AND OVER AS THE  
VIOLENT FORCE SENDS HIM SKYWARD —



AND HE LANDS AMONG THE  
BOUGHS OF A TREE



THE EXPLOSIONS SUBSIDE —



THAT WAS SOME  
JOY-RIDE

PRINCE NAMOR  
VIEWS THE FIELD —  
DESTRUCTION,  
DESOLATION  
AND DEATH IS  
EVERYWHERE!



EVERYONE WAS KILLED  
BY THE CONCUSSION  
— WHAT ABLAST —  
WHATA MESS!



SAY' MY TWO GUERILLA  
FRIENDS — I WONDER ???



HOPE THEY'RE STILL ALIVE! HMM  
—THE GRATING WAS BLOWN OFF



AT THE EDGE OF THE PIT—

YOU ALL RIGHT?  
—THAT'S GOOD!



H'YA, NAMOR!

NAMOR HAULS THE TWO BRITONS OUT OF THE PIT —

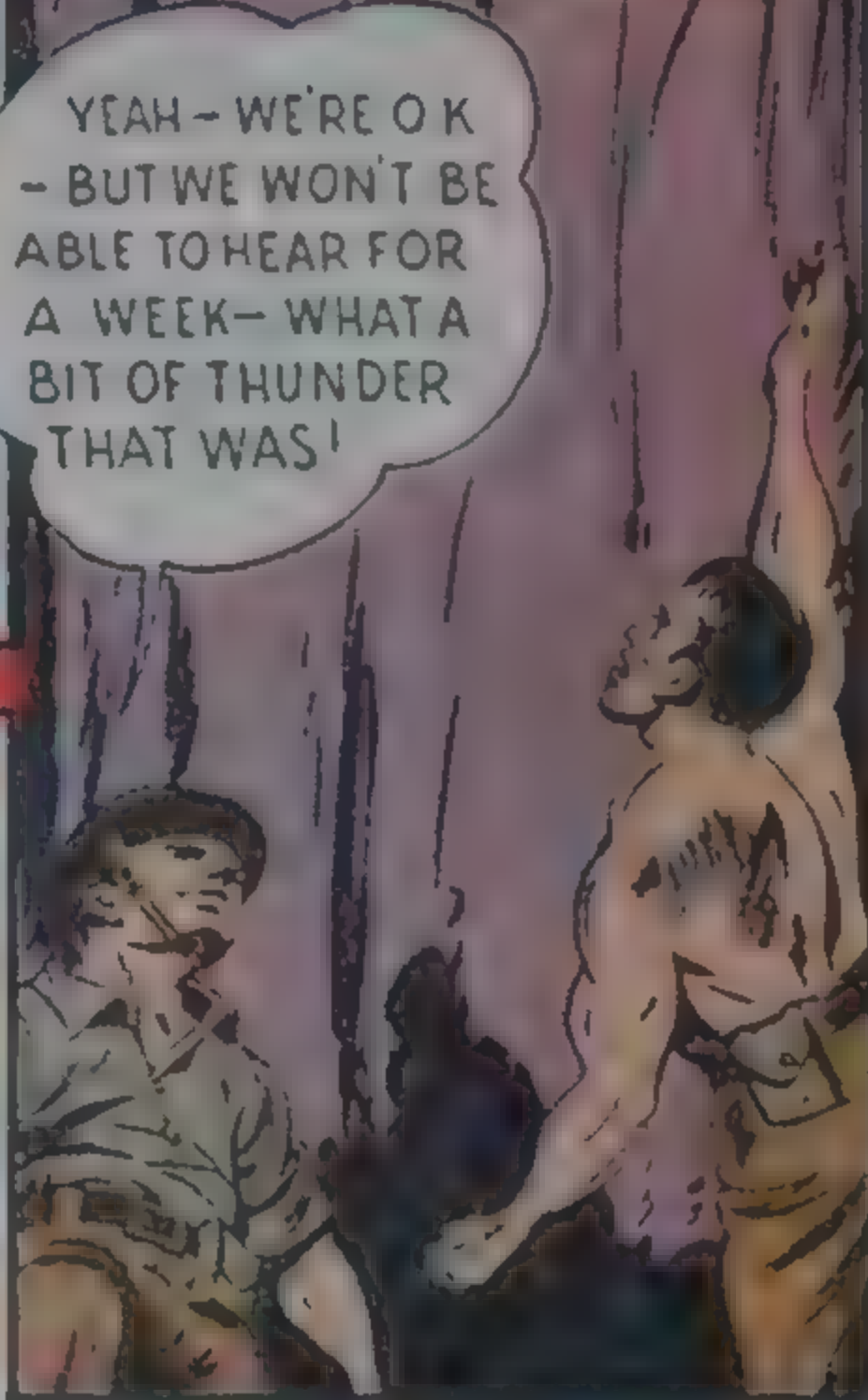
HI SAY — QUITE A MESS  
UP 'ERE! DID YOU  
DO ALL THIS?

UP YOU COME! — WELL  
NO—I HAD THE HELP OF  
SOME BRITISH BOMBERS

I CAN  
HARDLY WAIT  
TO SEE!



YEAH — WE'RE OK  
— BUT WE WON'T BE  
ABLE TO HEAR FOR  
A WEEK— WHAT A  
BIT OF THUNDER  
THAT WAS!



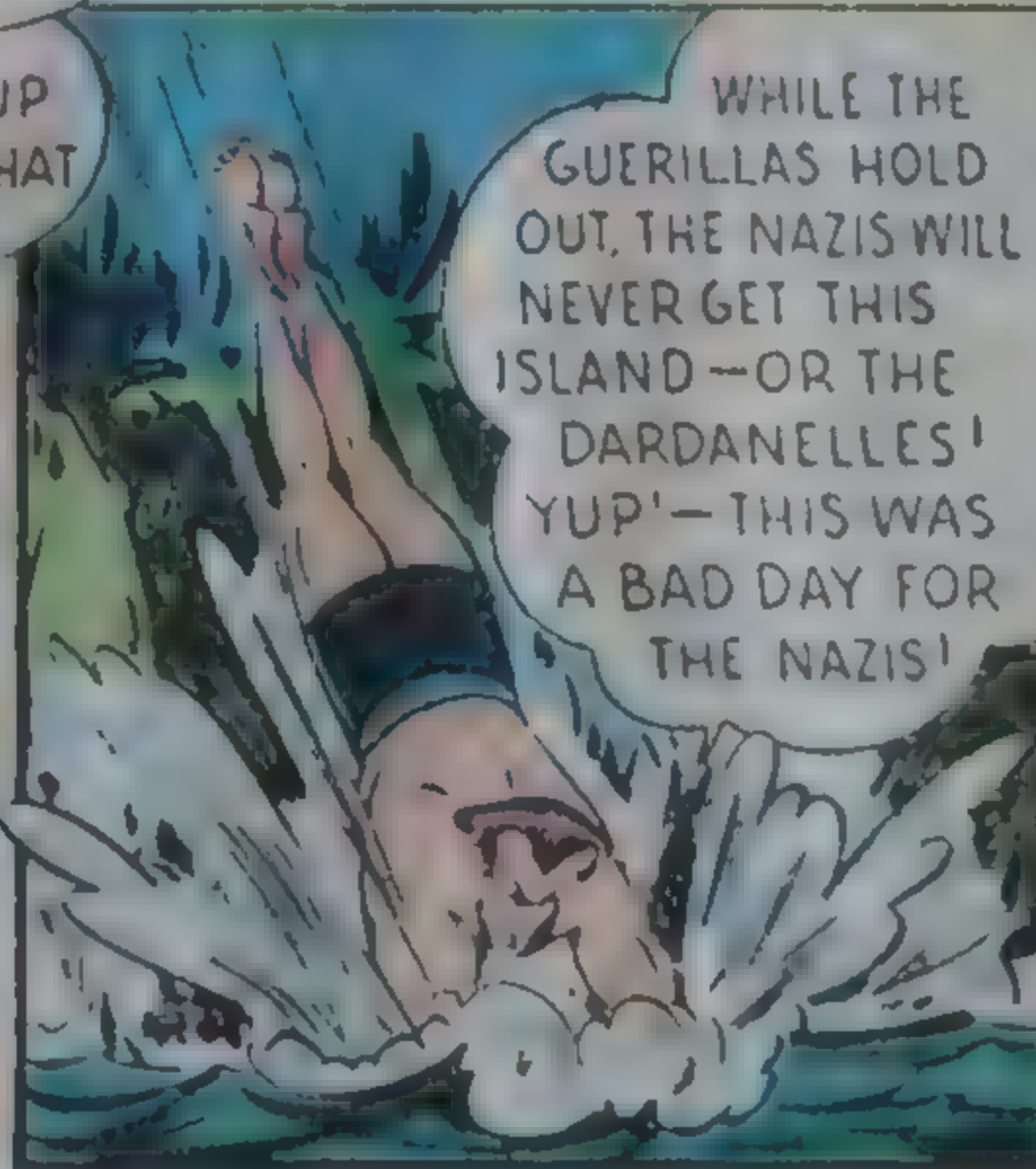
WELL LADS — I CAME  
TO CRETE TO FIND OUT  
HOW YOU BOYS WERE  
DOING — ANY  
MESSAGES?

WE'RE DOING FINE  
YOU TELL 'EM!

THUMBS UP  
AND ALL THAT



FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER NAMOR  
PLUNGES INTO THE SEA



WHILE THE  
GUERILLAS HOLD  
OUT, THE NAZIS WILL  
NEVER GET THIS  
ISLAND — OR THE  
DARDANELLES!  
YUP! — THIS WAS  
A BAD DAY FOR  
THE NAZIS!

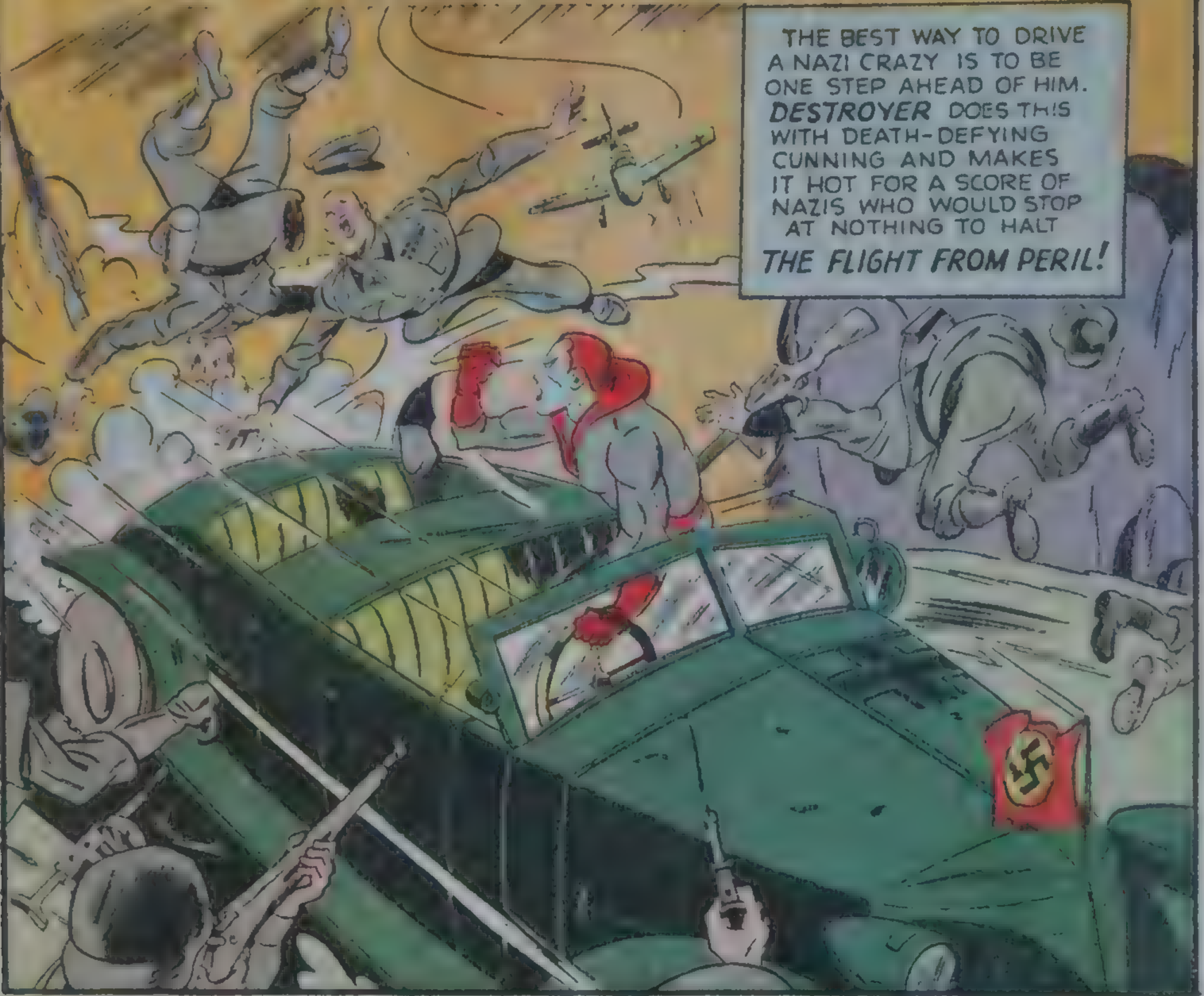
SUBMARINER GIVES  
THE NAZIS A PRETTY  
BAD TIME OF IT  
EVERY TIME HE  
SWIMS INTO ACTION!  
HE'LL BE BACK  
WITH ACTION AND  
THRILL-PACKED  
STORIES IN EACH  
ISSUE OF  
ALL WINNERS,  
HUMAN TORCH,  
HIS OWN BOOK  
SUBMARINER, AND  
EVERY MONTH IN MARVEL



# The DESTROYER

in the FLIGHT FROM PERIL

THE BEST WAY TO DRIVE A NAZI CRAZY IS TO BE ONE STEP AHEAD OF HIM. DESTROYER DOES THIS WITH DEATH-DEFYING CUNNING AND MAKES IT HOT FOR A SCORE OF NAZIS WHO WOULD STOP AT NOTHING TO HALT THE FLIGHT FROM PERIL!



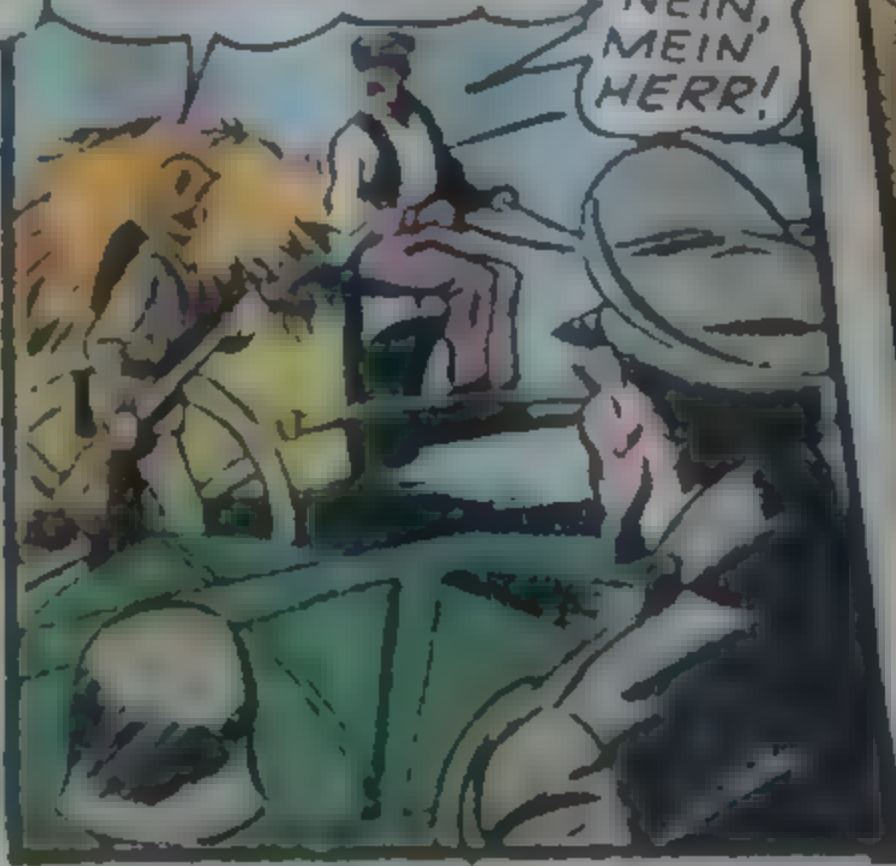
ON A COUNTRY ROAD LEADING OUT OF BERLIN...

GET SOME SPEED! GIDDAP!



YOU HAVE SEEN A WOMAN AND AN OLD MAN PASS HERE, YAH?

NEIN, NEIN, MEIN HERR!



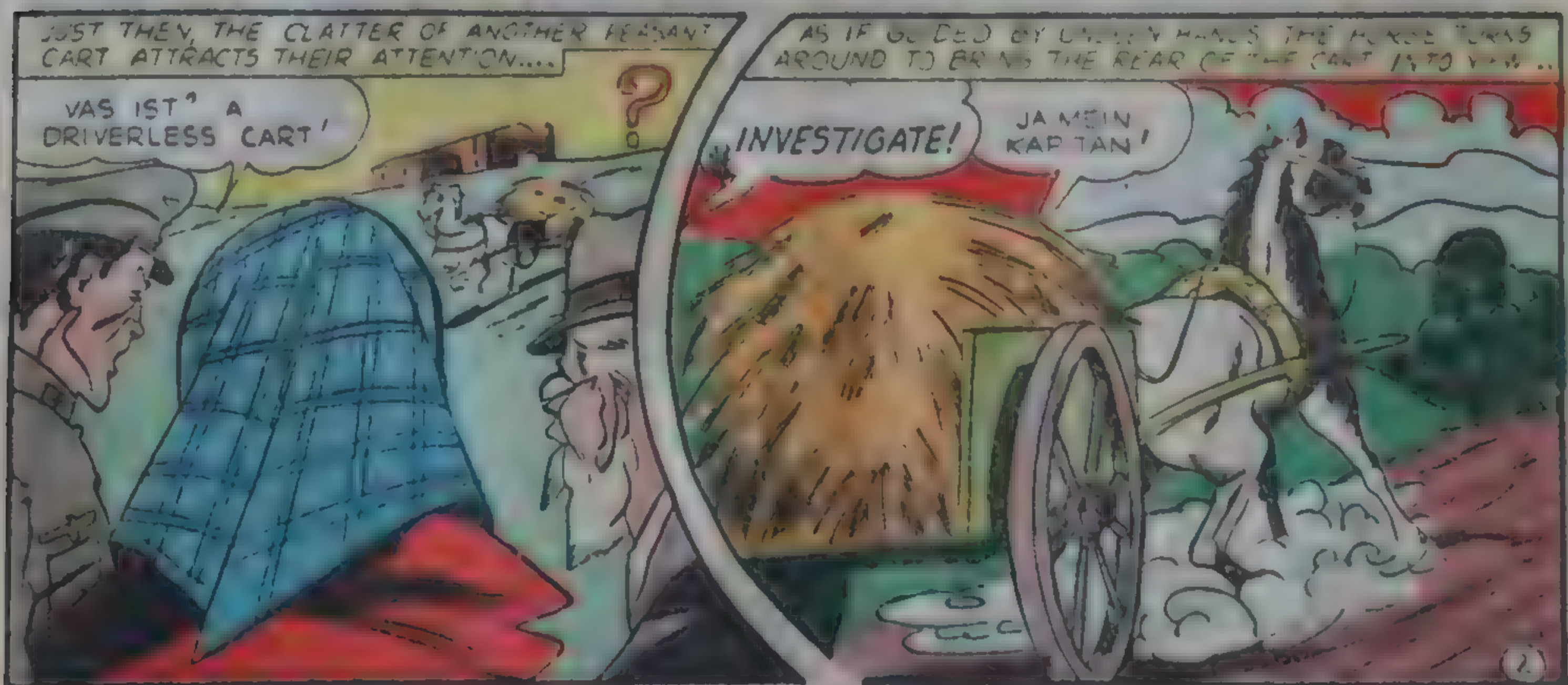
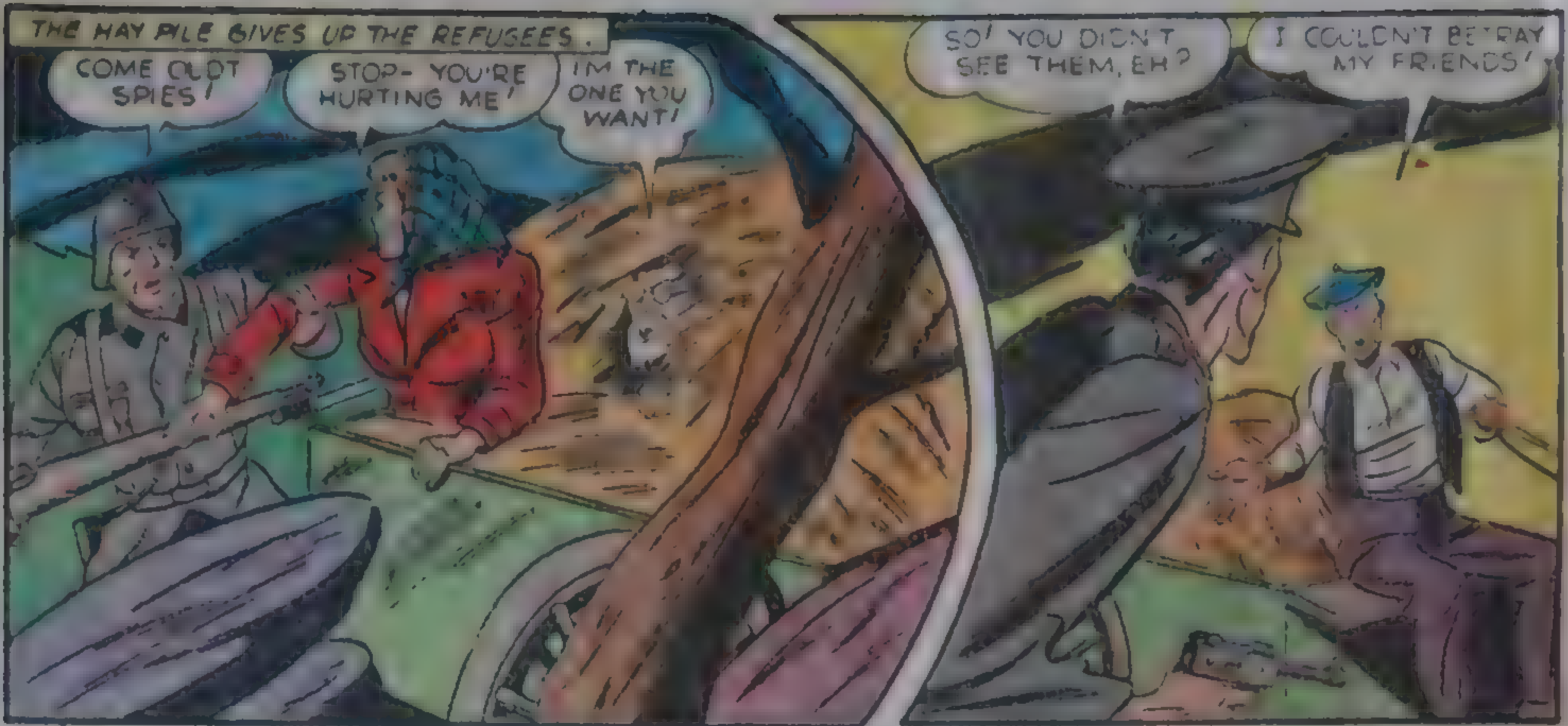
THE VICIOUS GESTAPO CAPTAIN PRODS THE HAY AND...

SO! AN OLD TRICK! DRAG THEM OUT OF THERE!

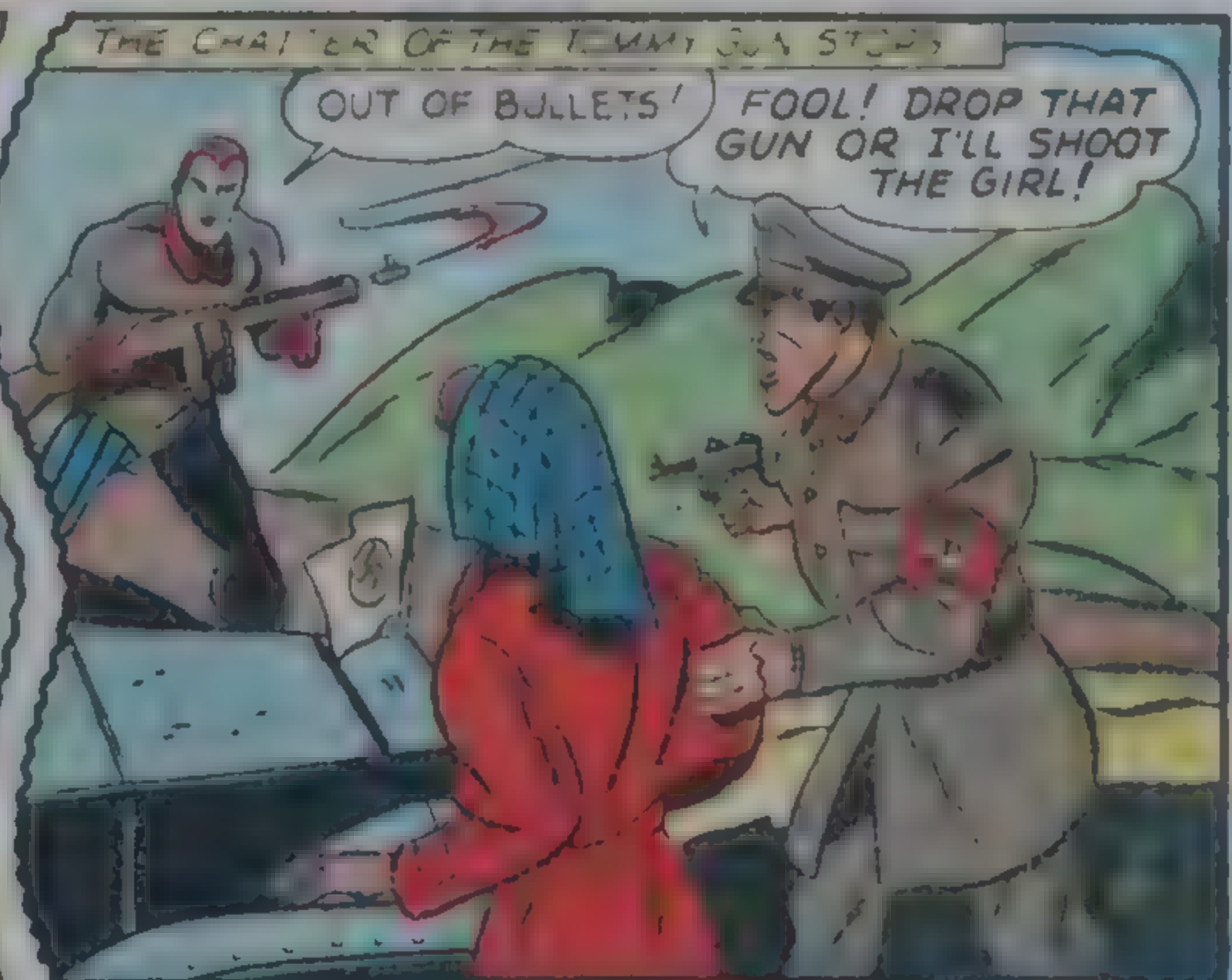
U-G-H!



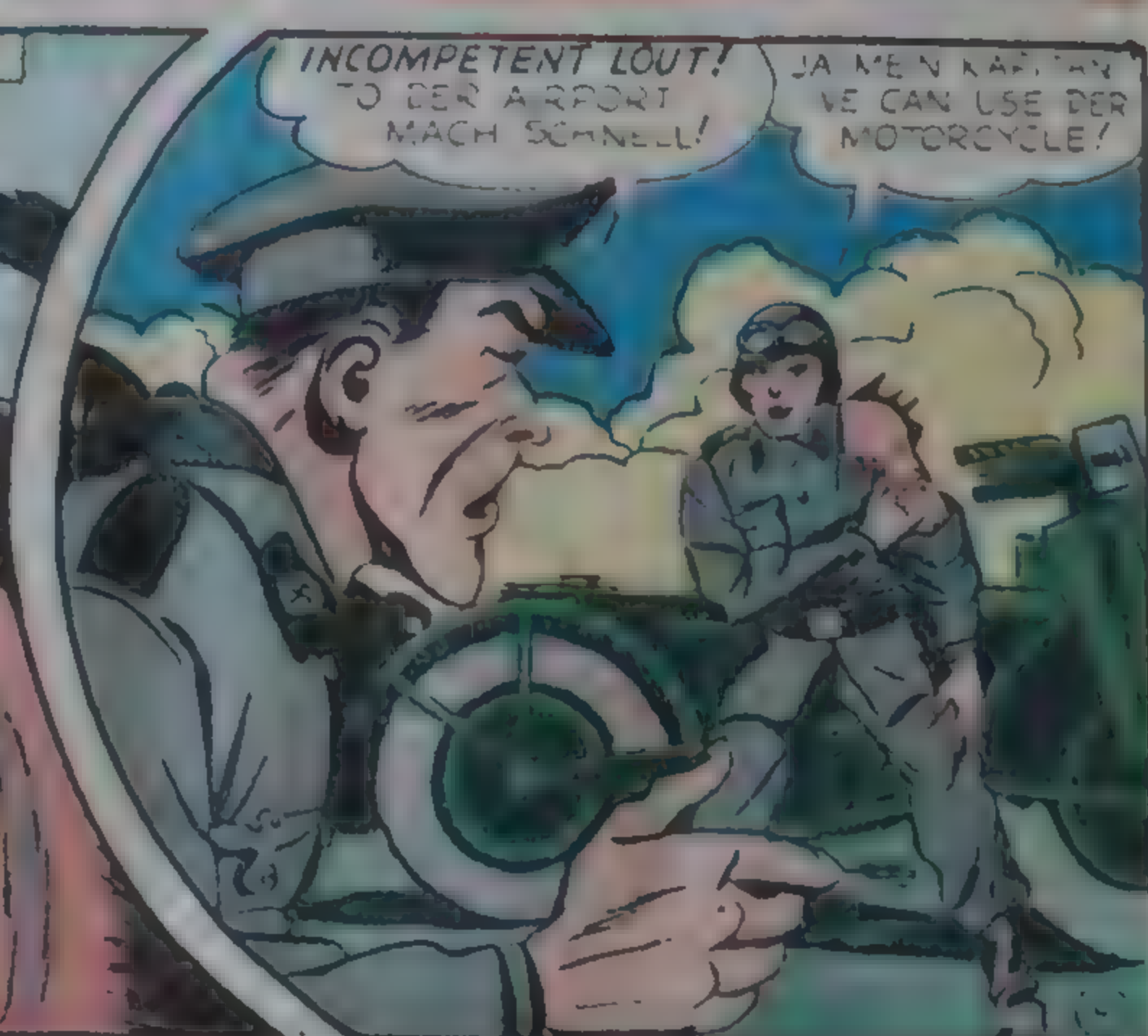
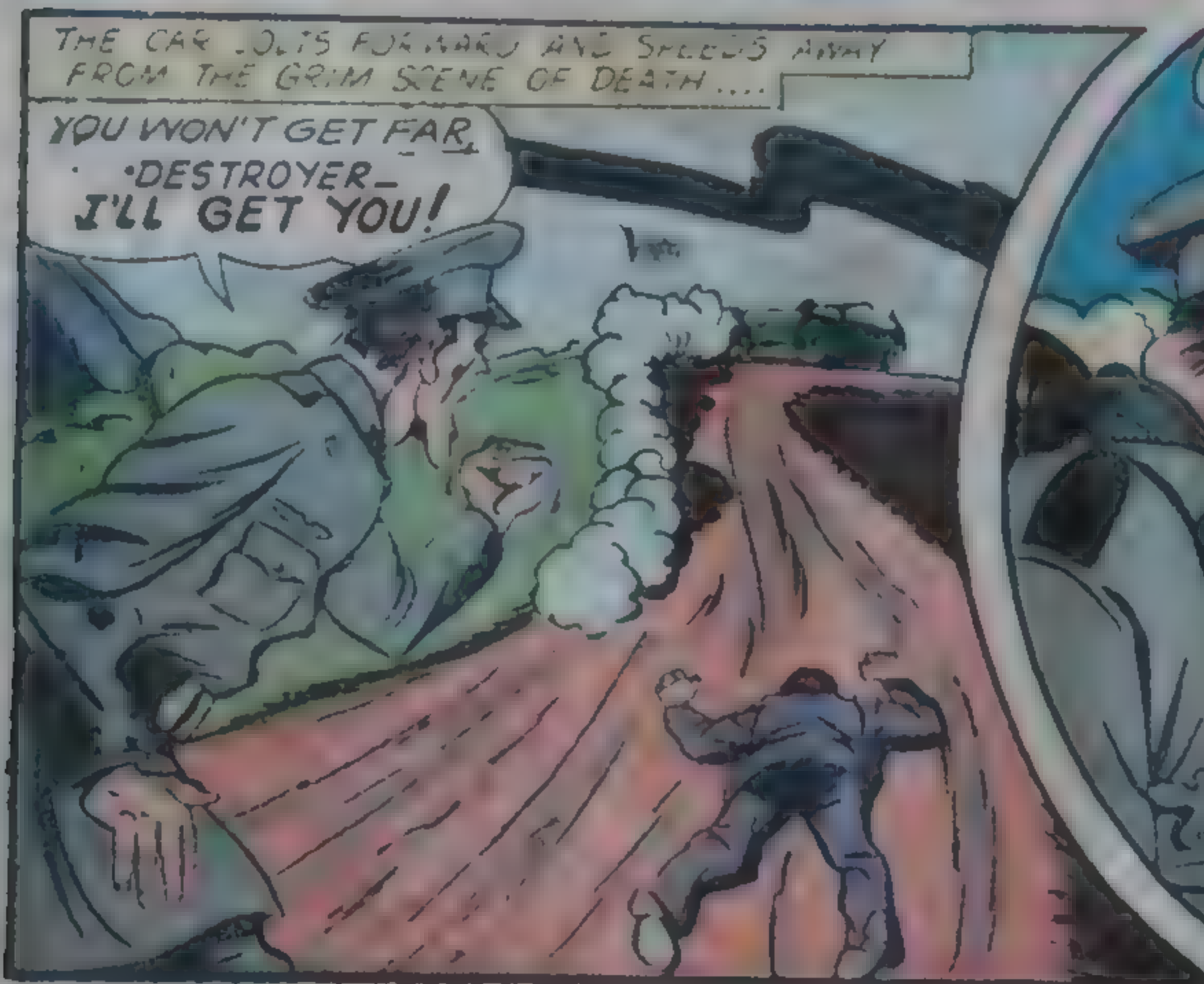
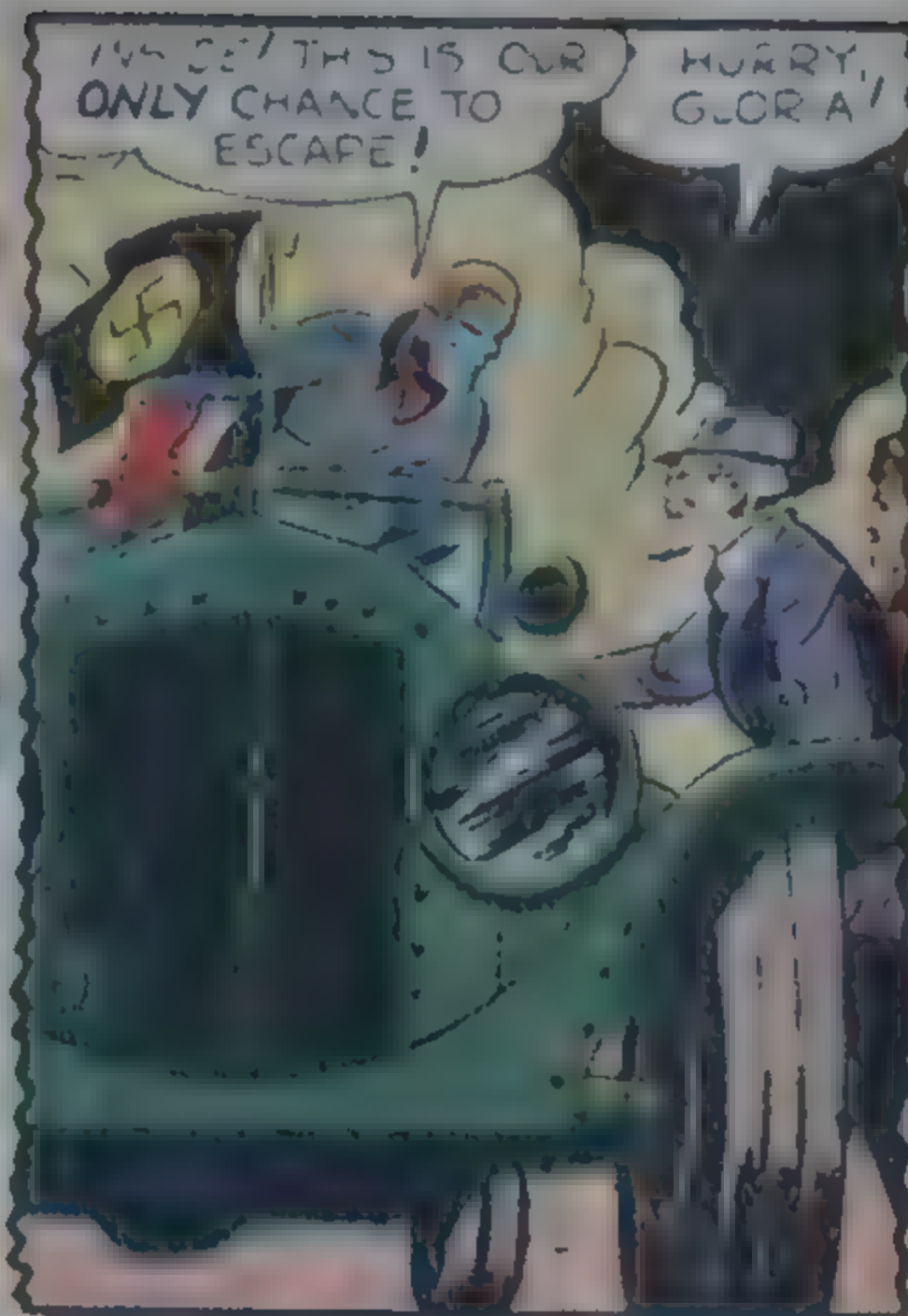
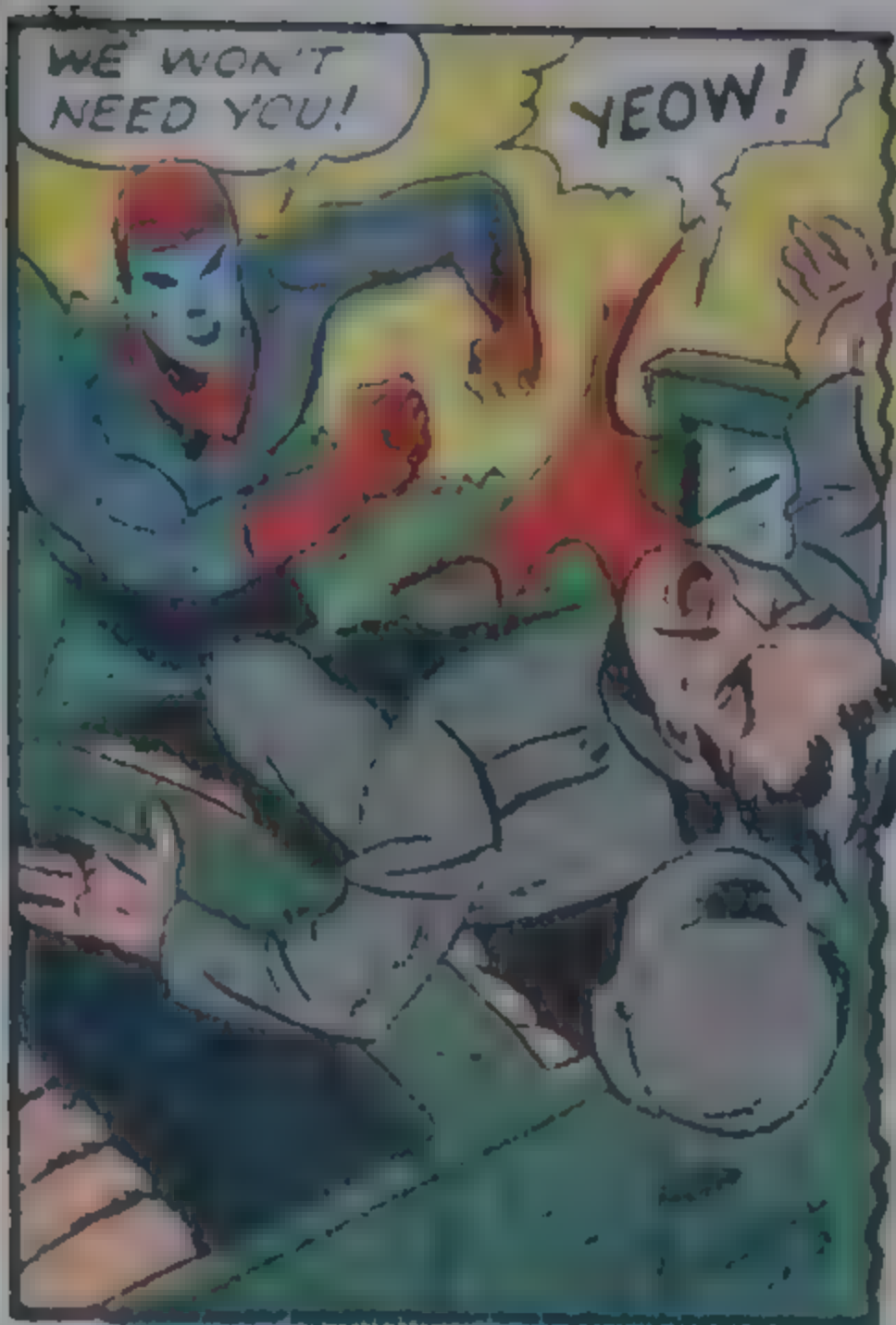




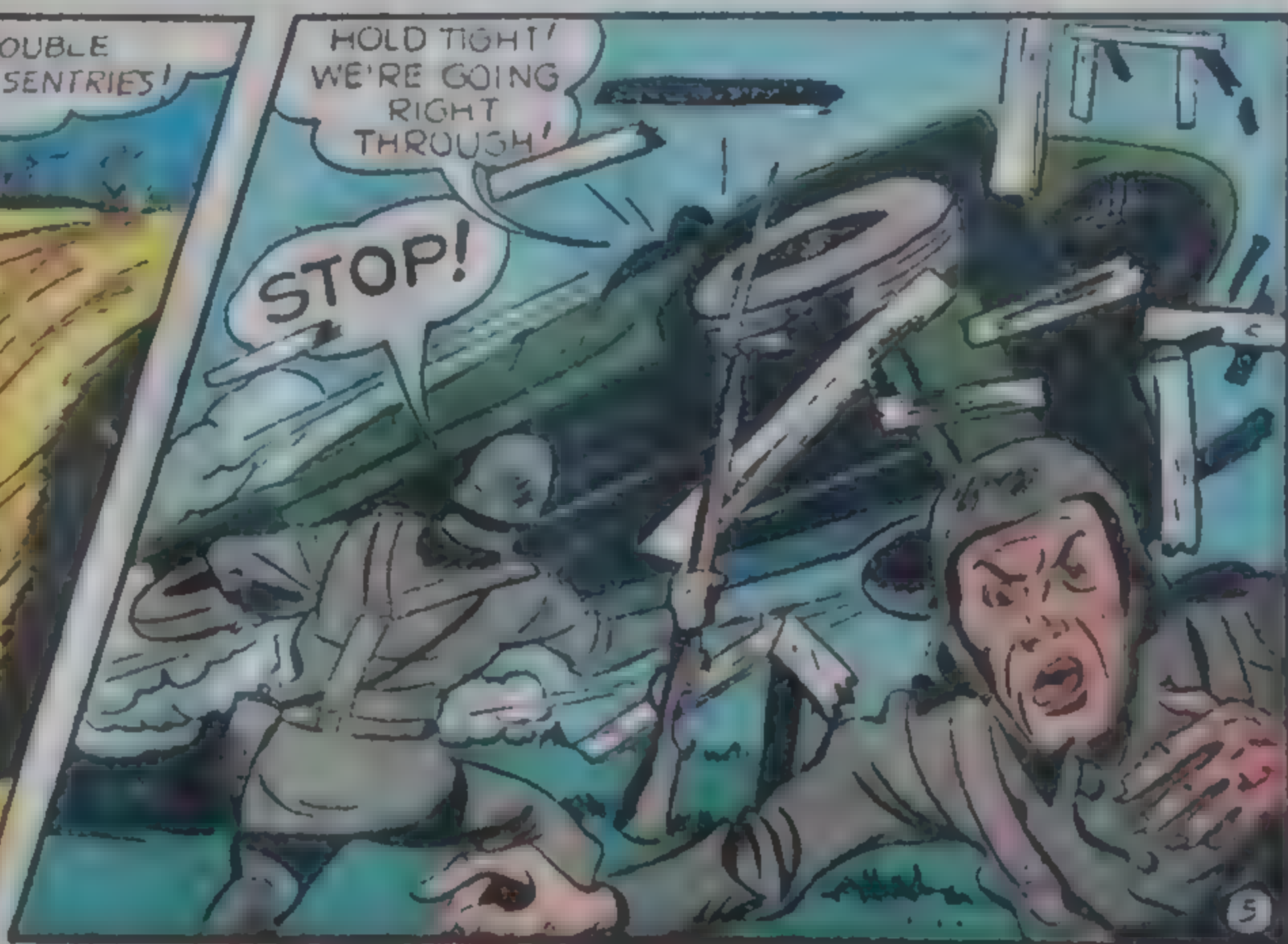
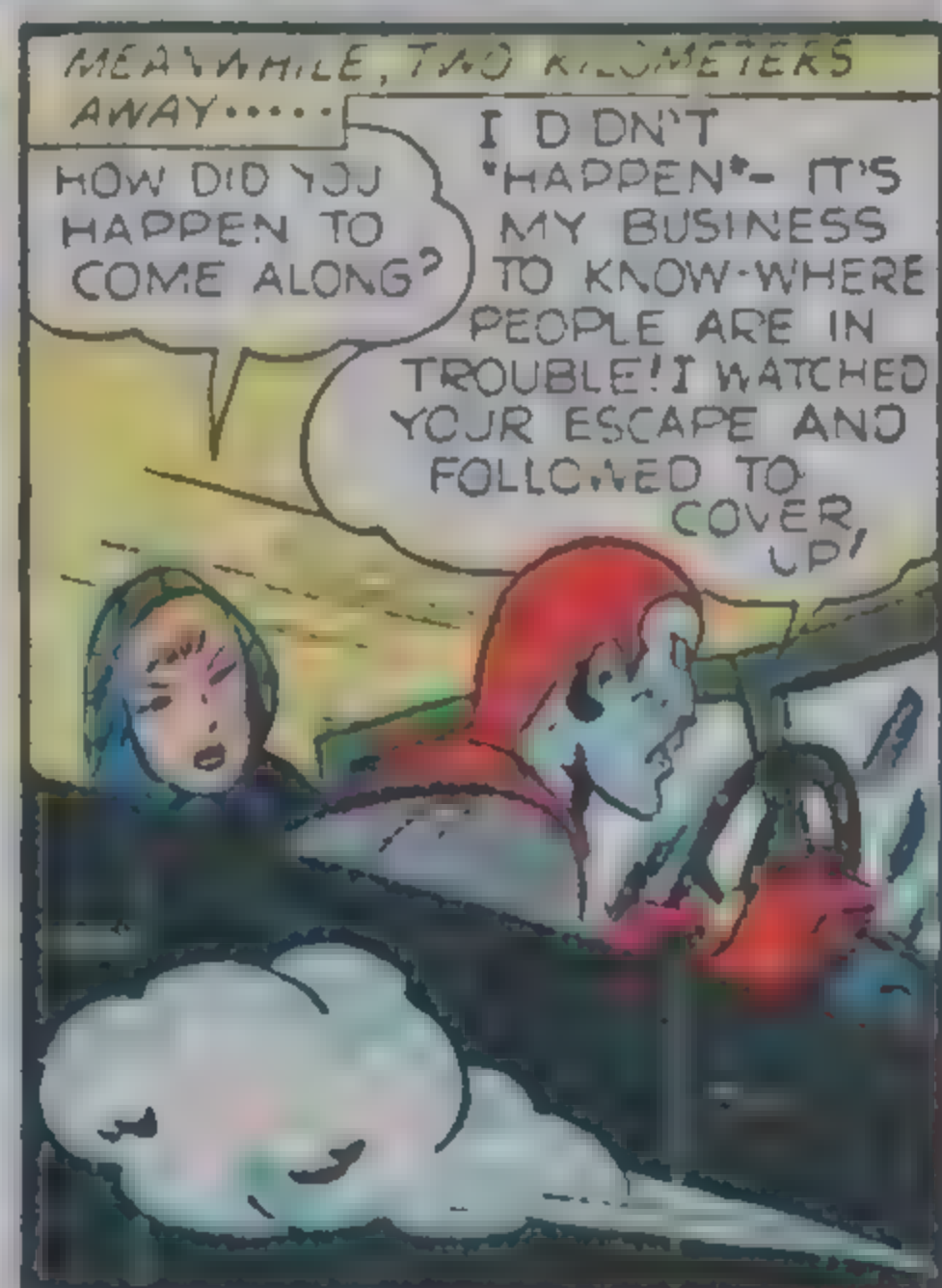
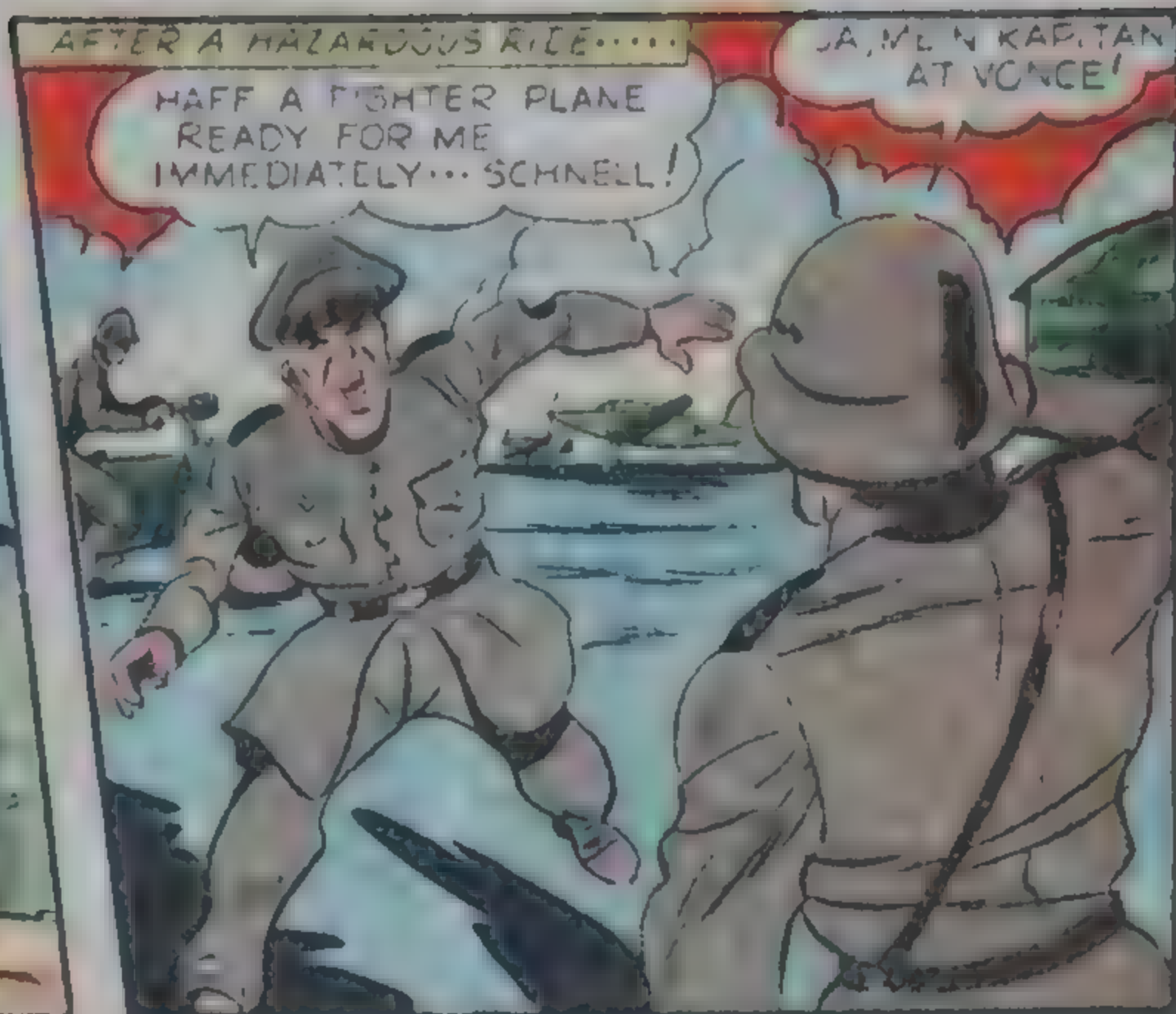
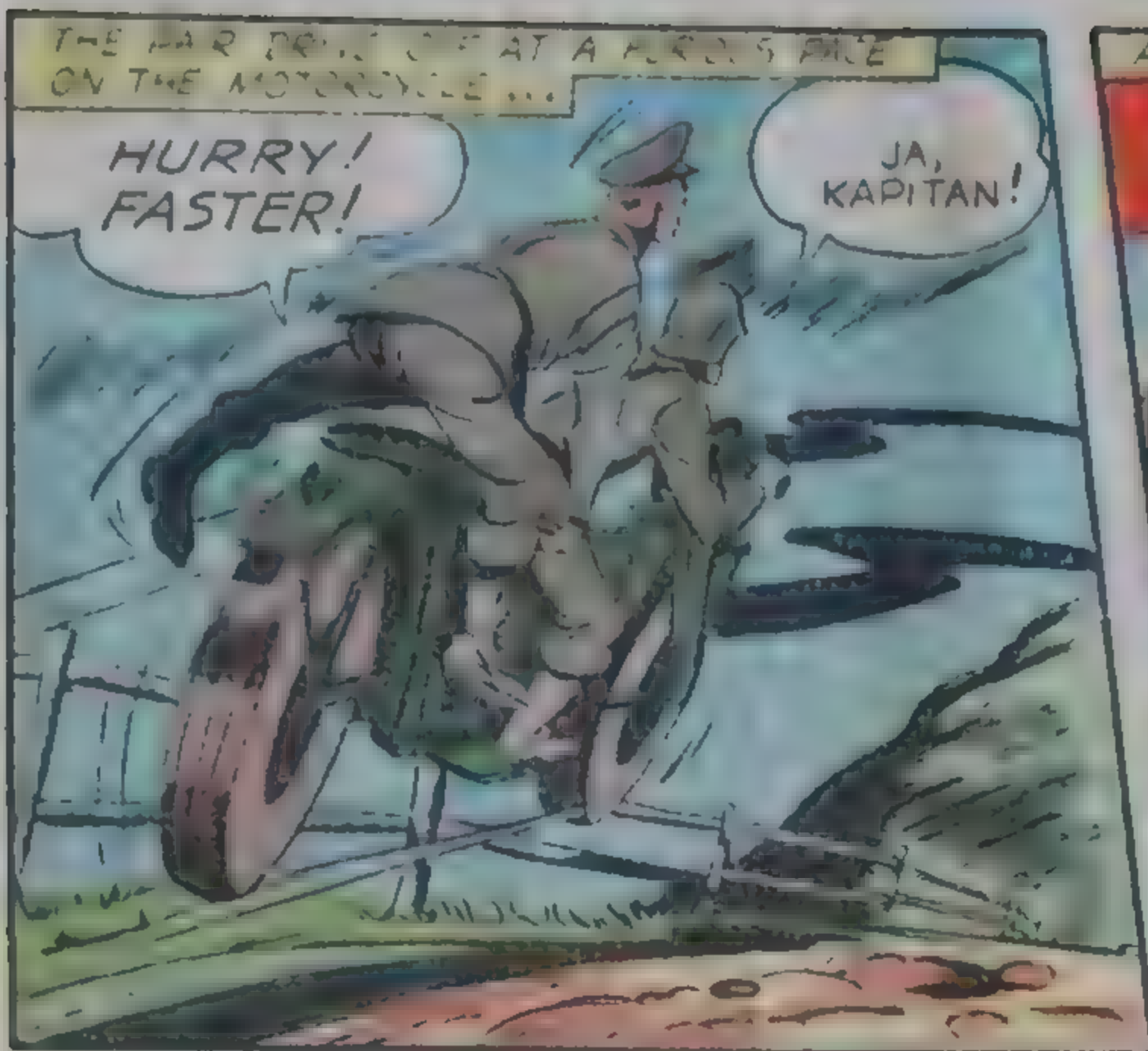




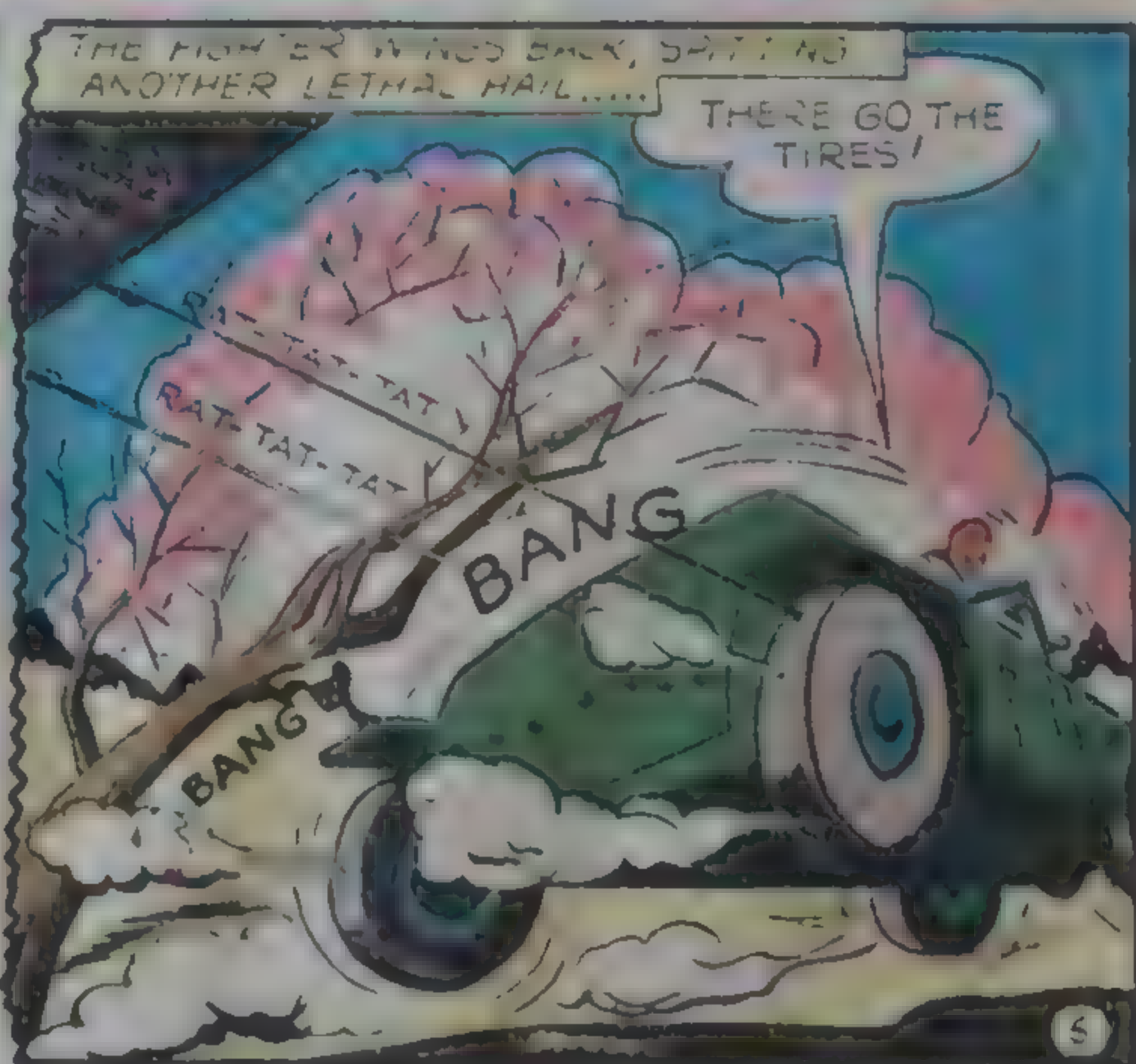
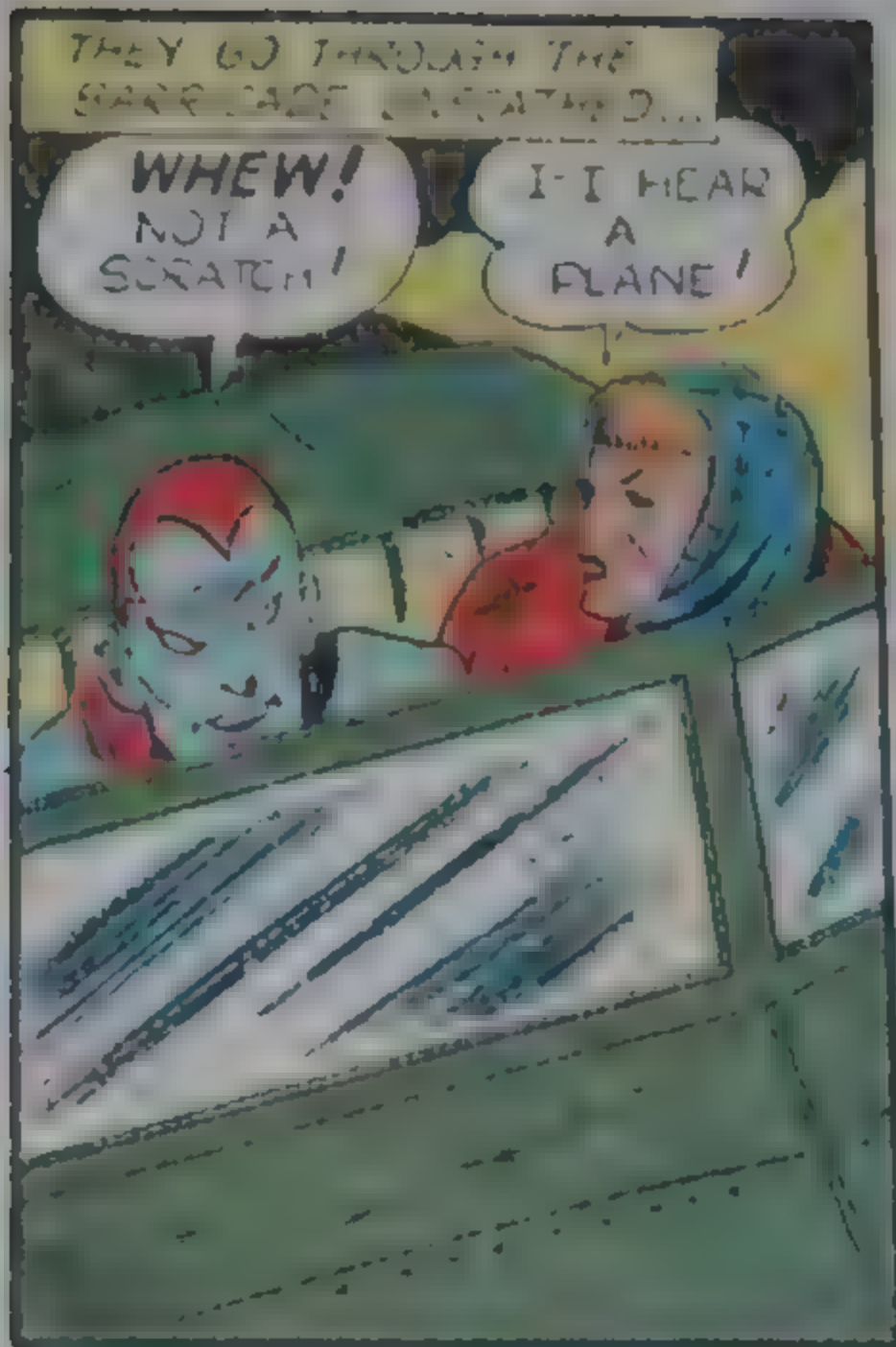




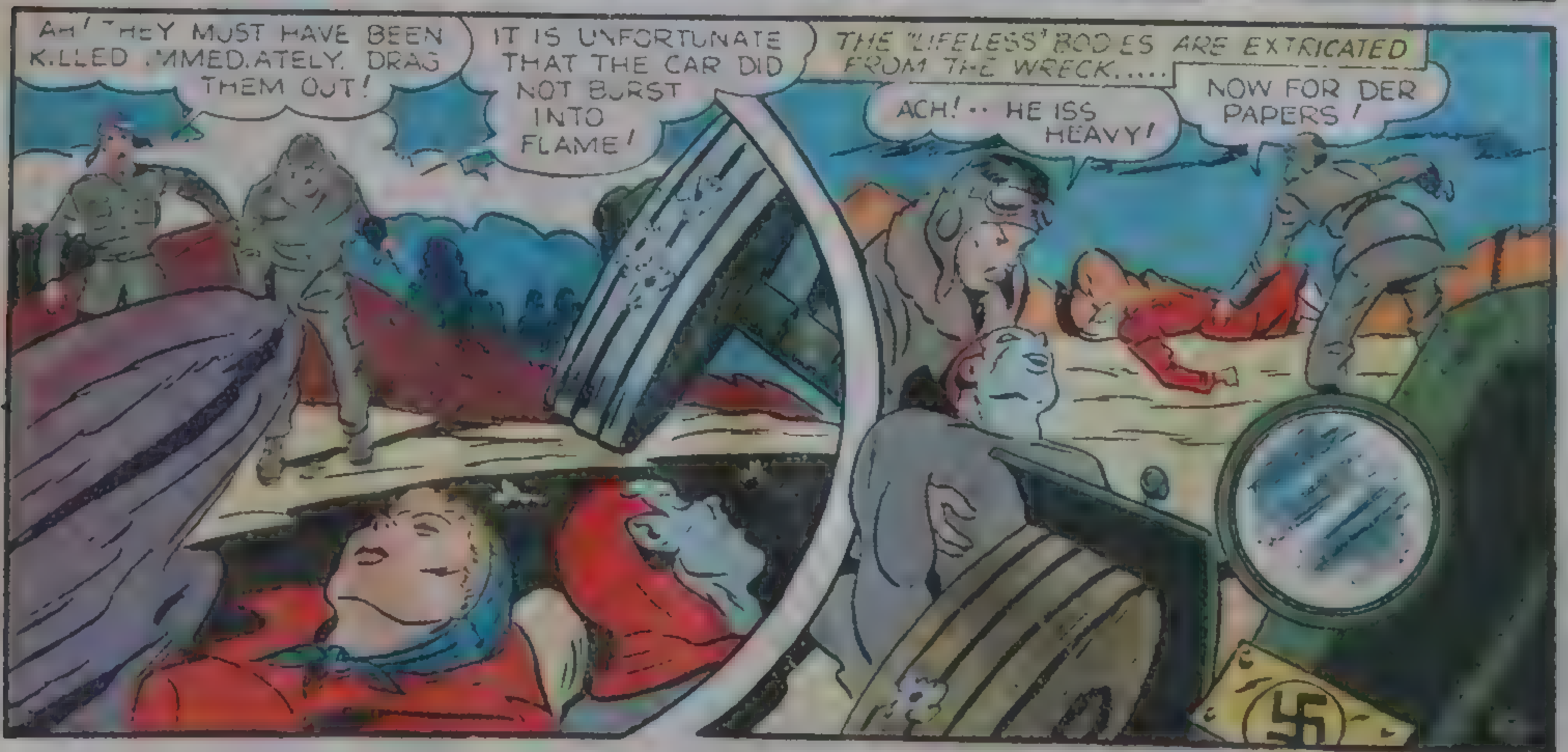
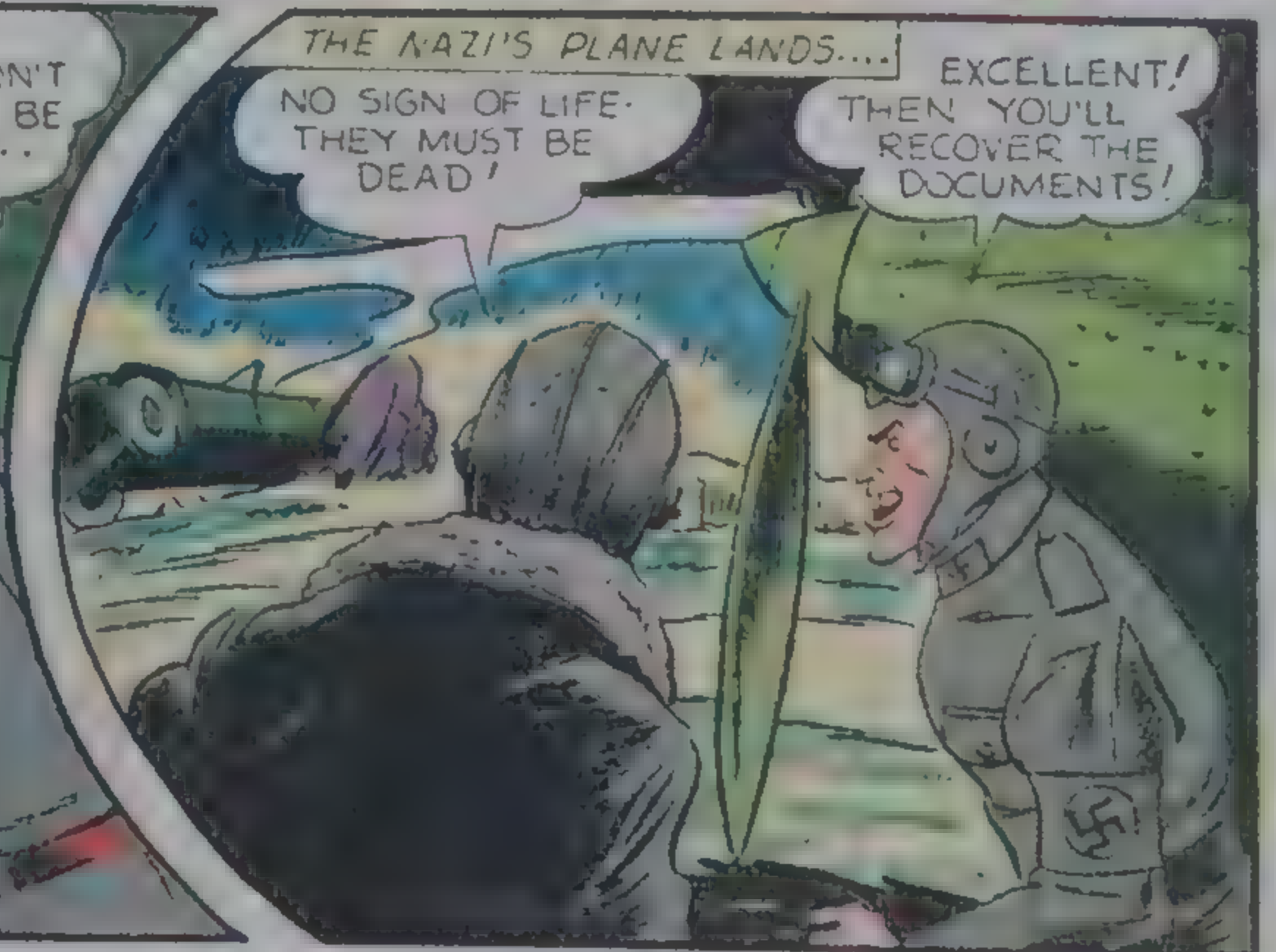
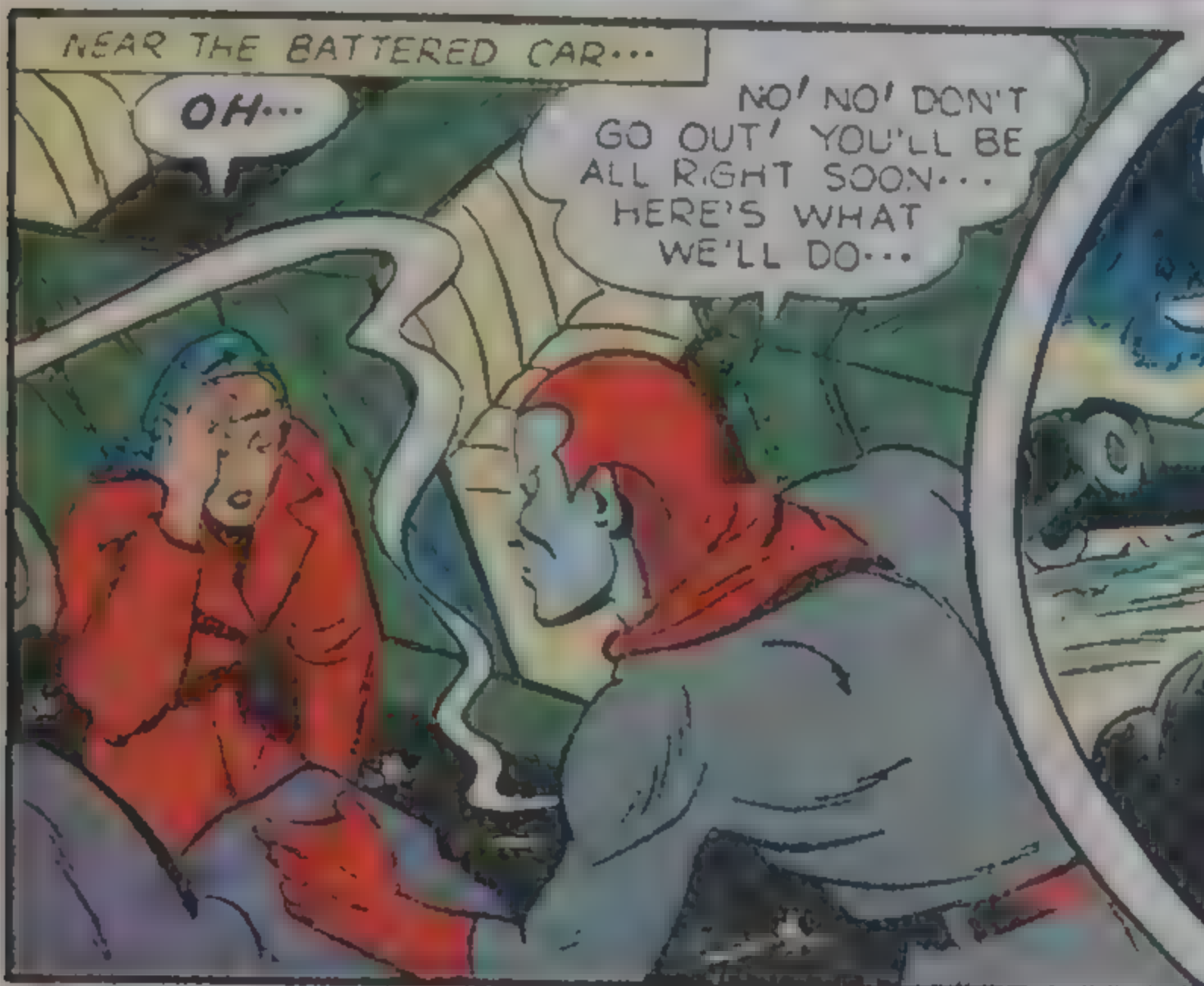
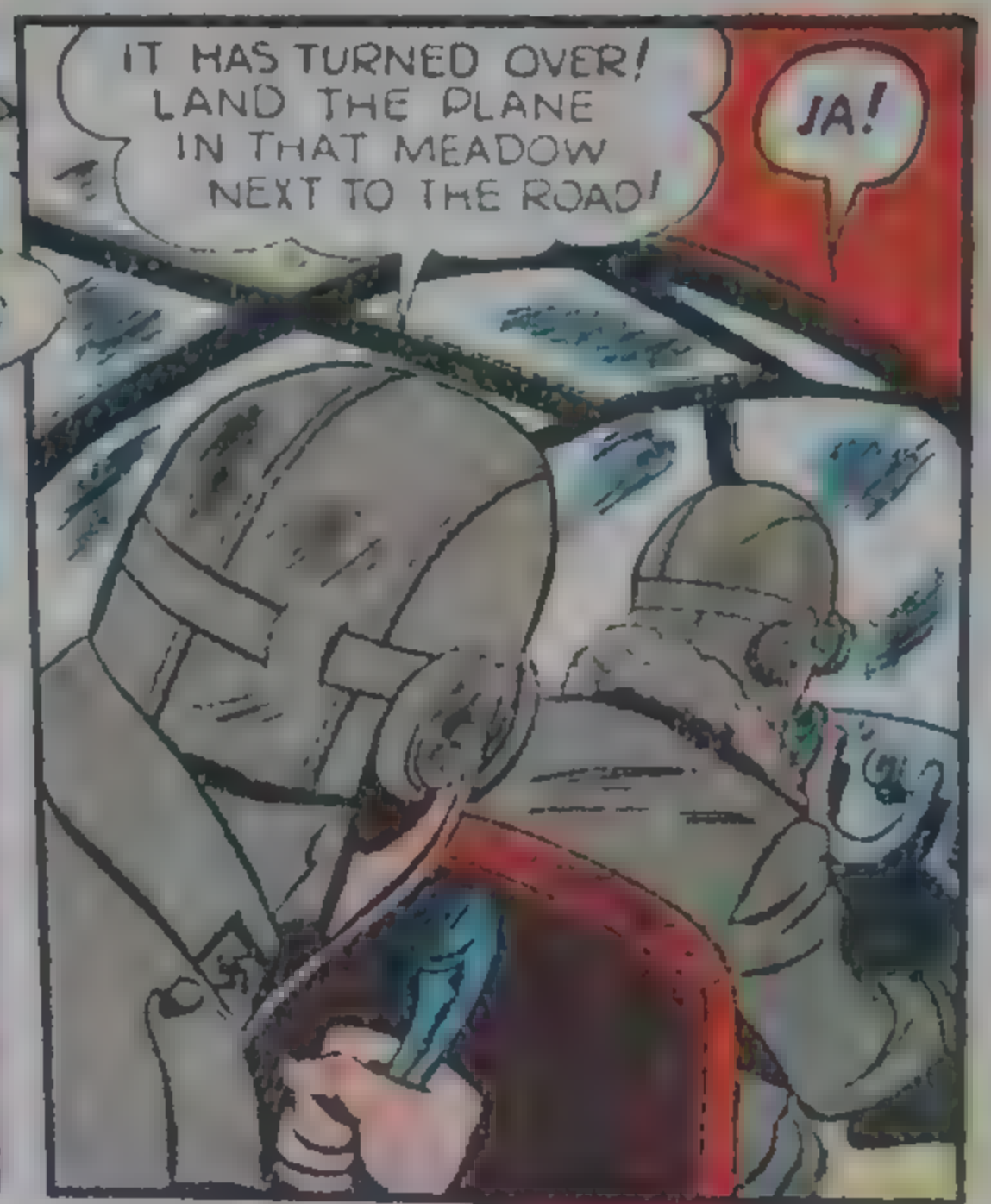




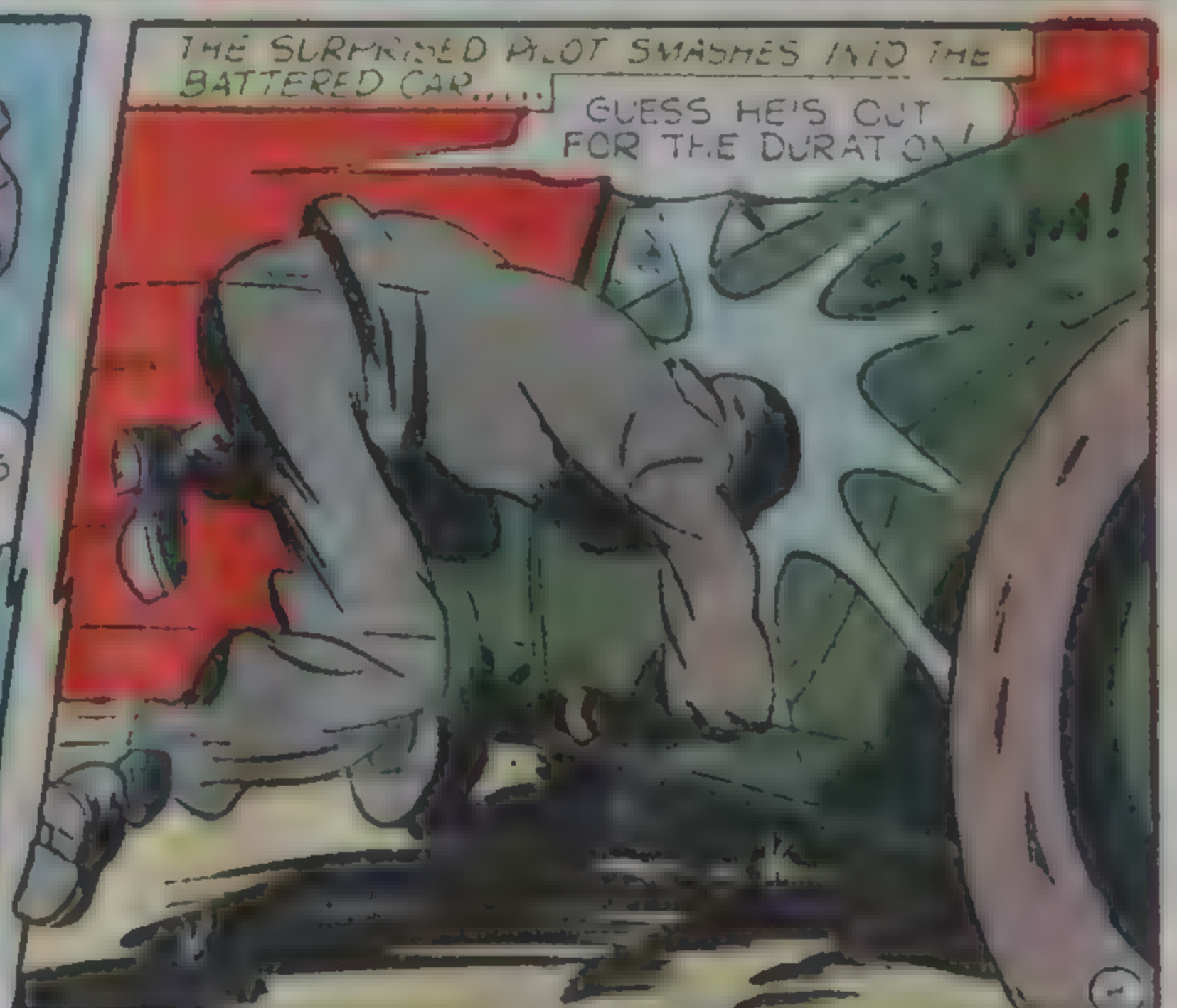
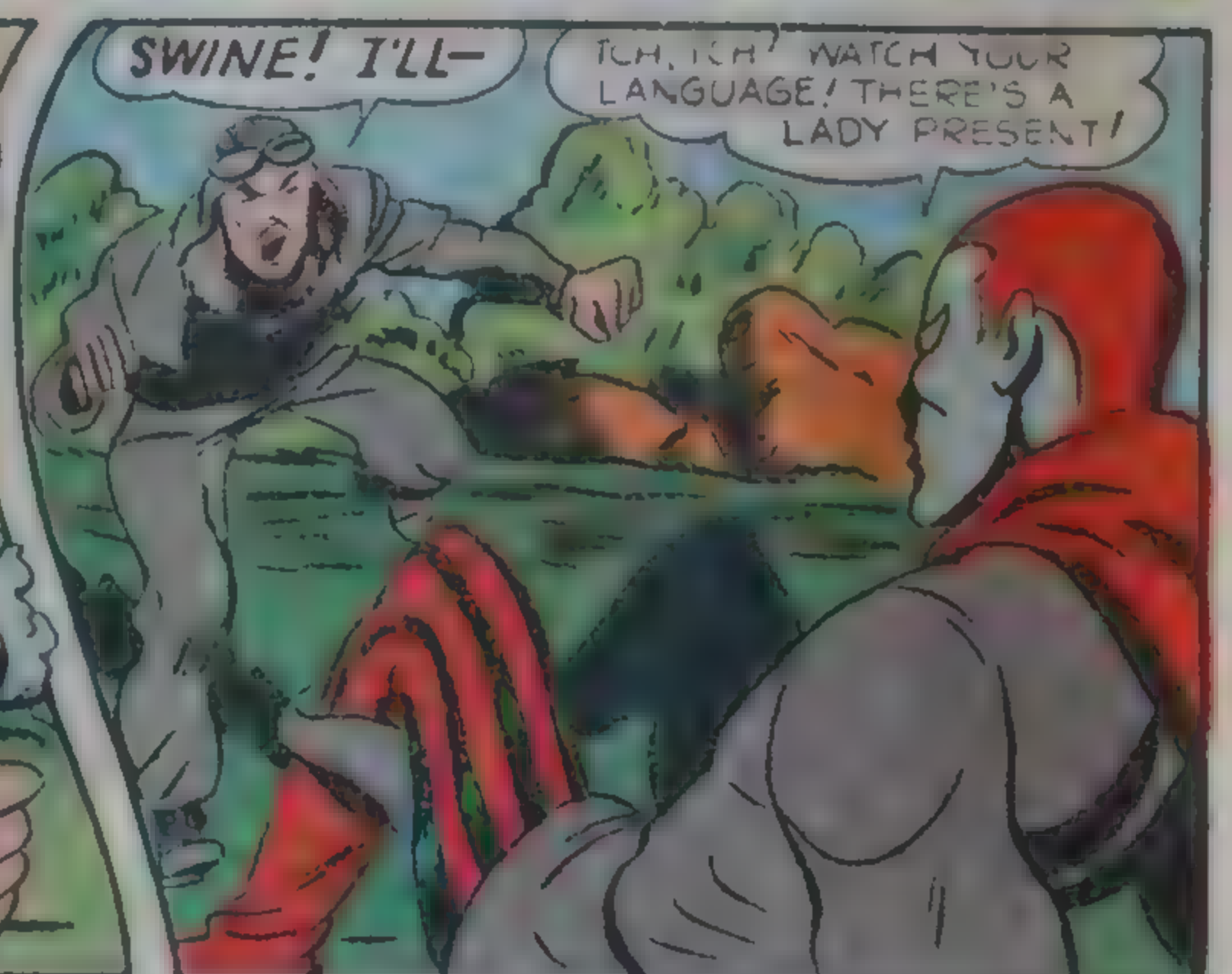
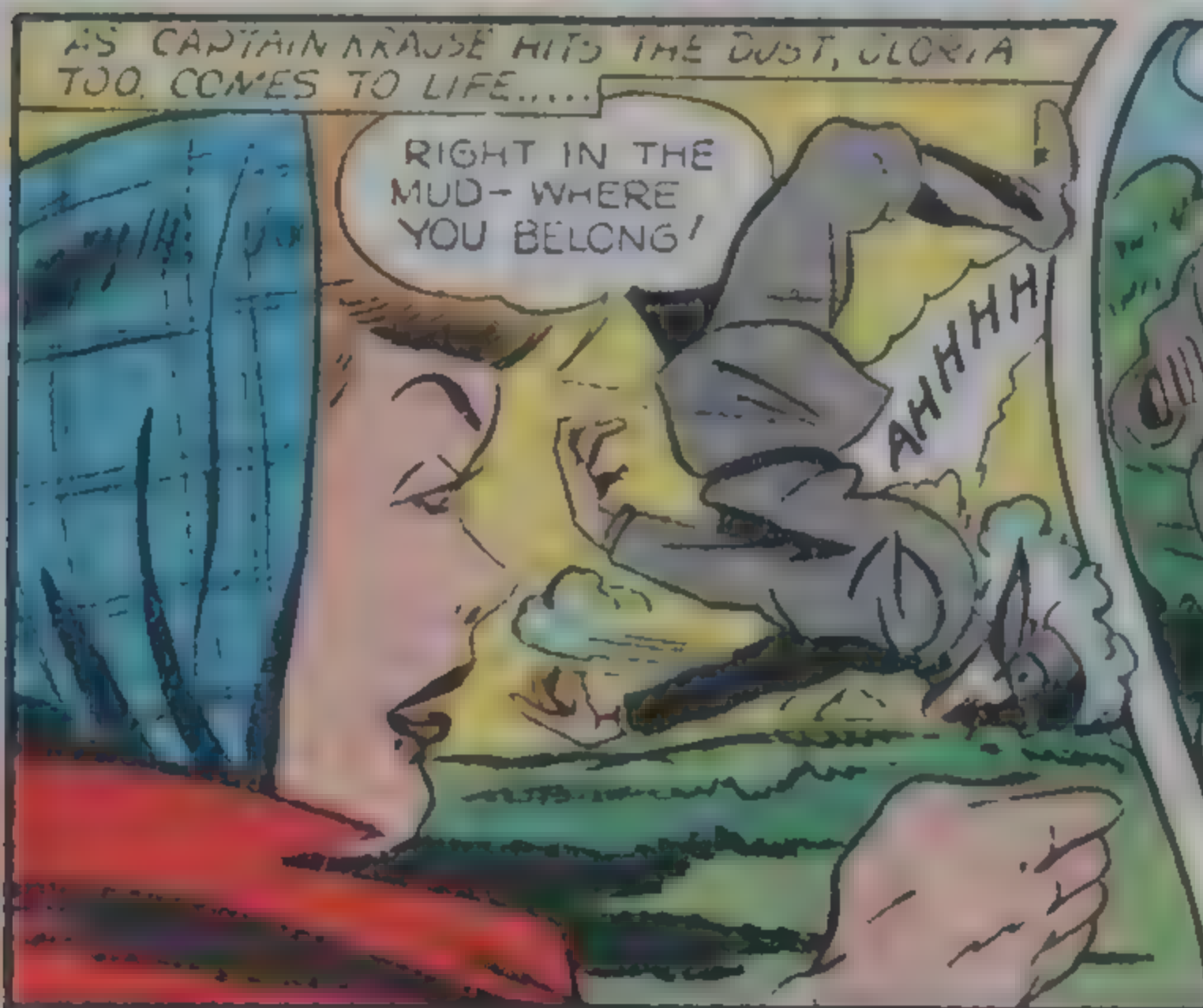
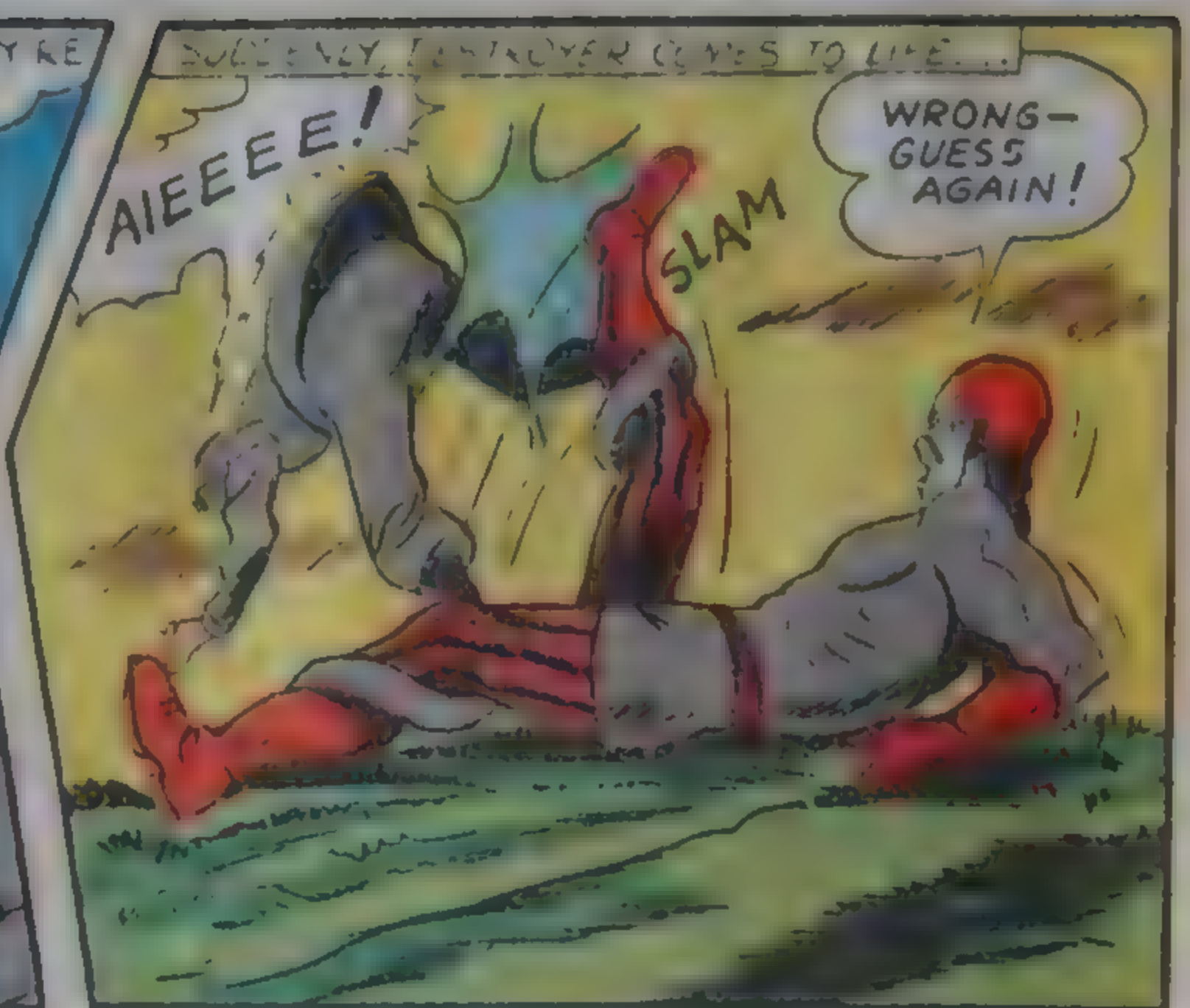
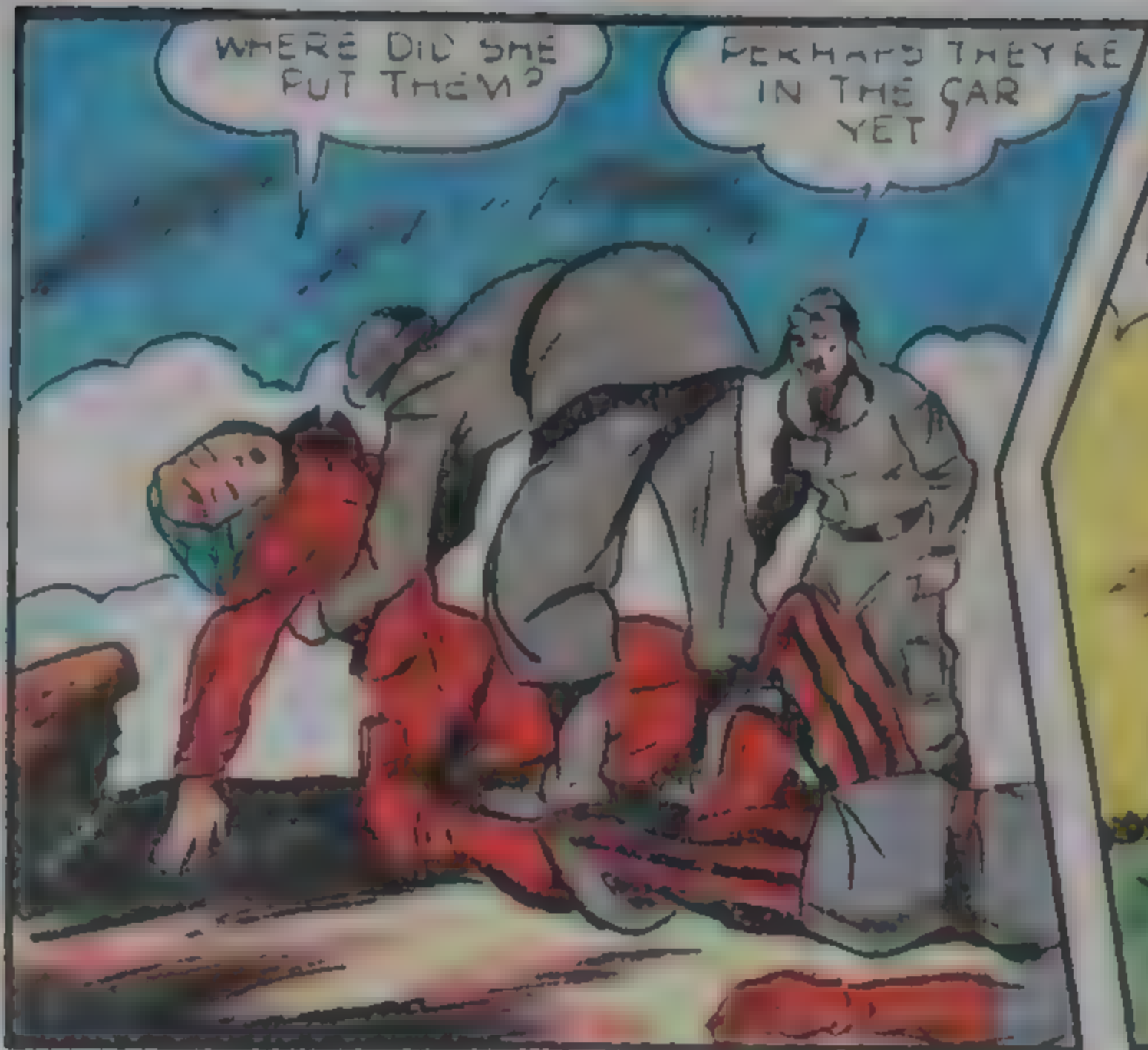




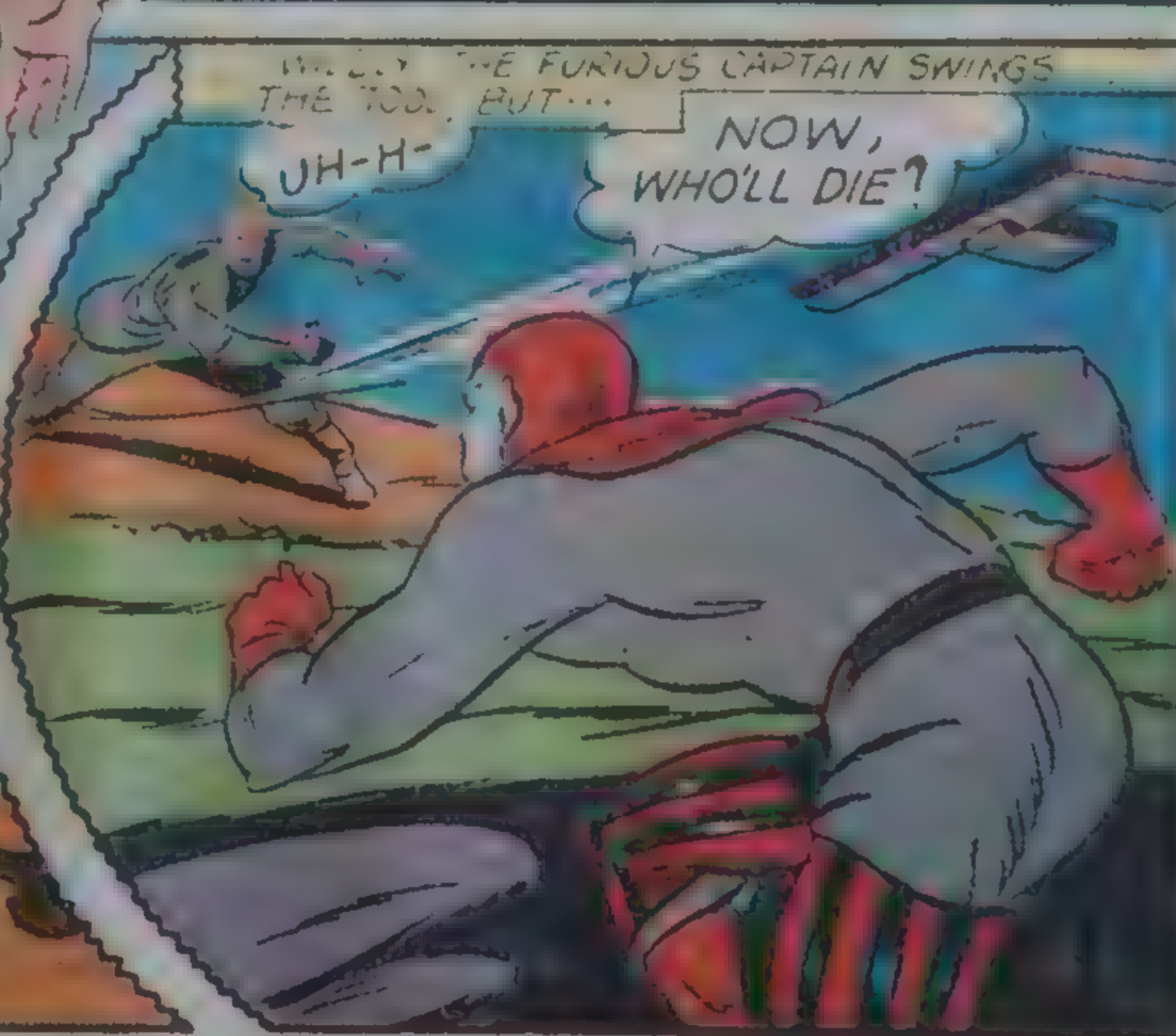
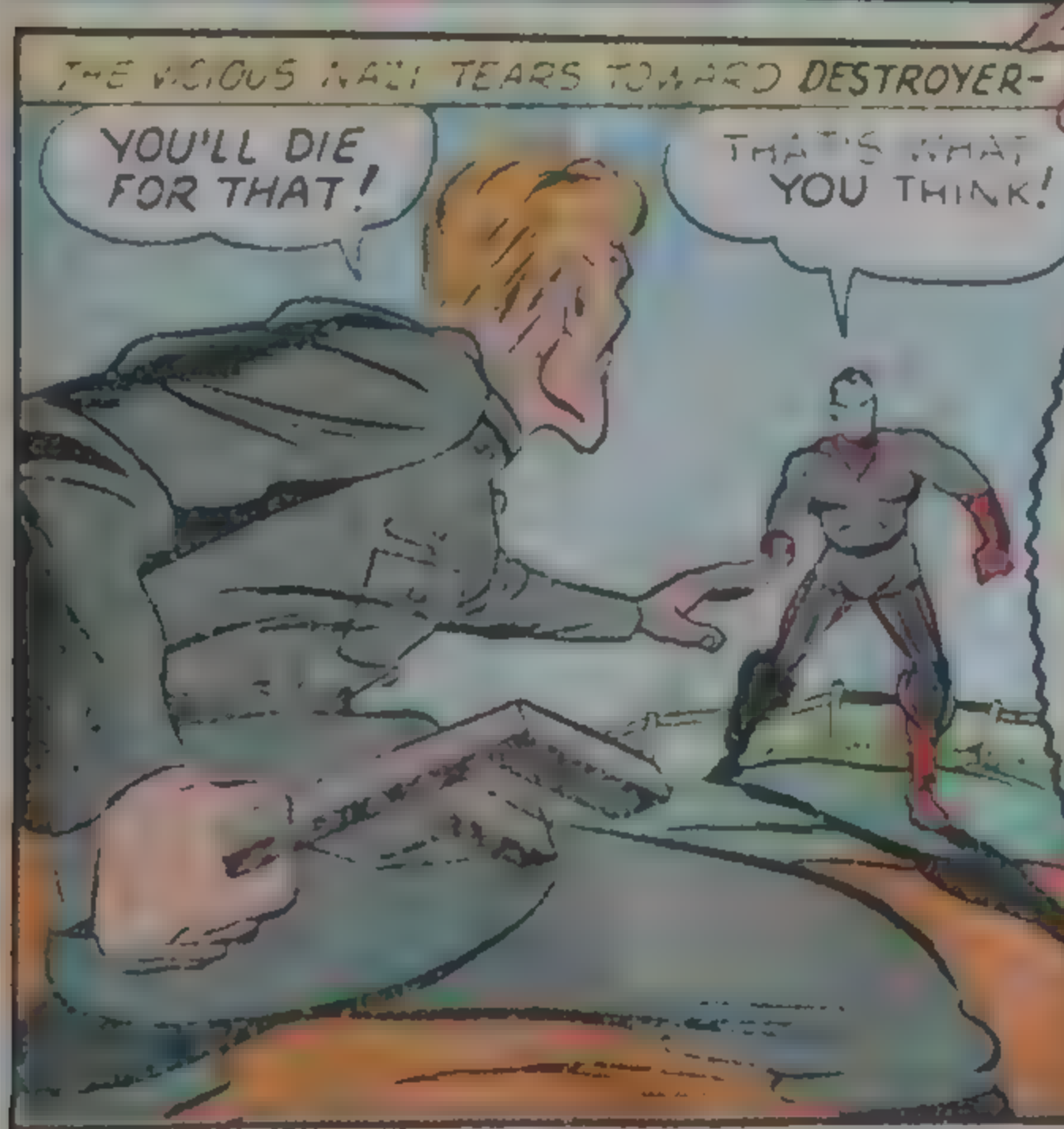
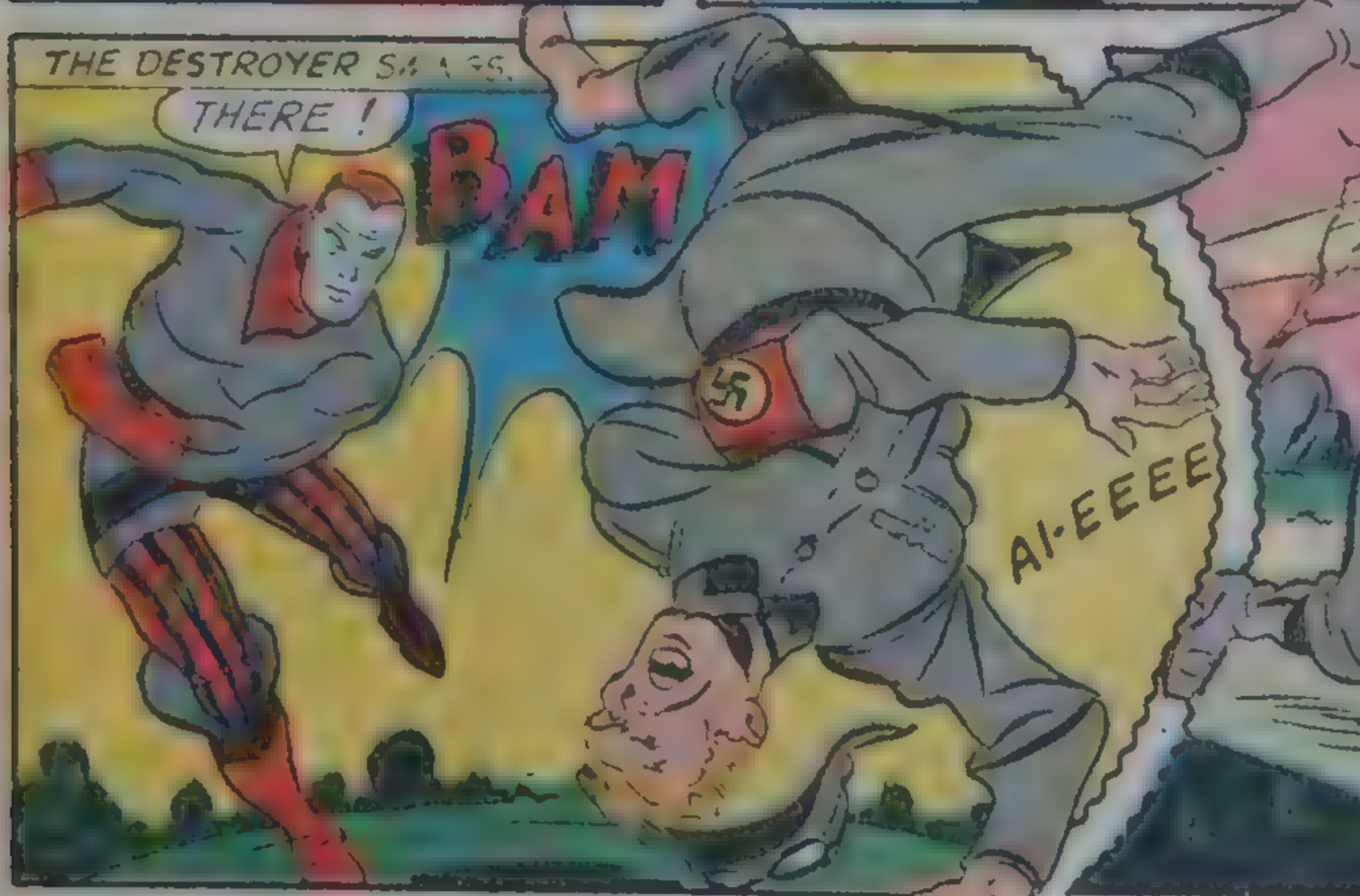
















GRUNT, PIG!

UHF!



HAD ENOUGH YET, CAPTAIN KRAUSE?

NO!



AGAIN THE WRENCH FLIES WICKEDLY THROUGH THE AIR

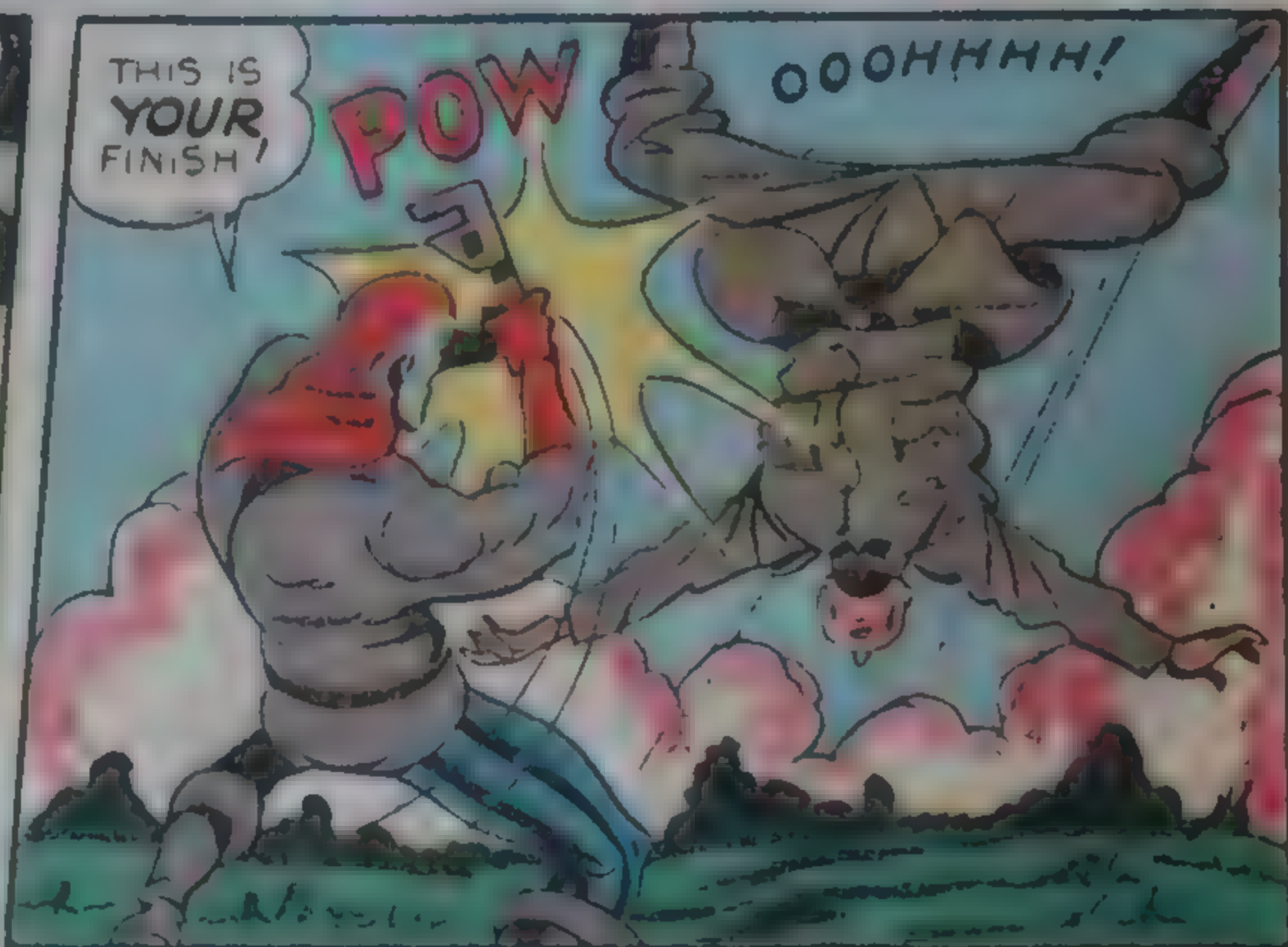
I'VE ONLY STARTED!

OW!



WHY... YOU SNEAKING NAZI BRAGGARD!

NOW I'LL FINISH YOU!



THIS IS YOUR FINISH!

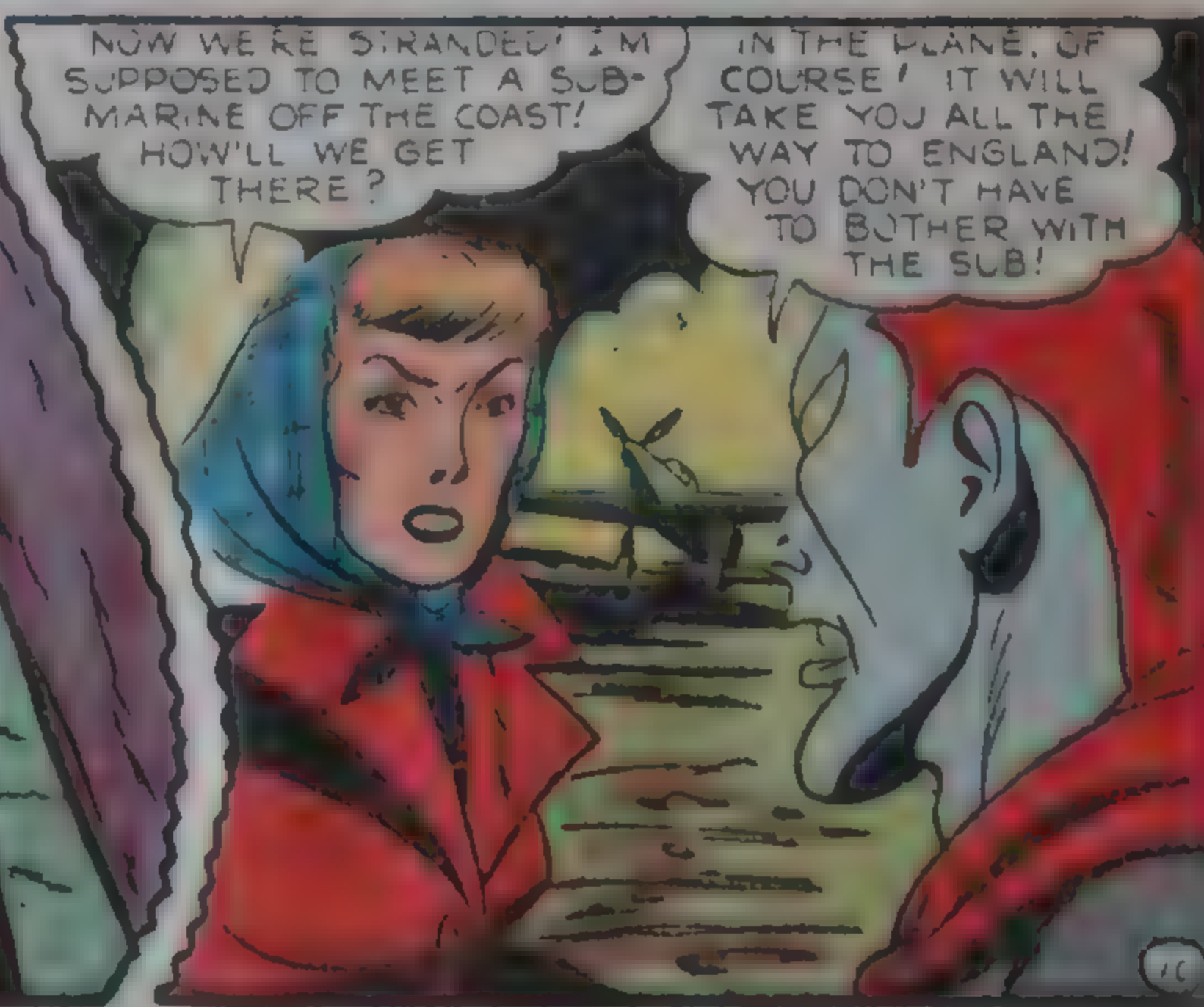
POW

OOOHHHH!



I HATED TO USE THAT WRENCH, BUT...

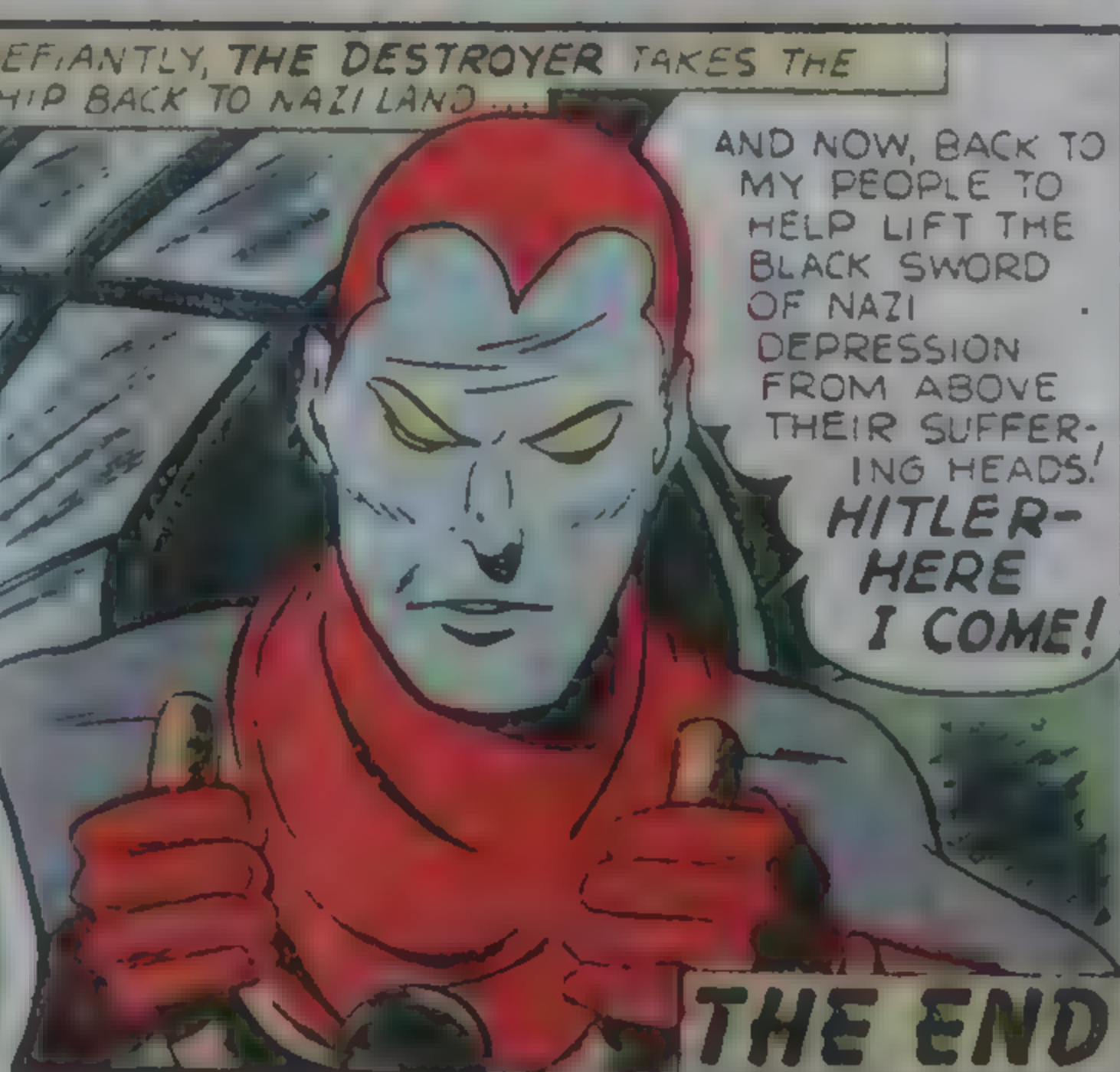
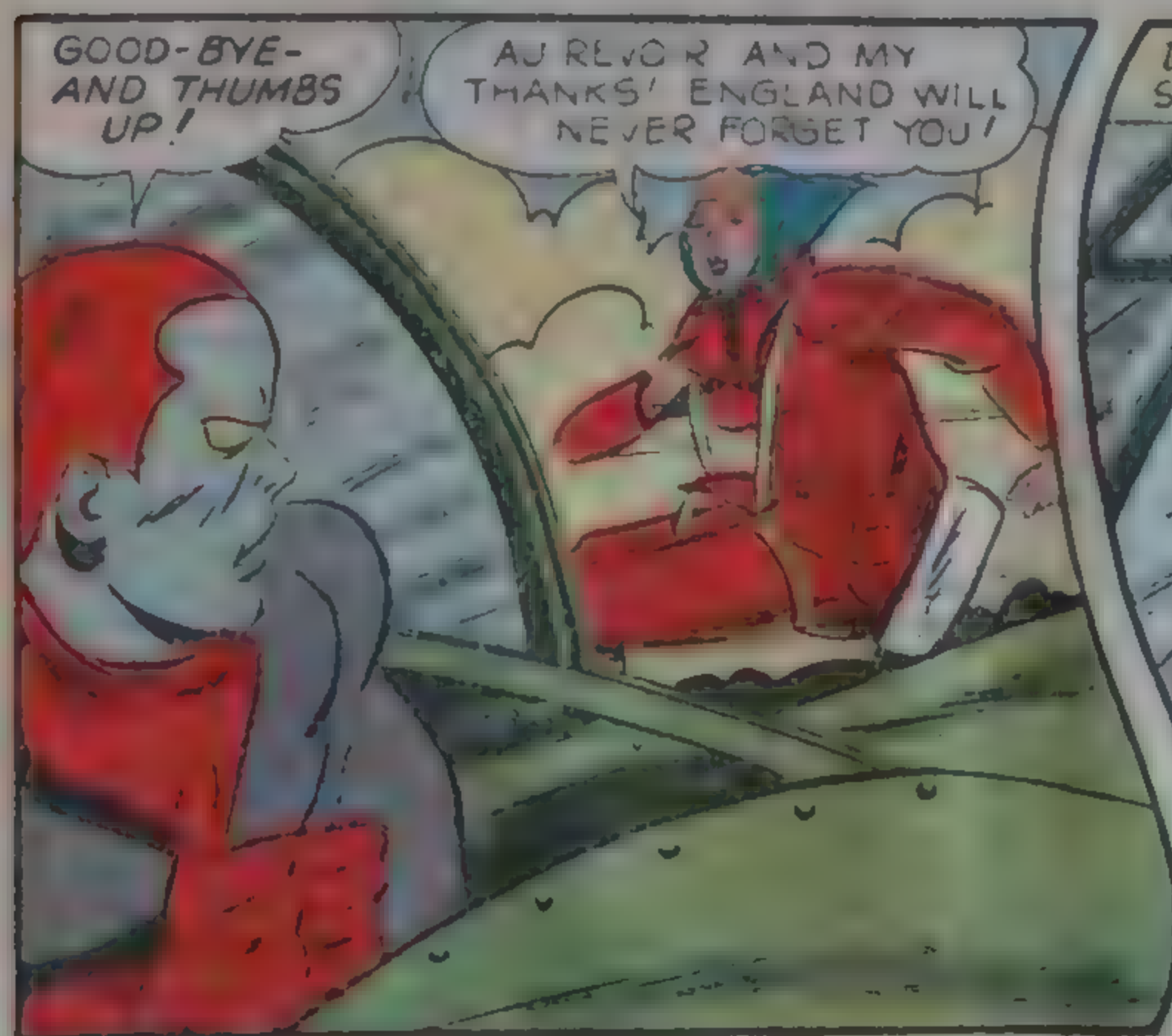
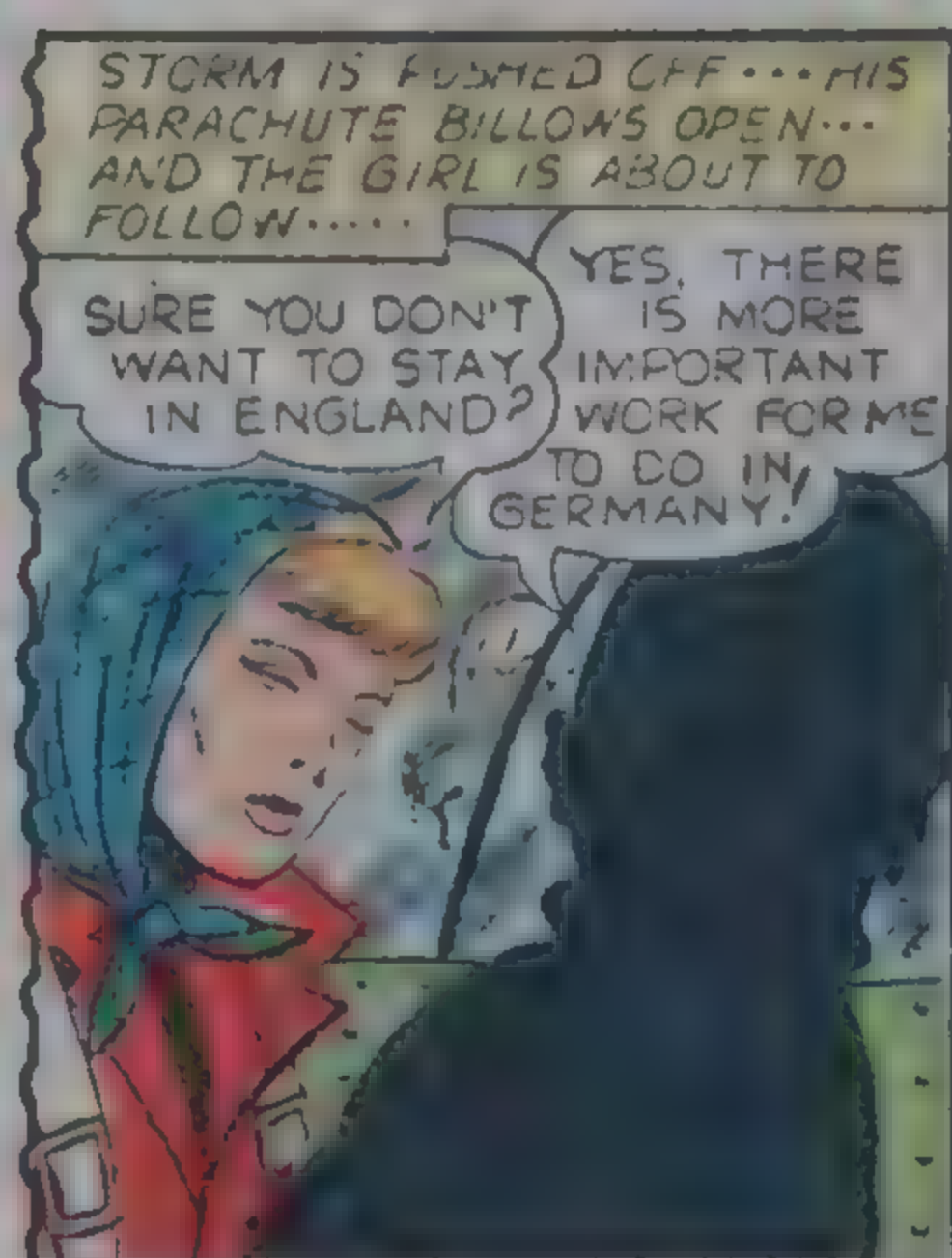
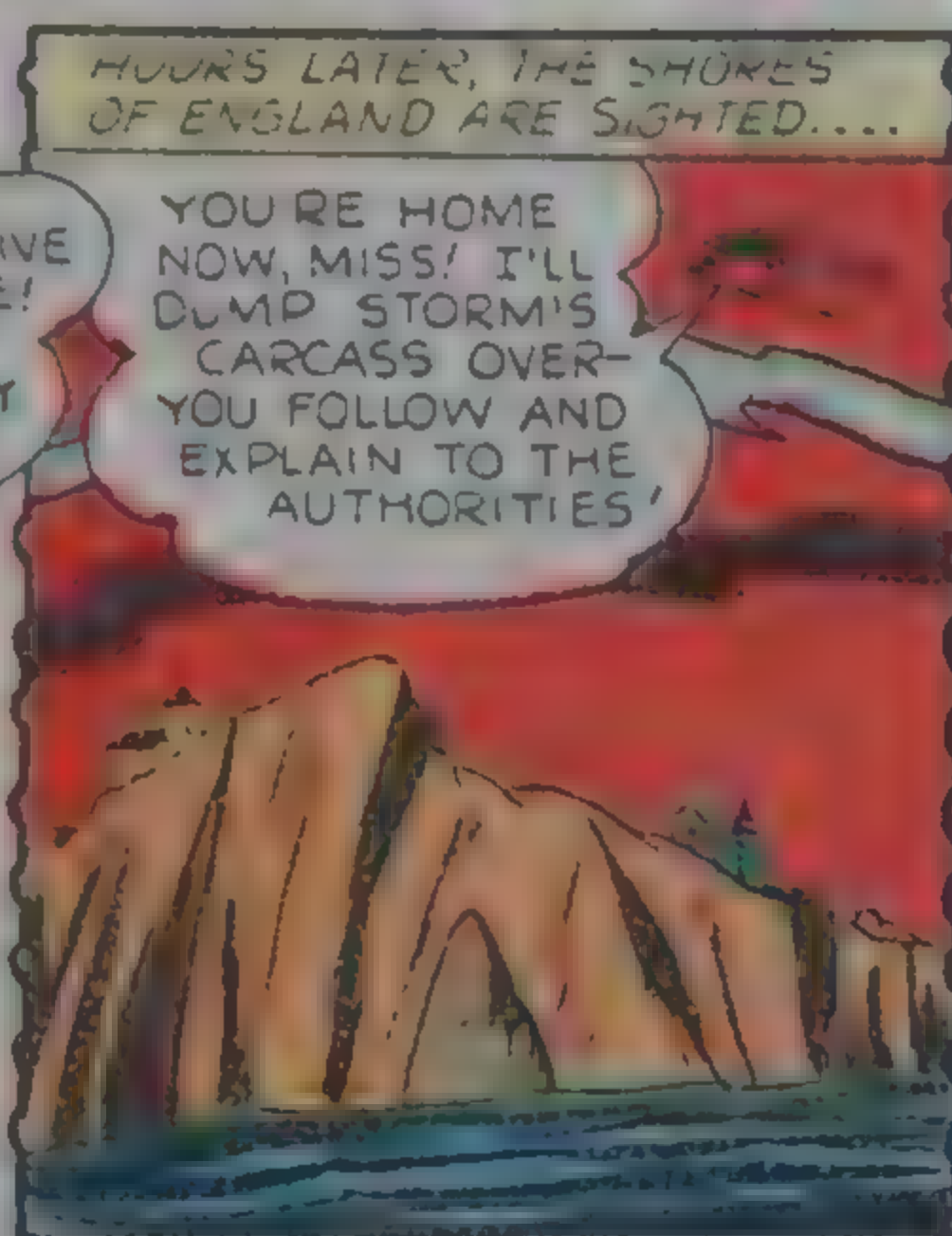
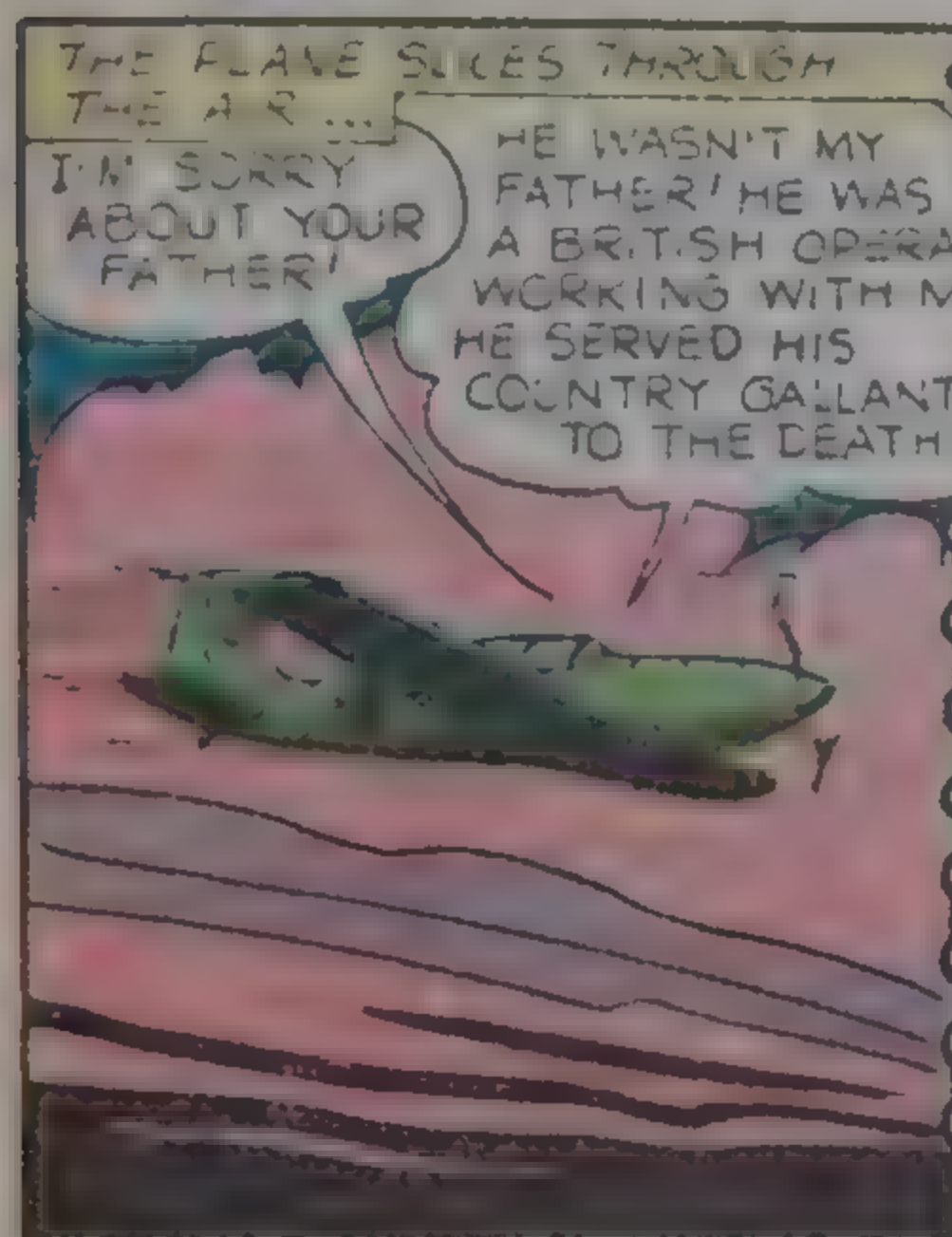
HE DESERVED A SLEDGE HAMMER!



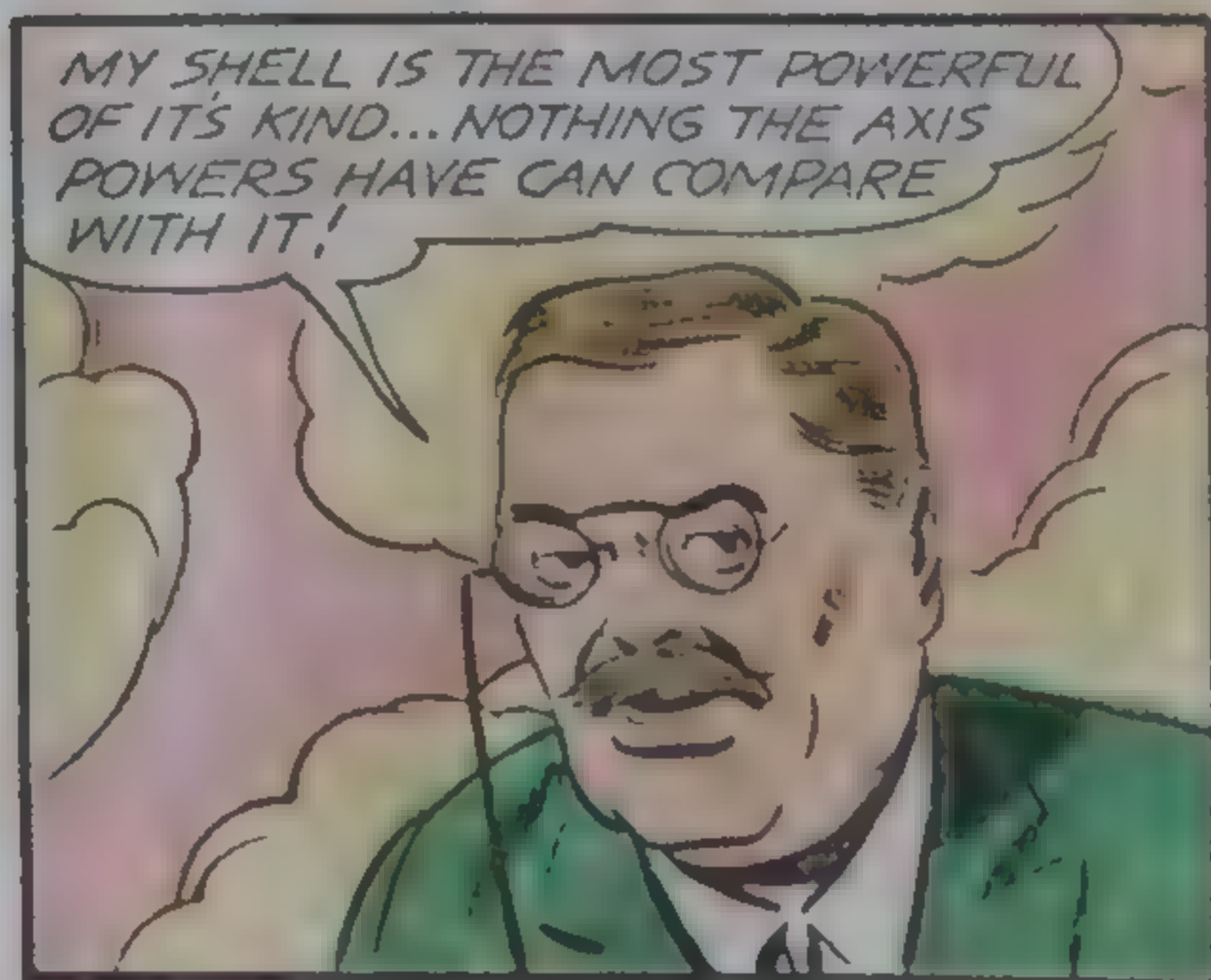
NOW WE'RE STRANDED! I'M SUPPOSED TO MEET A SUBMARINE OFF THE COAST! HOW'LL WE GET THERE?

IN THE PLANE, OF COURSE! IT WILL TAKE YOU ALL THE WAY TO ENGLAND! YOU DON'T HAVE TO BOTHER WITH THE SUB!

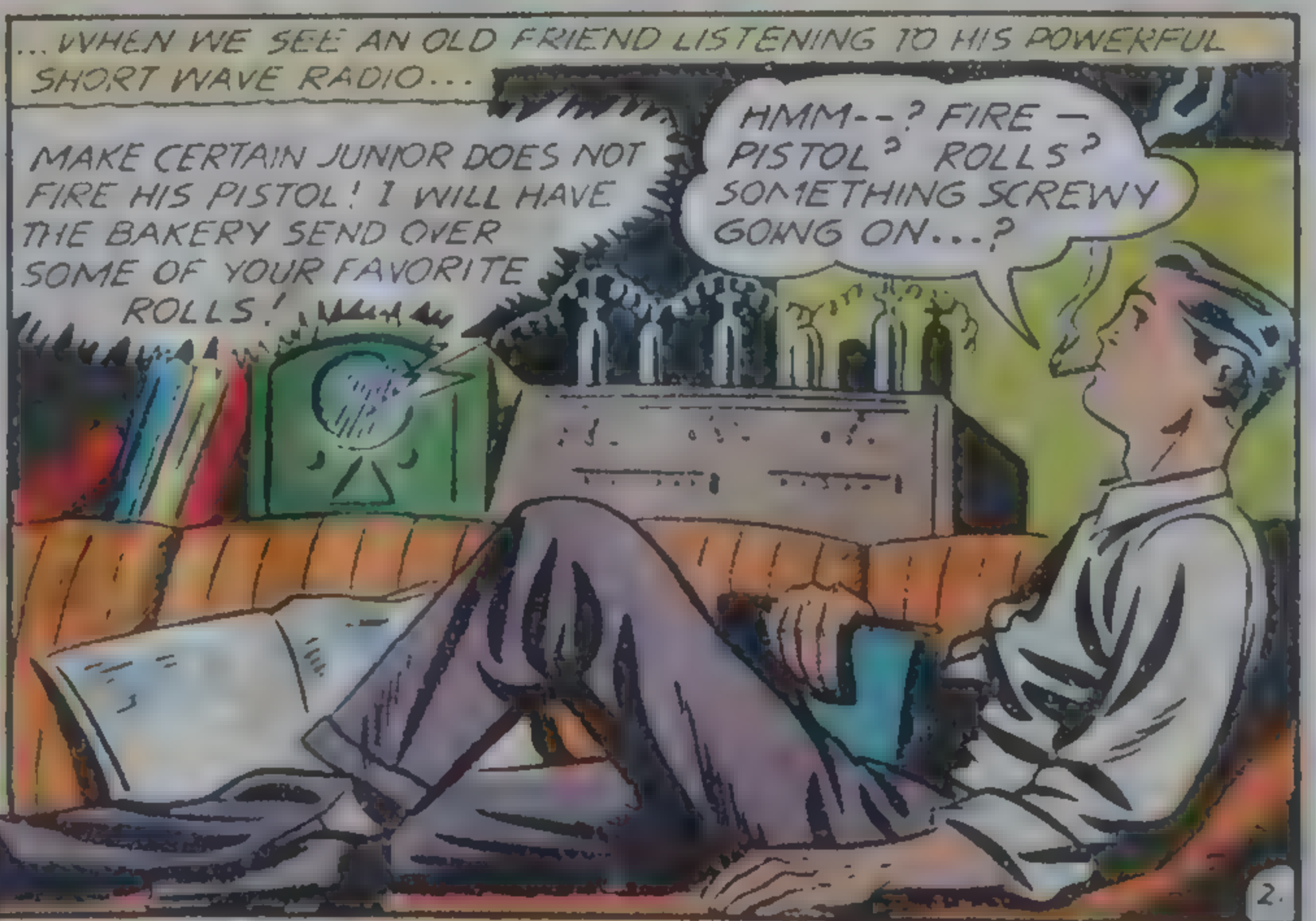
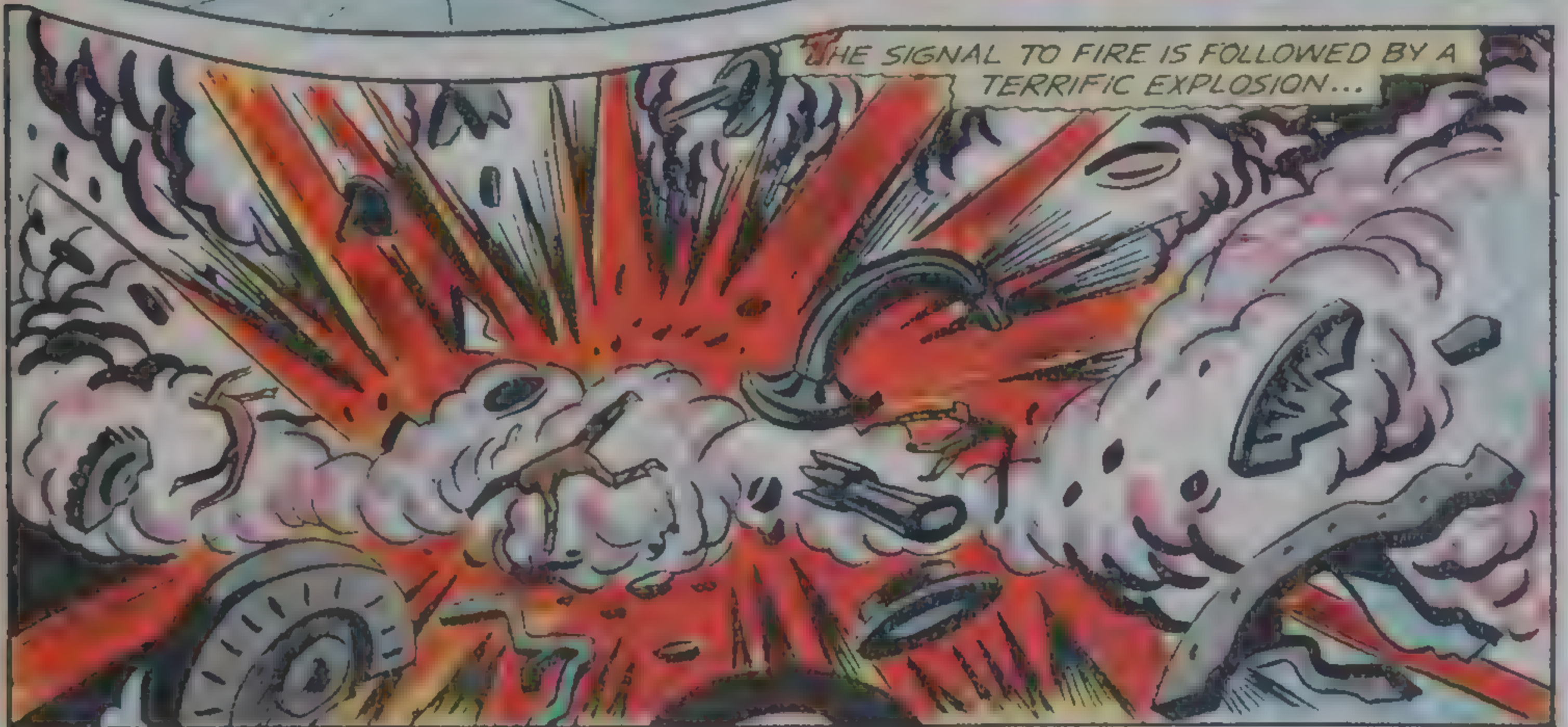
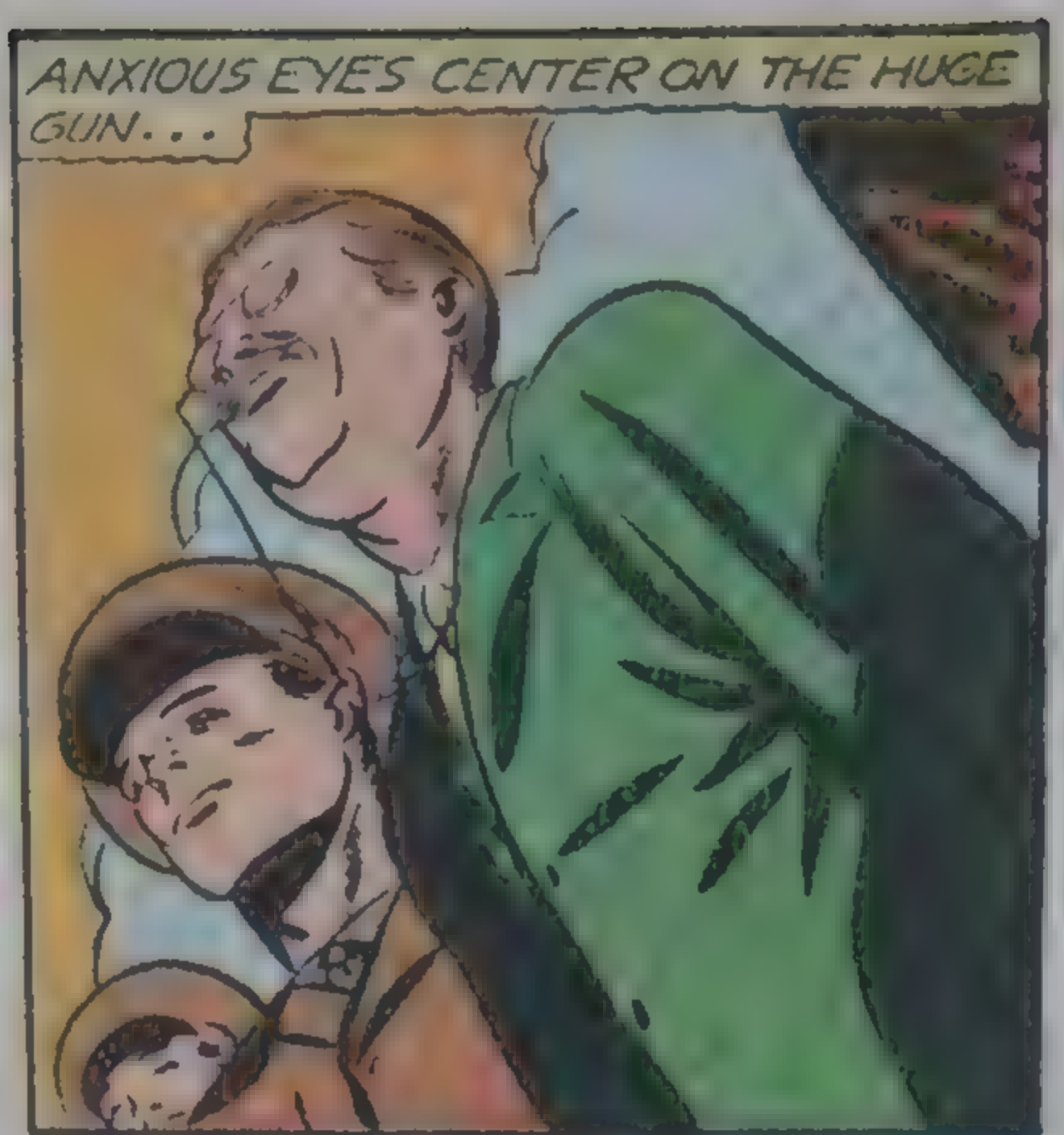
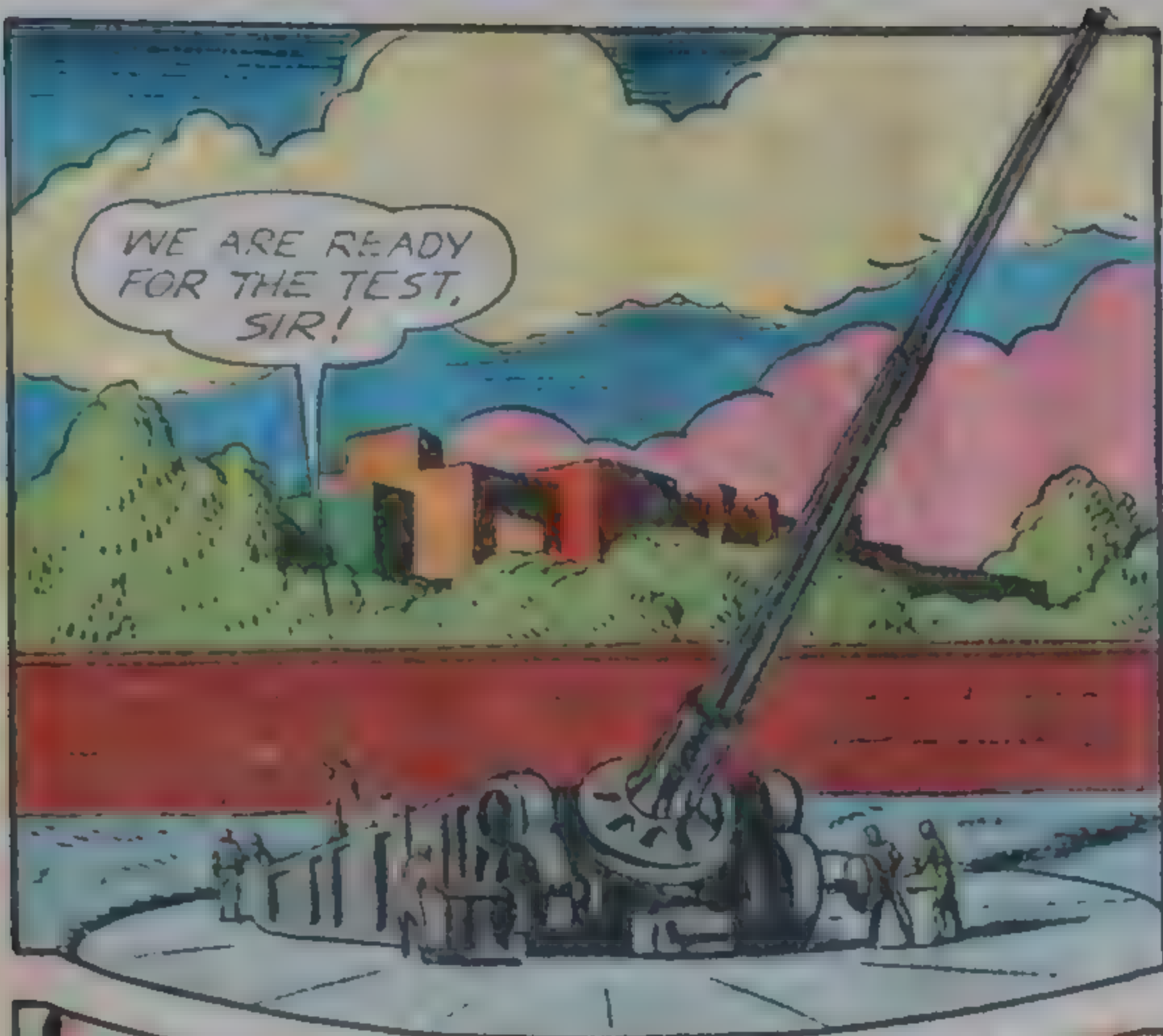










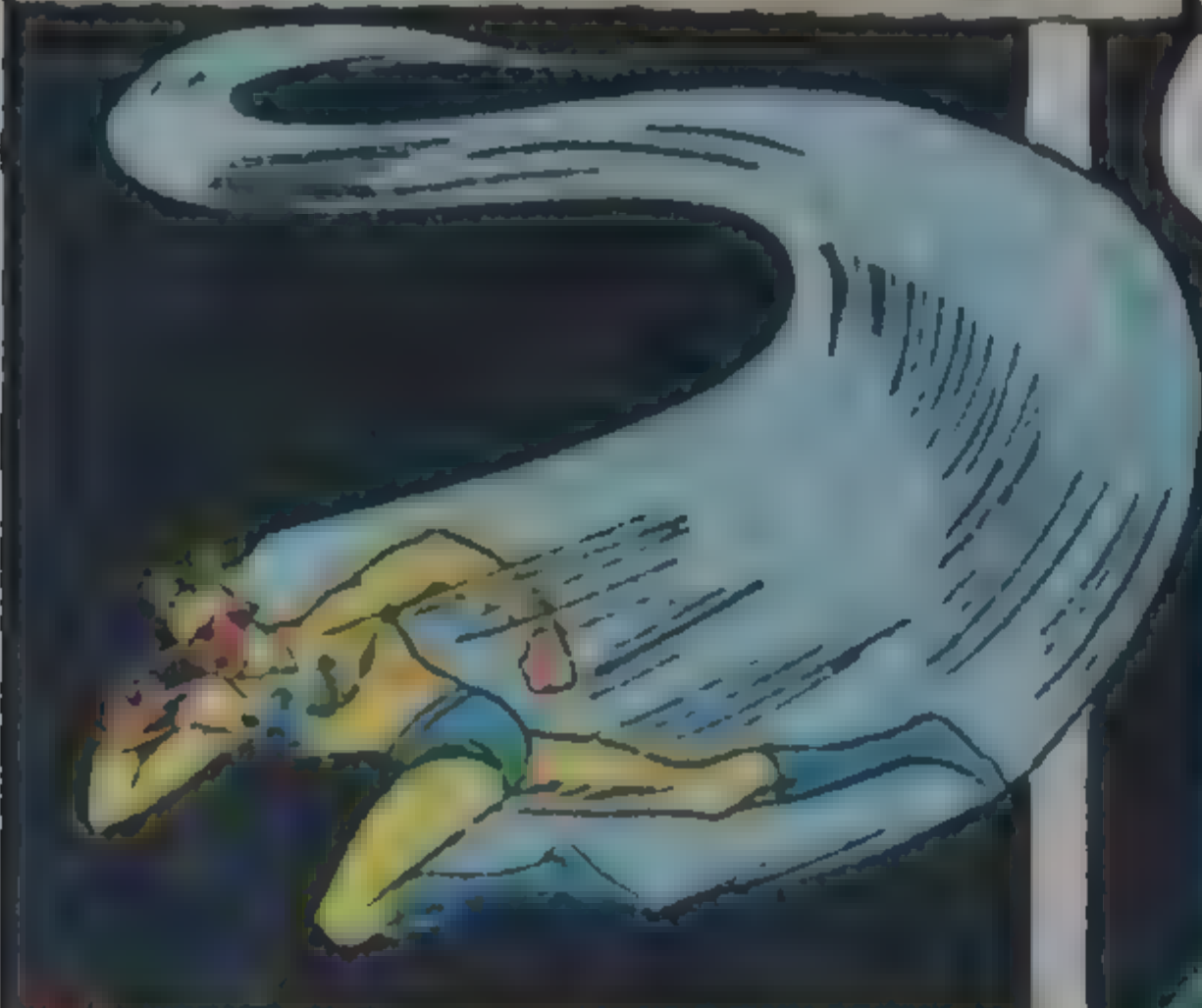




SWIFTLY ASSUMING HIS GUISE AS THE WHIZZER... HE STREAKS TO THE FEDERAL COMMUNICATION CENTER...

FUNNY... NO LISTING FOR 3-D-U-A... BUT THE OTHER... HEY! THAT SHOULDN'T BE ON THE AIR! BEEN DISCONTINUED... IT'S TOO NEAR THE ARMY PROVING GROUNDS AT ABERDEEN, MARYLAND!

THE INFORMATION SENDS WHIZZER STREAKING OUT THE DOOR!...

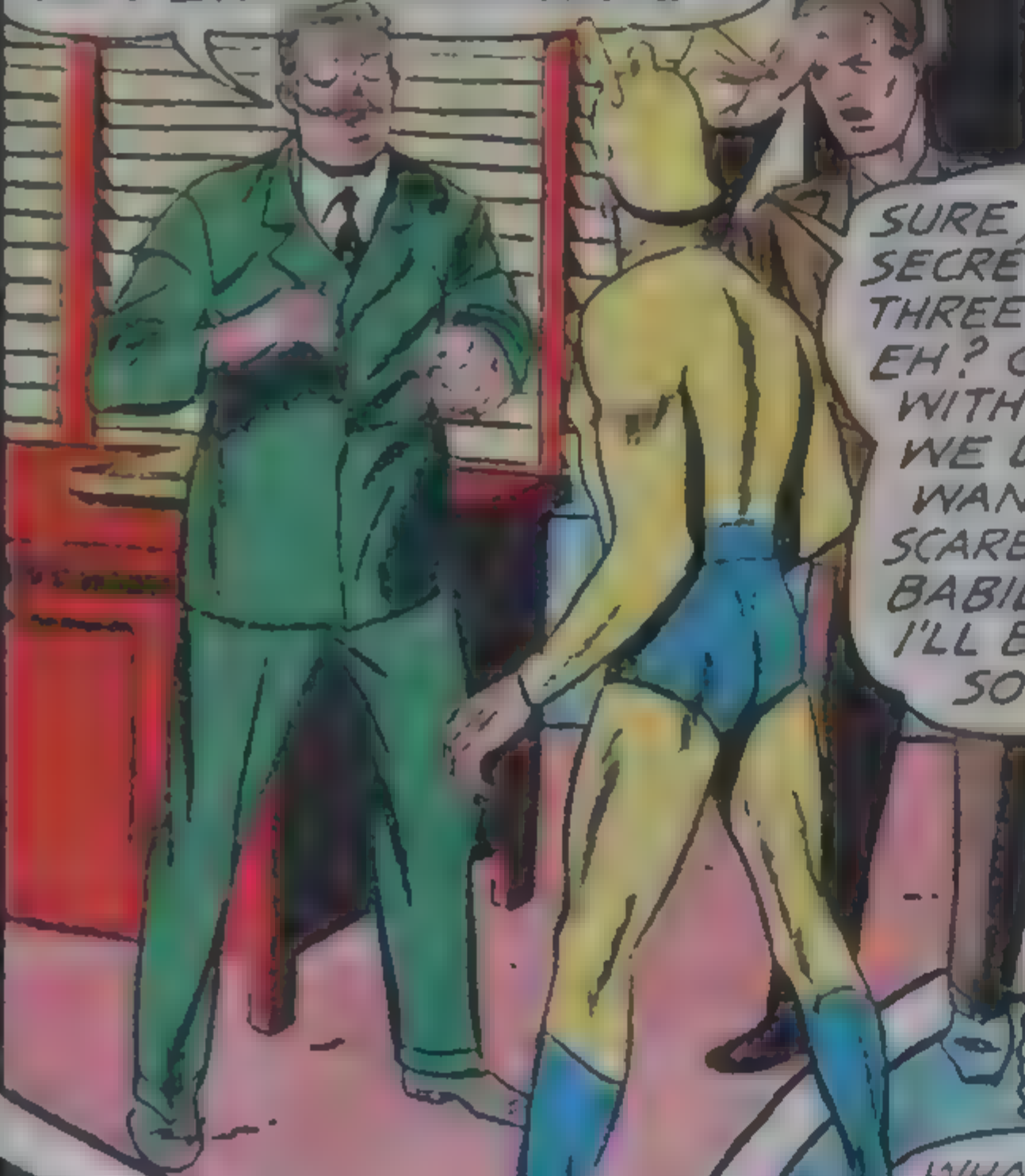


WOW! ABERDEEN PROVING GROUNDS, THANKS!



USING HIS AMAZING SPEED... WHIZZER FACES THE STARTLED OFFICIALS AT THE PROVING GROUNDS...

BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW, WE KEPT EVERYTHING A SECRET!

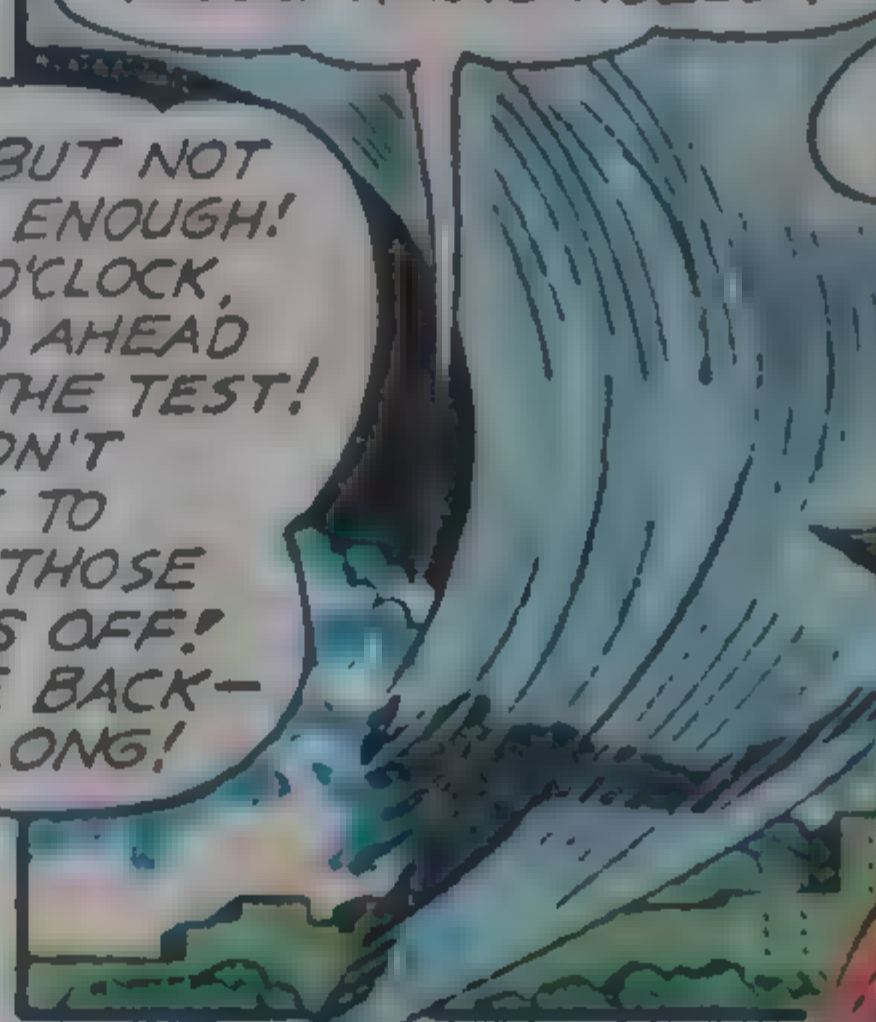


SURE, BUT NOT SECRET ENOUGH! THREE O'CLOCK, EH? GO AHEAD WITH THE TEST! WE DON'T WANT TO SCARE THOSE BABIES OFF! I'LL BE BACK—SO LONG!

WHIZZER IS RECOGNIZED BY THE FAT MAN AS HE SPEEDS FROM THE PROVING GROUNDS..

AND NOW FOR SOME OF THOSE RADIO "ROLLS"!

THE WHIZZER! HERE? I'D BETTER NOTIFY--



INSIDE THE BAKERY... THE PHONE RINGS...

AND ON THE OTHER END...

WHEW! I DIDN'T KNOW THIS TOWN HAD SO MANY BAKERIES! THIS BETTER BE IT!

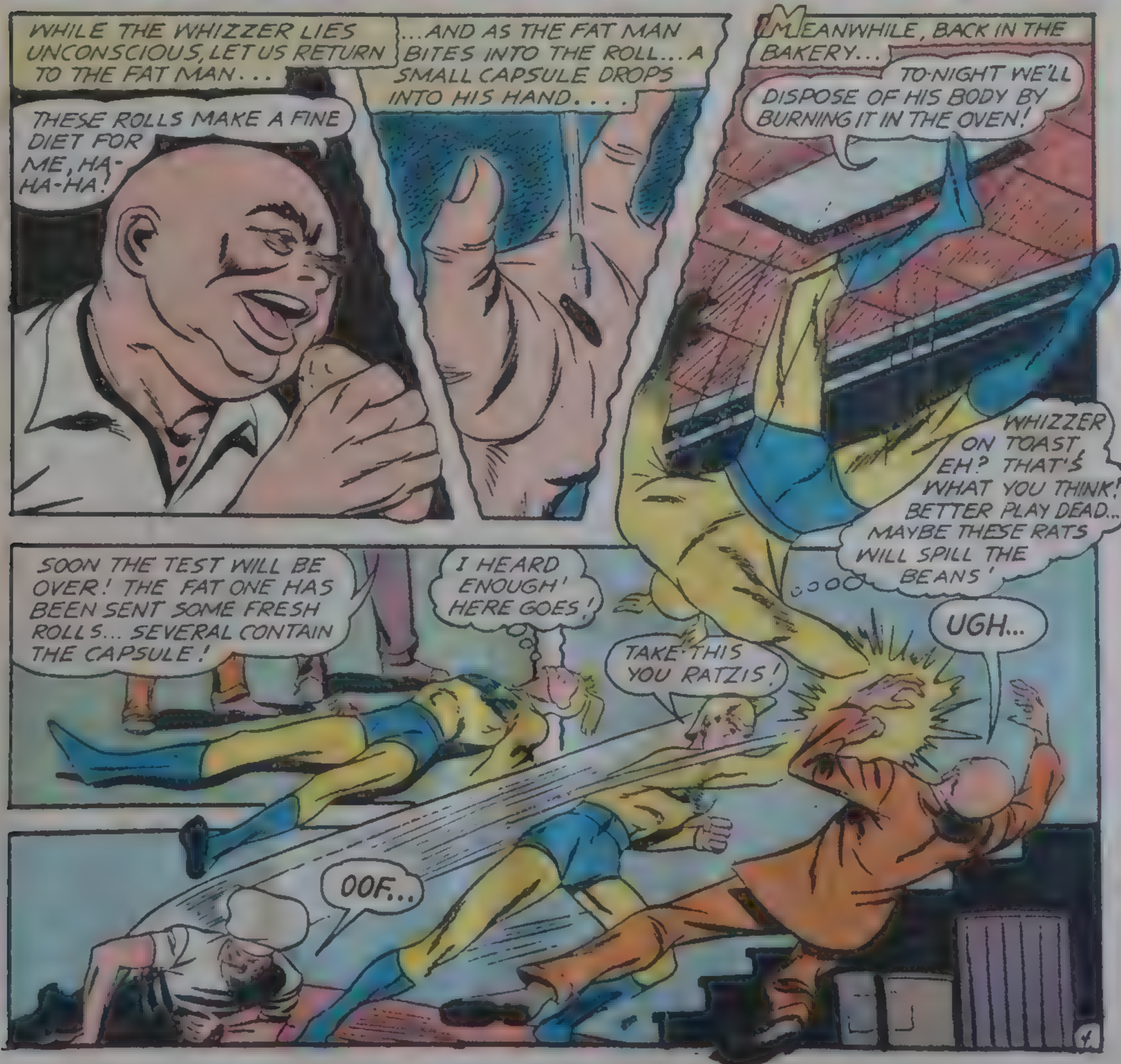
WHAT KIND OF ROLLS? WHY THE KIND YOU ADVERTISE ON THE RADIO...

WHY... WHAT...? EXCUSE ME, THE PHONE!

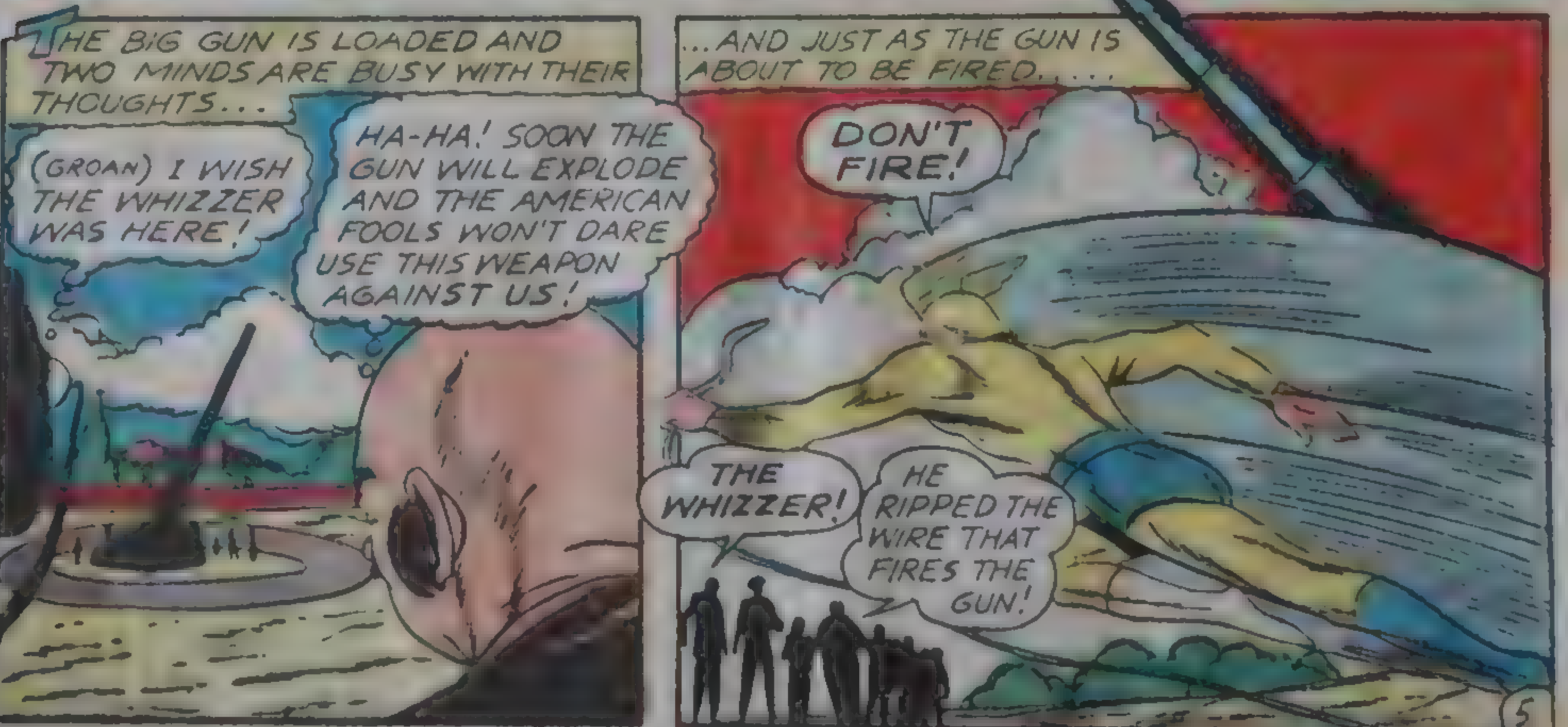
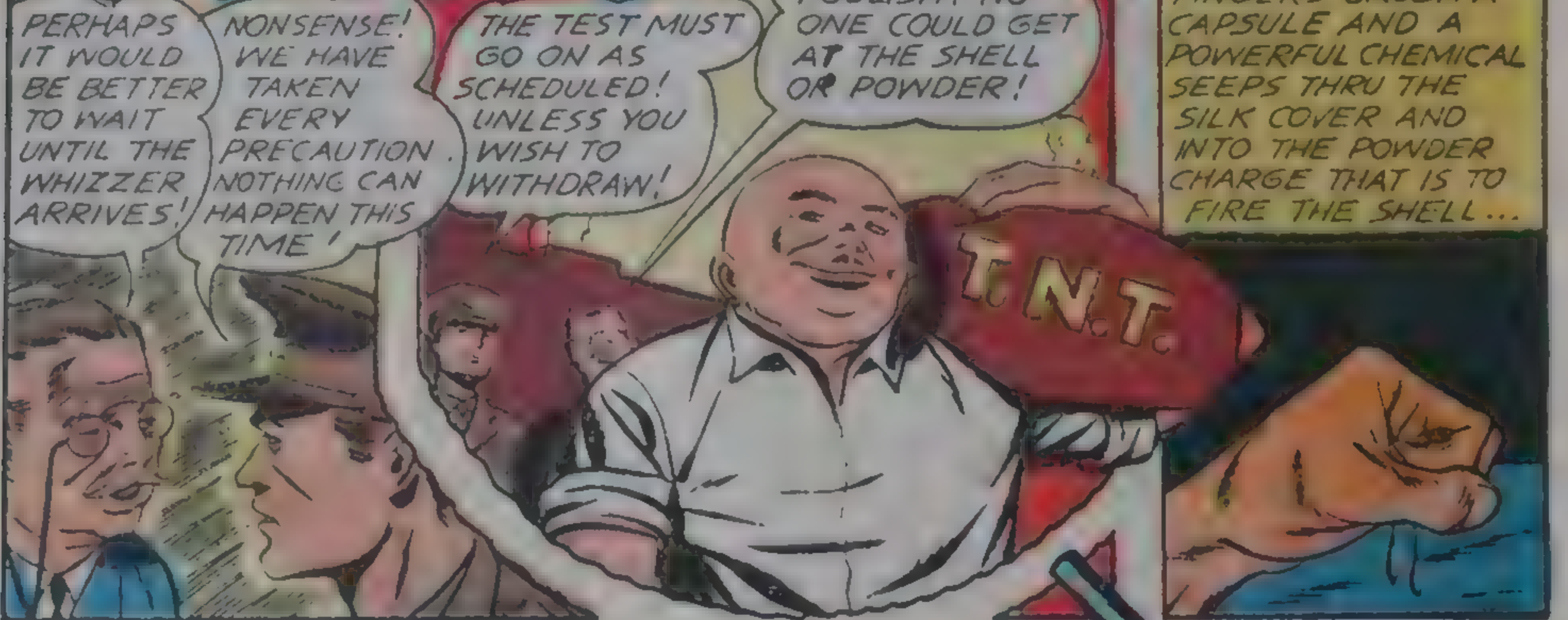
HELLO? HELLO, ELSA! I JUST REMEMBERED THAT YOU ARE GOING TO HAVE A GUEST!



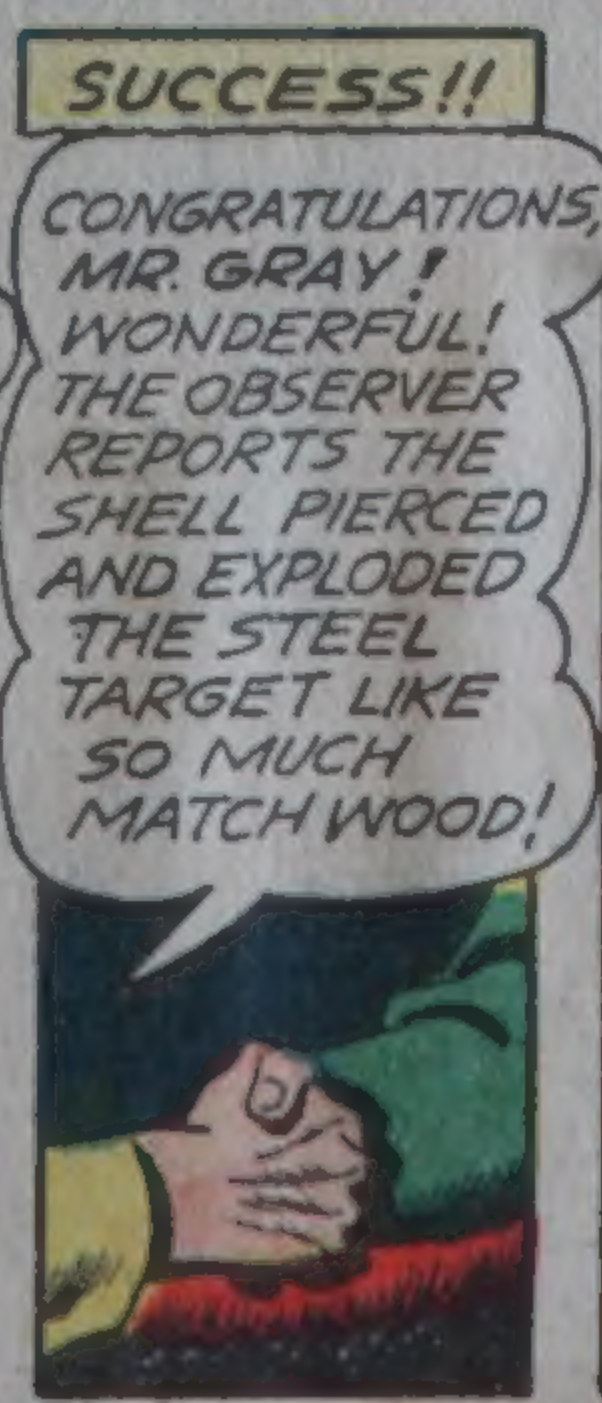
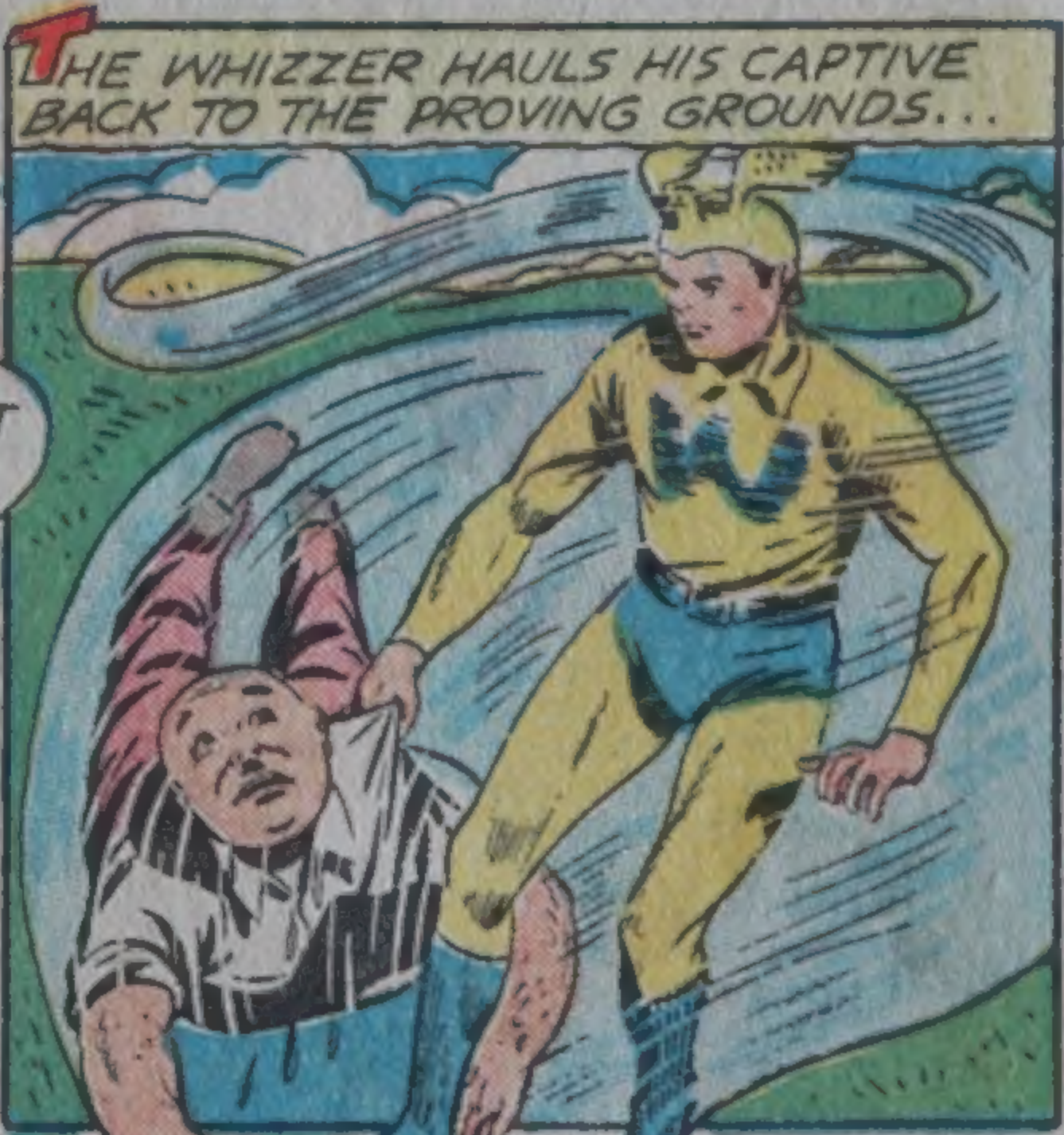














# The SECRET WEAPON You MUST Have!



**BLITZED**

By

# LIGHTNING JU-JITSU!

**YOU, TOO, CAN BE TOUGH!** — no matter how small you are you've grown to being bullied and kicked around—you can now, in *double-quick time*, become a 'holy terror' in a hand-to-hand fight! And built just as you are—that's the beauty of it! Yes, even though you weigh no more than 100 pounds, a power-house lies concealed in that modest frame of yours, waiting to be sprung by the commando-like destruction of **LIGHTNING JU-JITSU**

Just think! You need no longer be pushed around by a brute twice your size. You need no longer be tortured with fright because you lack confidence in your own ability to take care of yourself. Your loved one can now look up to you, certain that no one will dare lay a hand on her while you're around.

**WHAT IS THE SECRET?** **LIGHTNING JU-JITSU**, the deadliest technique of counter-attack ever devised, the science which turns your enemy's weight and strength *against himself*. A secret weapon? Certainly! But it is a secret that is yours for the asking, to be mastered immediately. In your bare hands it becomes a weapon that shatters your attacker with the speed and efficiency of lightning ripping into a giant oak. You'll learn to throw a 200-pounder around as effortlessly as you'd toss a chair across the room.

**LEARN AT ONCE!** Not in weeks or months! You can master this invincible technique **NOW!** No ex-

pensive mechanical contraptions. No heartbreaking wait for big muscles. Actually, as you execute the grips and twists of **LIGHTNING JU-JITSU**, your body develops a smoothness, firmness and agility that you never dreamed you'd have. It's easy! Just follow the simple instructions in **LIGHTNING JU-JITSU**. Clearly written and illustrated throughout with *more than 100 drawings*, the principles can easily be followed step-by-step and learned in one reading.

## Today's Toughest Fighters Are Ju-Jitsu Experts!

Our soldiers, sailors, leathernecks and fellows entering the armed forces well know that in this all-out war their very lives depend on a knowledge of all-out tactics. The Rangers and Commandos use this deadly instrument of scientific defense and counter-attack. American police and G-men, prison, bank, asylum and factory guards, and other defenders of our public safety are relying more and more upon it. Even in the schools, boys of teen age are being taught Ju-Jitsu. It is not a sport, as our enemies are discovering to their sorrow. It is the crushing answer to treacherous attack. You, too, must learn to defend yourself and your loved ones as ruthlessly as our fearless, hard-hitting fighters.

## SEND NO MONEY!

Mail the coupon now. We will send you **LIGHTNING JU-JITSU** for 5 days' free trial. When it arrives, deposit 98c (plus a few cents postage) with the postman. Read it! If you are not satisfied send it back and we will instantly return your money.



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1. Fills you with unshakable self-confidence.
2. Makes you a sure winner in any fight.
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4. Can give you a smooth-muscled, athletic body.
5. Sharpens your wits and reflexes by coordinating eye, mind, and body.
6. Make your friends respect you, etc., etc.

**FREE!**

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NAME .....

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STATE .....

☐ Check here if you want to save postage. Enclose 98c with coupon and we will pay postage charges. The same refund privilege completely guaranteed.



# Get this **JUNIOR AIR RAID WARDEN KIT** • READ **FREE** OFFER

Here's an amazing opportunity for every full blooded American boy to prepare himself and his buddies against enemy air attacks. Lots of fun! Exciting! Thrilling! With this special offer you get a complete Junior Air Raid Warden kit and if you act at once, you will receive FREE with your order a heavy carrying case (size 14½" long by 10" high) which is built with compartments to hold each of the many items. Read on and learn how to get yours.

## BOYS! BE READY FOR ENEMY AIR ATTACKS

You owe it to your Uncle Sam to know just what to do in the event of an air attack. This Junior Air Raid Warden kit has been devised to enable you to practice and play... BUT you learn as you play. You are furnished with a Helmet, First Aid Kit, Bright Metal Badge, Shrill Siren-like Whistle, Junior Arm Band, Identification Cards, Report Sheets, Pencil and Note Book, Gas Mask and Splints. All these items are included so you go through the exciting and thrilling experience while you play of an actual alarm or attack. Everyone of your friends will want to play with you... you will become the most popular boy in the block. All of your boy friends will want a kit. Be the first one to proudly wear and use the many articles included in your Junior Air Raid Warden kit... and don't forget, if you act at once, you receive FREE of extra cost with your order, the handsome carrying case which has a handle and everything in it, just like the picture of this advertisement.



**GUARANTEE**—You take no risk! You must be 100% delighted or you may return within five days for full refund of purchase price.

### ALL OF THIS INCLUDED



**This Carrying Case FREE WITH YOUR ORDER**



### Just What Every American Boy Needs

You no longer need envy your Dad or neighbor when you see them strut the streets with their air raid warden outfits, whistles, bands, hats, etc. This Junior Air Raid Warden kit contains everything to make you look like a real air raid warden... but better still is the fun you will get out of playing and practicing. Uncle Sam wants every American boy to know his job in the event of an enemy air attack. You need this outfit to help prepare yourself for such an emergency. You can form Junior Air Raid Warden Clubs and enjoy great thrills in this almost realistic sport. Order your kit today and be the first one in your neighborhood to gain added popularity. All instructions are included.

### SEND NO MONEY

Just sign your name and address to the coupon. (Write or print carefully in order to avoid mistakes.) We will ship the complete outfit, including the free carrying case (size 14½" long x 10" high) by return mail. Deposit \$1.69, plus postage, with the postman on arrival but act at once because a limited number are only available at this special introductory price.

KAY NOVELTY CO. Dept. 306  
535 FIFTH AVE., New York, N. Y.

**RUSH COUPON NOW!**

### AIR RAID SHELTER

**KAY NOVELTY CO.**  
Dept. 306, 535 Fifth Ave.  
New York, N. Y.

Send me one of your thrilling and exciting complete

Junior Air Raid Warden Kits by return mail. Also include the heavy Carrying Case (size 14½" L x 10" H) without extra cost. I will pay postman \$1.69, plus postage on arrival. It is understood if I am not 100% delighted I may return within five days and you will refund purchase price.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

NOTE: Only two kits will be delivered to a single customer at this introductory price.



# Help yourself get the job you want in the Army...

## PASS HIGH ON THE INDUCTION "I.Q." TEST

Your future military life, your rank, your pay, your job, depend in part on the grade you achieve on your induction General Classification Test. As a wise man once said, "An opportunity well taken is the only weapon of advantage." The time to prepare is NOW — before you take your test.

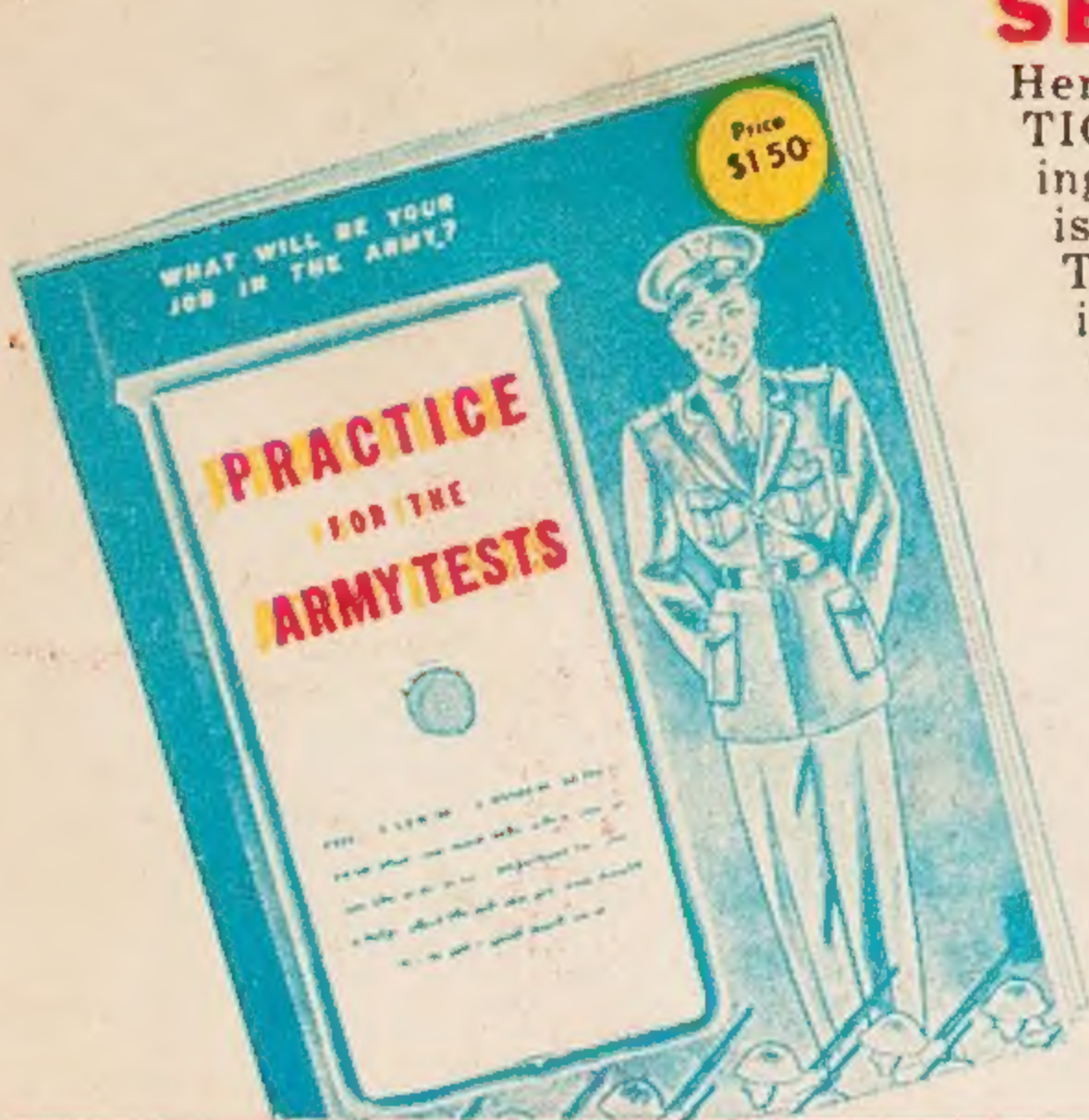
## NOW BE VERY PRACTICAL ABOUT YOURSELF

Take advantage of the help that is offered you here. "PRACTICE FOR THE ARMY TESTS" has been compiled to help men like you. Not only yourself, but your family, and the army, want to see that you get the job for which you are best qualified. "PRACTICE FOR THE ARMY TESTS" is a book containing complete and simplified material along the lines of the questions given on the tests—tells how to answer them quickly and easily. It gives you a real opportunity to go to your test with the self-assurance "that I am ready." Here's why. The ABC simplicity of this startling book will gear your mind to the rapid-fire answer-technique so characteristic of I. Q. tests. It helps you to brush up on vocabulary, mathematical formulas, cube counting, and all the other special techniques that you should master if you want to do yourself justice on your exam.

Remember, the men who will decide what job you are to have in your military career are personnel officers who have been thoroughly trained in the proper use of each man's abilities and aptitudes...and remember they are looking, yes, seeking out the men who will stand above the average. One of those men may be you. Will you be one of the 95,000 who will attend Officer Candidate School this year? Will you be one of the 75,000 who will be commissioned? To enter one of these schools you must make a really good score on the General Classification Test. Will you make the grade? Will your mark be high enough to allow you to enter Officer Candidate School? If you want one of these ratings, and we are sure you do, brush up...before you take the tests.

### PARTIAL LIST OF CONTENTS

How the Army Decides Upon Your Job.  
Vocabulary  
Arithmetic (15 Fascinating Chapters)  
Cube Counting (Very Important)  
How to Prepare Yourself for the Tests  
How to Avoid Pitfalls, etc., etc.  
Tests in the Air Force  
Tests in the Navy



## SEND NO MONEY... 5 DAY TRIAL

Here is the most surprising part of this offer. The price of this "PRACTICE FOR THE ARMY TESTS" has deliberately been made exceedingly low. The publishers are anxious that every ambitious man who is to be in our armed forces have a copy so as to derive its benefits. Therefore, this great educational aid is yours for only \$1.50. So positive are we that you will never part with it for many times its cost, that we will send you yours with a definite understanding that you can look it over from cover to cover for five days. If you don't like it, if you don't think it's everything we say, and don't feel it will help you, return it and get your money back just for the asking. Sign your name and address to the coupon and rush it to us. Speed is important to you NOW because the sooner you get the book, the faster will you be prepared. Merely pay the postman \$1.50 plus postage or, if you prefer, send \$1.50 and we will pay the postage, but you enjoy the same money back guarantee just the same. (We have a limited number of our deluxe edition "PRACTICE FOR THE ARMY TESTS" specially bound which are available at \$2.50 plus postage or \$2.50 if you remit in advance.) You take no risk. Order today.

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